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NEW

PICTURE OF PARIS.

BY

M. MERCIER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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NEW
MUSEUM OF PARIS

NEW



PREFACE.

I HAD finished, towards the end of 1778, the Picture of Paris, which I had begun in 1761, and which formed twelve volumes; I imagined that I had said every thing, at least every thing that I knew respecting this city, on which the eyes of the whole world are continually fixed; and little thought of returning to this subject, when a revolution, the remembrance of which will never perish, or cease to influence the destinies of mankind, overthrows at once the manners of a peaceable nation, changes its habits, its laws, its customs, its police, its government, its religion, and inspires it alternately with the most heroic courage and the most cowardly ferocity.

How august ! how abject ! how impetuous ! how patient ! This city must necessarily be divided into two distinct classes ; the one throwing itself with generous ardour into the arms of liberty, intrepid, invincible—such were the people of the fourteenth of July and the tenth of August ; the other, cringing, rapacious, and cruel, watching to seize on and appropriate to themselves the victories of the republicans ; holding themselves forth as the most pure, the most clear-sighted, and most decided patriots, while they were only grasping at power and riches. The valorous republicans were governed by these sycophants, who, hiding themselves in every season of danger, rushed impudently forward when it was past, to precipitate the people into crimes, and put themselves at the head of executioners. Thus the intrepid warrior, the laborious functionary, every honest and peaceable citizen, has been deceived and abused by demagogues, who assumed the tone of liberty to render it odious and execrable, and who would be only horrible in the eyes of posterity as monsters, if they had not been likewise criminal through corruption ;

PREFACE.

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tion ; for the greater part acted in implicit obedience to the suggestions and fury of our coalesced enemies.

The greatest of all miracles is, that this superb city still exists. The plan of attack, which was to have taken place at Versailles, against the national assembly and against Paris, is one of the most horrible projects which was ever conceived in the cabinet of a perjured king and a corrupted court. The city would have been sacked, given up to pillage, and reduced to the third of its population, while despotism, with its arms dyed in blood, would have hovered over its ruins. The courage of the Parisians, their union, and the unexpected favour of fortune, struck pale that homicidal court. The king had indeed fixed in his hat the national cockade, the signal of victory and of regeneration ; but with the secret intention of immediately tearing it away, aided by surrounding monarchs, to whom he would have given up the frontiers of France, on condition that he should remain in peaceable possession, within the precincts of his palace, of his valets, his hounds, his nobility, and his parliament.

The

The counter-revolution begun under his auspices, from the day that he returned to Versailles, wearing the national cockade, which he had saluted before the people at one of the windows of the Hotel de Ville. Every thing which was afterwards done was done in hatred of the revolution, and of the taking of the Bastille.

Paris was the theatre, to which the agents of the respective governments of Europe repaired to consummate the plans of their hypocrisy. Every day some part of their projects was put into execution; and it is the province of history alone to enumerate, under how many masks traitors of every complexion and of every rank have more or less deceived the credulity of the republicans: to make them the assassins of each other was the whole secret of the coalesced powers.

The plan was obvious, but the passions were ardent, and the interest of the whole was thwarted by the interests of different parties. The natural impetuosity of the French promoted the designs of their enemies,

mies, and a sort of inconstancy entangled them in a contrariety of ideas, and sometimes pushed them ignorantly on to measures directly opposite to those which they intended.

The vanity of the leaders provoked a continued war of opposition among the people, and the scaffolds were levelled by those who had erected them; not from a regard to humanity, but by the ardent jealousy of despotic power. The republicans have risen triumphant from amidst those piles of carcasses, whose mouths, though dumb, seem expressively to murmur, "Whoever has willed the republic, whoever has suffered it, has been the victim of calumny and murder."

The 13th of Vendemiaire, which was only the repetition of the 31st of May, was to have witnessed the ruin of the republican party. A new miracle saved it. The Parisians were never more deceived than on that fatal day, and they cruelly expiated their error. The 18th of Fructidor was the triumph of the republican party. Paris remained

mained calm, and the royalist conspirators were crushed. The Parisians were saved that day from the horrors of a counter-revolution, the consequences of which would have been incalculable. They seem no longer disposed to follow the standard of sedition; they turn their eyes towards those brave armies which are defending the country, and feel at length, that their own precincts do not alone constitute that country; they give themselves up to fêtes, to pleasure, and the love of the fine arts; they have perhaps suffered too much to cherish the word *republic*, but they are republicans without knowing it, and instinct will goad them on, sooner or later, towards greatness truly national; they will then ruminate at times with complacency on the triumphs of our armies and the hatred of Europe towards us, which is only a disguised homage to so many splendid actions: every sentiment will insensibly lead them to forget the words *king, monarchy, and grands seigneurs*.

The taste for pleasures and enjoyments, which are to be found only in Paris, will
finally

finally extinguish that counter-revolutionary ferment which has been so industriously kept up by the hostile powers. These foreigners have been hitherto lavish of their gold ; but the Parisian feels that it would be so easy for the government to re-act an 18th of Fructidor, that they will not put themselves again in the way of making the experiment. The government exhibited itself on that day with all the pomp of power, and every one exclaimed, " Here is the government ! we must at length confess it ; and let it be respected ! "

Whatever seems hazardous, though it be not really so, is almost always wise ; the reason is, that there is nothing in the world which has not its critical moment, and the mastership of prudence is to know and seize that moment. Prudence even commands us at such times to consult nothing but fortune. The greatest dangers which can present themselves have their charms, provided we have some glimpse of great advantage in the perspective of success ; but common dangers present nothing but horrors,
and

and the struggle is not worth the pains of the undertaking.

Great political affairs have a point of maturity, which must be waited for, and which it is dangerous to forestall; but when this point of maturity discovers itself, he who calculates the consequences with too much scrupulosity is not made for government. Your most dangerous enemy in such an important crisis, is often he whose alliance would be most useful to you. What address is necessary at such a moment, to know how to conquer without his assistance?

To do your enemy less evil than that which he seems to fear; to succeed as much by the faults of an opposite party, as by the wisdom of your own, is the true art of governing; it is performing in politics the wonderful operations of those machines in physics, which the people imagine to be the fruit of complicated labours, and which are only the result of an ingenious but very simple mechanism.

The

The government has again shewn itself; and though it displayed at first a terrible physiognomy, has assumed a mild and complacent aspect, and gained universal admiration. Would the governors arm themselves with new powers? Let them place moderation and humanity by their side; these virtues affect every man; for punishments are made to ameliorate, not to destroy: what would be rigour at other times, seems only justice at present.

The government has shewn itself after so many years of anarchy, and the sage and the politician, the weak and the ignorant, the friend of his country and the friend of his own pleasures, every one who cherishes glory or loves repose, will repeat with joy, from the bottom of his heart, There is now a government, and to make use of a common phrase, "This is what we must shew to Europe, and even to France."

That person would be endowed with singular penetration who should discover the particular cause of revolutions; it is simply

simply the ripeness of things and of events. Many moral and metaphysical elements may concur, but it is an action purely physical which always determines the crisis.

Our republic, agitated, tormented, lacerated in its infancy by triumviral, decemviral, and dictatorial tyrannies, is firmly robust, since it has resisted every effort of anarchy. I have no apprehension for its fate but from the *infinitesimals*, by which I mean that multitude of little authorities, which, from being too multiplied, transform regulations into august laws, and simple offices of inspection into chambers of inquisition.

The republic is surrounded by too many mining worms; and, under pretence of establishing public order, the individual free-man is stung by too great a number of insects. Let us have general and majestic laws, and few regulations, which grow up into laws as disastrous for public happiness as the first are useful! Upon the whole, the word *liberty*, strongly *willed* and pronounced,

nounced, has always rendered a people free. The French, and especially the Parisian, has only formally *to will* independance and prosperity. Let him do as much for liberty as he has done for the counter-revolution; let him listen no longer to the voice of him who calls himself the *friend of the people*, but of him who is so in reality.

It would be difficult at present to determine what is the prevailing opinion. Individual opinion has an obstinacy peculiar to itself. From the infinite divisions in society, there is no longer any public opinion; but the opinion of the least numerous, that of sensible men, who feel the necessity of a strong government, will become by degrees the predominant. The people have too long been prevented from understanding each other by the change in the signification of words. The Parisian is afraid of the abuse of words, and suffers things to proceed. Besides almost the whole code of morality having been attacked, they wait till the system of the legislature be quite

quite perfected; and the fear of failure, and of being worse situated, will concur in doing good. If a new crisis take place, the class of good citizens would be the prey of the wicked; wise men would be under the controul of fools; honest and enlightened men would be the dupes of knaves and blockheads; and through such trials no one would wish to pass. We have seen in democracy, public liberty endangered by popularity; and we fear both democracy and popularity, because they are very near neighbours to ochlocracy.

How can it have been imagined that we could ascend the stream of events? The more tremendous the fall of the throne has been, the more impossible it is to raise it up again. The principal hope of the royalists has been in those energumenes, who, without talents, prudence, or choice in their measures, have precipitated the car of the revolution instead of conducting it; and who have taken the reins from more able hands, to place them in those of men intoxicated or frantic. In assuming the title of patriots

patriots *par excellence*, the royalists imagined that they aided most efficaciously their own secret views.

They indeed soon came to a good understanding with each other; and it was justly observed, that "the white cockade had fixed itself on the bonnet rouge." This is the reason why so many crimes were committed in the name of the revolution, and why so many witnesses remained passive spectators.

As the mud of Paris is a mud quite peculiar, on account of the heterogeneous parts which form the mixture, so the populace of a great city, who are not its natives, and which flock from all parts, is a populace without a name. On this populace the factions built all their projects; and Danton, the evil genius of France, put it in fermentation. After him, the chiefs of parties have made their instruments of this infernal herd, from whence issued the Heberts, the Chaumettes, the Ronsins, and the atrocious members of the rebel commune of Paris. It was this populace that constantly surrounded the
scaffolds,

scaffolds, and which, never wearied with the spectacle, fatigued even the authors of these bloody tragedies, and formed the horrible commentary of this phrase of Montaigne, which they fully and dreadfully exemplified, *The populace in every country rip up carcasses, and plunge their hands in blood to the elbows.*

But has not aristocracy, it may be retorted, had also its Chouans, its horrible Chouans? It has; but the executioners which aristocracy purchased were the same which had been already sold to the Robespierrists. Aristocracy has reared its tenfold furies only among this populace, the scourge of every government, and the ferocious instrument of every party.

Times of revolutions are productive of many great actions and few great men. Concurrence of talents shades their splendor, and there is no giant in all these great political commotions. Every thing is done in the name of the whole; and those who raise themselves a little above the rest are broken one after the other by the impetuous shock of events.

Weak

Weak men had said, that *in revolutions we must never look behind us*. This is a very false maxim. Revolutions are carried on and finished by those who measure and compare what has been done, and what remains to do; and the moral virtues become so much more necessary, as all ideas of their existence have been lost, and injurious denominations, that is to say, words devoid of sense, become sentences of death, which hover over the heads of citizens most jealous of the liberty and happiness of their country.

The mass of those insignificant phrases, and especially those which were the most unintelligible, have been the cement of prisons and scaffolds. Party chiefs have ventured to make use of them with success, which evinces that in an enlightened nation the greatest number of individuals are unenlightened, and that private calamities are a mere theatrical exhibition to those who are not personally affected by them at the moment.

To paint such various contrasts we must have an historian like Tacitus, or a poet like Shakspeare. If a Tacitus or Shakspeare appeared during my life, I should say to him, "Form thy own idiom, for thou hast
"to describe what has never been seen, man
"touching at the same moment the extremes
"of ferocity and of human greatness. If
"in tracing so many barbarous scenes thy
"style is ferocious, it will only be more
"true, more picturesque; shake off the
"yoke of syntax; if it be necessary, that
"thou mightest be better understood, oblige
"us to translate thee; shackle us not with
"the pleasure, but with the pain of read-
"ing thee."

I do not indeed think that our language can exist much longer without throwing off those chains with which a gratuitous timidity has enthralled us; amidst so many new and astonishing spectacles, if the style remain enslaved, they will be transmitted neither to the admiration nor the horror of posterity. But why should they not? Has not the ambitious demagogical multitude, amidst the revolutionary tempest, already
coined

coined a language calculated to deceive and seduce the crowd? I have heard it bellowed in my ears, "Let the French perish, provided liberty triumph!" I have heard, I solemnly declare, this exclamation in a section of Paris, "Yes, I would seize my head by the hair, I would cut it off, and offering it to the despot, would say to him, *Tyrant, behold the head of a freeman!*" This sublime of extravagance was fitted for the mob; it was understood; it succeeded; and shall we not form a language to transmit to our remotest posterity these incredible moral and political phænomenon, which fixed with so lengthened an astonishment our looks and our understandings.

The world has spoken very differently of my Picture of Paris. I found pleasure in writing it; I sought for truth in every thing. This is all my answer. Let me be permitted, since I have undergone so many unjust criticisms, and have been the subject of so much satire for having composed an useful and agreeable work; let me be permitted to transcribe the judgment of a writer who has received both the book and the author

into his friendship, who has been the translator of the work, and who has displayed for me that zeal which encourages the writer, and consoles him for the injustice of his contemporaries. The following is a translation from the German extract of the Citizen Cramer *. I will never blot out praises, because my literary career is not finished, and because I shall re-peruse them in order to render myself worthy of the panegyric.

“ If d’Alembert, though a foreigner, has been honoured in Germany, amidst the sacred wood of gratitude and friendship, with a simple but lasting monument for the essay entitled, *On Men of Letters and the Great*, I venture to say that Mercier, for the chap-

* The passage cited is in a book of Charles Frederick Cramer, entitled, *Menschliches Leben*, &c. Vol. . p. 163 (on Human Life) written in 1791, a long time before this citizen, then a professor of Greek and Oriental literature at the University of Kiel, in Holstein, was acquainted with the author of the Picture, or before he could guess that the singularity of his fortune and his republicanism would lead him to fix himself one day amongst us at Paris. Many allusions to this passage, which he had preceded by those chapters in my Picture. *Apology for Men of Letters, Belles-Lettres, Thirty Writers in France, and no more*, relate to matters previously treated of in this book, which I think it necessary to observe, in order that they may not be considered as misplaced or foreign to the subject.

ter I have just transcribed, deserves a similar tribute. Do you wish to know my opinion with respect to his Picture? I will give it to you, should it even differ from any of yours; I make use of the right which my quality of member of your society gives me, together with the article *On Monuments*, in the code of our laws; and should there be among us any persons whose rigorous judgment may condemn my opinion, I shall submit, though not without keen regret. If it should happen that in this golden age we should see in a dream the arts and sciences become dearer to kings than shedding human blood, and that by chance the dying Alceste gave more pleasure in exciting melancholy sensations than the exhilarating illumination of a fleet blown up in the air; if at this glorious and distant epocha a king of Sicilia, anxious for new subjects for operas for the theatre of St. Carlo, at Naples, taken from the lost operas of Sophocles or the poet Accius, should fall on the idea of employing some millions of sequins of those enormous sums which the chase of a stag costs him in his states, to explore those treasures of ancient literature

literature which sleep in the pasted rouleaus of old parchments, and which form the yet unexamined library of Herculaneum and Portici, supposing that these rouleaus still existed, that they were not devoured by the indefatigable tooth of time, and that their unravelling, invented by Mazochi, was not among the arts that are lost; if it should happen, I say, that to the unspeakable satisfaction of all the professors of humanities and the belles lettres spread over the surface of the globe, we should succeed in re-establishing the hundred and twenty lyric dramas of Sophocles; that we found in the same search the hymns of Alcæus; that we restored the lost decades of Livy, and the comedies of Menander; that we printed them, and that by this kind of regeneration we restored them to the republic of letters; and that amidst other volumes, of which no erudite in folio *De libris Veterum deperditis*, says a word, we should meet, for instance, with a work of twelve volumes, of one Mercier, a Latin author, who gave us a description of ancient Rome, the queen of cities, in the time of the immortal Augustus, and of the more immortal

Cicero,

Cicero, Horace, and Virgil, with all its local manners, its temporary habits, its moral institutions, its absurdities, its vices, its virtues, its follies, its customs, &c. a work written in a spirit of reflective observation, inspired by a warm love of the purest philanthropy, scourging the vices of his age, sometimes with caustic vigour, sometimes with delicate address; a work seasoned with the graces of wit, unmasking, with the most penetrating glance, a thousand prejudices with respect to literature, politics, and morals, a work written under the sanction of the purest philanthropy; if, I repeat, we should find such a work among the perishing treasures of two exhumed cities, my friends, what fate, think you, would attend it in Europe, and from one century to another, in every part of the world.

“What fate? the most splendid imaginable! The trumpet of Fame would echo it for six months; the Villosins and the Brunks of the earth would run, their breasts panting with pleasure, to decypher the manuscript; all the Heynes and the Bentleys would be writing

ing commentaries; our Voss* would explain it with the obstinate exactitude of German erudition; and translators, versed not only in the language of the author, but still more in their own, would translate it. The Didots, the Ungerles, Baskervilles, would print it; the Stranges, the Willes, would enrich it with engravings in metzotintos or taille-douce. We should find subscribers without number; and in every country you would see editions of every form, printed not on black paper, spotted, or coarse, but on grand raisin, vellum, or jesus. These editions would be published with a pomp scarcely to be equalled by the catalogue of Oxford, the new Testament of Woide, or the description of Turkey by D'Ohsson. In short, such a cry of admiration, joy, and astonishment, would resound from all parts of Europe, that perhaps the learned would forget for a while the sanguinary Iliad of the singer

* A celebrated German poet, translator (in hexameters) of the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Bucolicks, the Georgicks, the Æneid of Virgil, the Metamorphoses of Ovid, the Idyls of Moselius, Bion, and Theocritus, &c. His countrymen place him among the first critics and literati which this fertile country has produced in Hellenists.

of Ionia, and his Odyssey, which swarms with so many geographical errors.

“But now, when we are in possession of this book, that the author is living, that we can see him, whilst Theophrastus is dead, the work having the misfortune of not being ancient, the dabbler in literature, the pamphlet reader, the loungee, the pedant, who scarcely knows how to read, assumes a tone of puerile disdain, and with an affectation of critical analysis, they, &c. &c. &c.”

A thousand thanks of gratitude to citizen Cramer! But whilst I was writing, and my work printing, the scene has already changed its appearance, and luxury springs up more brilliant than ever from amidst its smoking ruins. The culture of the fine arts resumes all its lustre, and literature, whatever may be said to the contrary, has suffered but a transitory eclipse. The theatres have been restored to all their magnificence, and fashion is again what is most held in idolatry. From all parts of the body social we see the newly enriched arise, and with them gold and opulence, so that

that at the first glance we should say that all evils are repaired ; but this is not really so.

As Paris is a city essentially commercial, essentially industrious, essentially cooking, we might say, that the evil which exists no longer never existed. A brilliant surface veils complaints and murmurs. Luxury is like a spirituous liquor, which intoxicates the mind, and I know not by what species of insensibility we indulge ourselves in a sort of epicurism which lets things proceed without caring for any thing but the present moment.

The present moment forms already an astonishing contrast with that of servitude, of terror, of the cruel dismemberment of families, of blood, and of tears!

If all the disastrous events are not forgotten amidst our fêtes and our amusements, they are covered with a curtain which we are either afraid to undraw, or which we are rarely solicitous to lift up.

May

May the New Paris meet with the same success as the Old Picture of Paris! But the touches, alas! are widely different, since the model and the painter have been struck by time and by circumstances the most tempestuous. In spite, however, of their fatal influence, both on the author and the book, there is one sentiment which consoles him, which will reward him for the unjust criticisms which he has undergone, and is yet perhaps fated to undergo, and which promises his writings, not an immortality, for which he is not anxious, but the esteem of the good, for which he is much more solicitous; this is the sentiment of having been, from the first instant of his literary career, the herald, the friend, and the fellow-workman of the great regeneration undertaken for the public happiness, which already he sees realized in France, in Holland, in Switzerland, in Italy! and of having been at the same time the adversary of those who have sullied the revolution with crimes for their own advantage, and through motives of sordid interest. No; the labours, the courage, the constancy of the French, their calamities, will not be forgotten or
lost.

lost. Posterity will reap the advantage of our sufferings. It is this sentiment which, from the first line of his *dream, if it has ever been so*, to the last line of his *New Paris*, has supported, encouraged, and sustained the author, and which led him not to quit his pen even amidst the night of dungeons; which, in fine, dictates to him an epitaph, which he engraves beforehand on his tomb, and which he wishes may be applicable to all his contemporaries:

Hommes de tout pays, enviez mon destinee;
Né fujet, je suis mort libre, et republicain!

10 Frimaire, l'an. 8.
(1st December, 1799.)

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thing great and sacred which genius and courage
had formed; and that thirty or forty wretches
were the unwhimsical cause as I shall show in the
course of this work. **NEW**

PICTURE OF PARIS.

the Revolution. At we are carried in different
ing epochs, times, and places we shall not fail
to compare the actors, and this is the reason
why it will perhaps be difficult to form a right
judgment of this momentous Revolution, which

CHAP. I.

PRELIMINARY VIEWS.

WHEREVER I turn my steps in Paris,
every thing recalls to my remembrance
what is no more! I did well to trace my former
picture in twelve volumes; if it was not done,
the model is so effaced, that it resembles a faded
portrait stored in the garret of some great grand-
father, dead at the hospital. No man before me
had thought of drawing the picture of this im-
mense city, and of painting its manners and its
customs in the most minute detail; but what a
change! A Greek poet has said two thousand
years since, "When discord reigns in the city
the wicked man holds the place of authority;"
and when it is not the most wicked, alas! it is
the most foolish. Thirty or forty wretches, still
more weak than wicked, have demolished every
VOL. I. B thing

thing great and sacred which genius and courage had formed; and these thirty or forty wretches were the mountain chiefs, as I shall shew in the course of this work. Divine and human justice has overtaken and punished them by the hands of each other, but we must be careful not to confound their abominable maxims with those of the Revolution. If we are careless in distinguishing epochas, times, and places, we shall not fail to confound the actors; and this is the reason why it will perhaps be impossible to form a right judgment of this memorable Revolution, which has had so many different phases.

We may say of new Paris what Strabo said of Greece! it is in all its points a singular and tragical country. How can so many facts and events be described! I will relate what I have seen. Borne up on every stormy wave, losing no gale of wind, my eye has distinguished amidst the storm some particular incidents. No; all the tempestuous winds let loose from beneath the sceptre of Æolus, struggling with each other, and covering with ruin the places over which they sweep, are but an imperfect and faithless image of those conflicts of the human passions in which philosophers have been hurled headlong to perdition; whilst every thing most vile and contemptible, with respect both to style and matter, dictated impure laws to the mob, the populace

of the nation, who have adopted them as the decrees of heaven!

Tremendous chaos, formed by the writers of the Revolution, enormous mass of periodical papers, pamphlets, and books, obscure and voluminous magazines of contradictory speeches, deluge of invectives and sarcasms, confused heap in which calumny itself has been stifled, terrible charge of the most obstinate and bloody contentions, cease to overwhelm my spirits! thou wouldst make history shrink back even to a Tacitus. I will not unfold, I will not consult thee; I will read no more, I will give credit to none but myself; what can issue from a curve in which the frothy waves are yet foaming?

Is it for us the sport or the victims of the opinions which have passed over our heads? Is it for us to instruct the present, and labour for future generations? The historian will come, who, with new documents, with perfect knowledge of the hostile and perfidious arts of foreign cabinets, will relate how far wicked and even honest men have been obedient puppets, unconscious of the wires that gave them motion. The infernal policy of the foreign enemies of freedom has mingled so much artifice in its suggestions, has so well known how to take advantage of the ideas and passions of every man, that the purest and most upright have for a long time sought where to find truth and justice, and piercing even through the

veil of falsehood, have still found themselves perplexed in the labyrinth of eternal illusions.

In revolutions, we become better acquainted with men in six months than we should be in twenty years of ordinary life. Then is the season when those great and little interests, which we usually conceal with so much care, discover themselves to open day. This is the moment also when every man places himself without the aid of a master of ceremonies, and that every man finds his own standard, even amidst the calumnies and libels with which he is blackened, in proportion as he rises above his neighbour; but it is not so easy to form a judgment on popular effervescences: they may take place from ordinary or accidental causes, as well as be excited by different factions.

Paris is a singular city, where we find personages of whatever kind and complexion we would wish. In less than twenty-four hours a familiar of the old police would collect together three hundred individuals, whom he would place around an edifice, and order to vociferate in such or such a tone. We know that in the time of the league, the Cardinal de Retz and the other chiefs, engaged people to fire blunderbusses at their carriages, in order to have a pretence for animating their followers against the Queen and the Cardinal. In the same manner, the court, anxious to know if they could depend on the regiment

giment of French guards, caused the manufacture of Reveillon to be pillaged, to furnish them with a plausible reason for sending in troops. The regiment of guards fired on the plunderers, and killed them; this was a sort of rehearsal of the bloody tragedy which they were destined to act some days after; but the court fell into their own snares; the blood which they had shed made the soldiers reflect; they were informed that they had been carested, debauched; they trembled at what they had done, and shuddered at the idea of having killed their fellow citizens. One of them, who was tampered with in order to detach him from the court party, heard the propositions made him in a sort of reverie, and plunged in deep meditation; when asked if he would determine, he answered, "Not yet; I am consulting the ghost of Colonel Biron!"

The furious Charles the Ninth fired himself on the unfortunate victims that were flying, and during those days of blood, walked through the city, accompanied by his court, dwelt with delight on the traces of the massacre printed on all the walls, and went to the gallows to see the body of the Admiral. Almighty God! under the power of what princes dost thou sometimes place the greatest empires! The nearest connexions of Lewis the Sixteenth, made the tour of the metropolis to inspect the plan of the siege, the places where the troops should enter, and rubbed their hands with

with joy. Perfidious monsters! if they could have established an universal famine of money and provisions, they would have done it with delight. But their murderous plans, the great conspiracy which every day increased, gave the commune of Paris that irresistible energy which decided the Revolution.

Nothing is more real, nothing better proved, or more certain, than the conspiracy of the court, and reckoning from that day, there can be no peace between royalists and republicans; and though the number of republicans should be more circumscribed than ever, republics would not be less the conquerors.

CHAP. II.

EXPLOSION.

IT is Paris which has made the Revolution, and Paris which has spoiled it; I shall consider it under this double point of view.

Of all Revolutions ours has been the most just, the most legitimate, the most imperiously commanded by circumstances. We must have destroyed the court of Versailles, or have been destroyed by it ourselves.

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The Revolution was made, because it ought to have been made, because the capital was threatened by the satellites of the court. The population of this great city performed a reaction, and it was high time; it was the stroke of the whale's tail which overfet the harpooner's skiff.

Paris was about to be delivered up to all the horrors of a city taken by storm; all was treason and perfidy on the side of the court; and the States-General were assembled only to re-establish the finances, to pay the debts which the court had contracted, and to open the next day a new account. M. Necker was made the tool; and the minister, though placed very near the conspiracy, did not suspect the explosion.

It would not indeed have taken place, if the court had not meditated and prepared the most sanguinary and ferocious projects. The determination taken on the 11th of July saved us. The court had not admitted into its calculation, that all the monied men and creditors of the kingdom placed their sole confidence in M. Necker, who, in comparison with Calonne, the public despoiler, was in possession of the public esteem. The capitalists trembled for their coffers, and the Rue Vivienne paid a part of the regiment of the French guards. Apprehensions, which were well founded, spread everywhere; every man was armed in an instant, because every man was afraid; while the troops of the court, who came
to

to exterminate, were slow in their march. The prince of Lambesc had condescended on the eve to give warning to the Parisians, by striking an old man in the Tuilleries with his sabre. That good patriot, the prince, has a claim to all our gratitude. A lucky cannon ball broke the chain which held the drawbridge of the Bastille, and it was this cannon ball which overthrew the monarch and the monarchy. I smile with pity when I see a multitude of writers striving to assign the causes of the Revolution, hunting for its authors, ignorant meanwhile, that, in political events, it is one day which produces another; that each day is, or may become, the day of a new revolution, as in an earthquake, each shock has an horizontal, or vertical, or diagonal, and often opposite direction. An engagement had taken place between the court and the people of Paris, but from that point to what has since resulted, there has been a series of events, all of which, or each, if I may use the expression, form a particular revolution.

The rage of speaking, and the itch of writing, have engendered a crowd of pamphlets, in which Marat and Robespierre, though decided revolutionists, are no more like each other than Mallet du Pan and Rivarol, in their counter-revolutionary projects.

Paper suffers itself to be stained. We may some day be led to think, that all that has been written

written is only a sepulchral romance ; but the mobility, the singularity, the terrible, and the comic of events, all prove that they are the offspring of each other, that they have had the same common origin, the same compass, the same direction ; that they have been unforeseen and sudden, confounding the most sagacious and most attentive observer. The heaven which has raised this immense mass of paste, is of a kind hitherto unknown ; the eternal lamentations of some prove that they foresaw neither the evening nor the next day ; and the declamations of others discover their ignorance, inasmuch as they had never seen the complication of events.

It is therefore impossible to determine the causes of this political phenomenon. This great volcano might yet have slept a long time ; it threw out its flames, was extinguished, and has been lighted again. Writers have wished that its lava should run down on one side rather than another ; the lava has swept away both the writer, and his pen !

CHAP. III.

CAPITAL MISTAKE.

OUR old government was despotic and degrading, and we have overthrown it by an effort of generous enthusiasm; but we have confounded what was right to destroy, with what was necessary to preserve; what was intimately connected with despotism, with what might have allied itself with every form of government. The project was to form an entire new race of men, and we have been transformed into savages. In our rage for creating and destroying, of exploding received ideas, we have never known on what foundations to rest. In proscribing superstition, we have annihilated religious sentiments; but this was not the mode to regenerate the world. Amidst this disorder, this moral anarchy, let us endeavour to seize a thread to guide us. The end of these terrible innovators was to substitute the love of our country in place of every other affection. The love of our country ought undoubtedly to be the basis of republican virtue; but in order to feel this affection, we must find happiness in our country. This attachment, which ought to warm the republican, is not merely that instinct which binds man to the
glebe

glebe where he was born, which endears him to the tree that shades the cottage where his cradle was rocked, the republican embraces in his affection all who surround him; all his fellow-citizens are dear to him, he is connected with them all by a kind of patriotic consanguinity.

In this new order of things, we could not conscientiously embrace and cherish the French nobility. This class was in some sort a proud cast, like the bonzes, the gymnosophists of India, more anxious to separate themselves from the community than to be useful. The nobility ought to have seen, that the world is condemned to perpetual convulsions. Empires fall into ruins, nations disappear. Barbarians issue from their forests, subjugate countries enervated by luxury, the arts and enjoyments. Errors, follies, and violence, compose in every age and in every country the history of mankind. In hearing all the lamentable cries which have been uttered against the Revolution, one might suppose that the Parisian had never read history, since he seemed to imagine himself a privileged being, for ever exempted from those ancient calamities which were only destined to figure on paper; in the same manner as when, in full health, we read books on medicine, and are astonished, afflicted, and groan at the disease which attacks us, as if all were subject to feel it but ourselves. The child, who strikes the table against which he has hurt himself, is but a feeble

a feeble image of Parisian puerility accusing all nature, all mankind, all events, for the political evils of which his city was the centre. The Parisian had no foresight of what has happened, and believed that it was an unexpected scourge, created, arranged, and prepared solely against himself, and the language of his complaint was so extravagant, that it became at times humorous and comic, being an incredible mixture of every thing new which wit and folly could collect together.

Ancient and modern history was carefully scrutinized, and every thing which bore the slightest resemblance to the events of the day was seized on as prediction and prophecy. Every book that bore the title of revolution was bought up and carried away; editions which rotted in the warehouses of the bookfellers saw the light, and no voice of the purchasers was heard by the shopkeepers but this: "Give me the history of a Revolution!" Books which had been forgotten or despised for an hundred and fifty years, were now sought for, and obtained the honours of a binding in a library. At sales, we were always hearing these words: "Give me the Roman Revolutions, the Revolutions of Sweden, of Italy;" and bookfellers, in order to sell their old books, printed false titles, and took the purchase on the credit merely of the label. All these studies did not give a grain more of patience either to the noble or the *roturier*; they pretended, that they ought

ought to have been inaccessible to those strokes of fortune, and loaded with imprecations every one who had not known how to foresee or hinder the loss of their privileges. Abbé Maury, their advocate, who by his imprudent and excessive confidence in a vain assemblage of words, had done them more harm than good, was enveloped in the disgrace of their reprobation; they interested themselves neither for him or his brother, who perished on the scaffold. Every thing similar or curious of the declamatory kind; either for vehemence or extravagance, passed in conversations and in pamphlets, and rushed on a noisy cataract of useless phrases. The voice of Mallet du Pan mingled itself wisely with that of Duroai* and Barruel Beauvert; and the whole of this inflated, continuous, monotonous tribe, fell into the abyss of forgetfulness and derision.

This arose from placing almost the whole of the actors in the Revolution on the same line, from not knowing how to distinguish between Condorcet and Marat, Brissot and Robespierre. It is from this species of ignorance that the tribe of shameless journalists have met with all the contempt which they deserved; by denying the virtue of faithful representatives, the ferocious Montagnard was emboldened; and a man below

* Guillotined the 25th of August. He said, that the happiest day of a Royalist was to die on the day of the fete of St. Louis.

even mediocrity in talents, as well as patriotic virtues and personal qualities, a man without energy or discernment, that dwarf called Robespierre, dazzled the *gueux* and the *sans culottes*, while the gross invectives poured out on the party of the Gironde, that animosity towards men who were irreproachable, these absurd denominations, *Men of the marshes changed into toads*, created Collets d'Herbois, Carriers, Lebons, and others of the same description; the enemies of the Revolution imagined they had gained every thing in loading the Brissotins, the Girondins, the Rolandists with insults; and thus the party of the Mountain raised the scaffolds, because the National Convention, oppressed and degraded for two years, could not resume its respectability till it had been horribly mutilated. The Parisians have paid dear for the contempt which they ventured to manifest towards upright and virtuous men; the whole nation was deceived by Paris, and by all those infamous pamphlets which were applauded and circulated by the Parisians. The Mountain party, which at that time was far from subjugating or deceiving the whole of France, took an ascendancy, because such of the representatives as were enlightened, moderate, and philosophical men, had been the victims of the most deplorable errors. If the people had had the good sense to adhere to those deputies who joined firmness to prudence, and courage to wisdom, who,

who, penetrated with the sacredness of their duty, had united to overthrow the double faction, they would not have opened so wide a field to the Anarchists, the Terrorists, and the drinkers of blood, nor would they have been so punished for their long and invincible blindness. But whenever the plan was proposed to march against the National Convention, they were always ready; and after the spread of all these virulent writings, which robbed every representative of the people of his merit or his virtue, it became the mode to run down the deputies, and menace them. I solemnly declare, that the assassination of a representative was looked on as an amusement; that both the tongue and the pen were continually employed as destructive weapons against them, and at no epocha, and amongst no people, was there ever conceived an opinion more erroneous, more unfortunate, more destructive of that tie which ought to bind the national representation to the city which it inhabits. This is the origin of all our bloodshed: by loading with insults every man who was honest or courageous, no man had a right to the public esteem; the most virtuous became the most feeble, and villains and plunderers seized the reins of authority. It is you, Parisians, who willed these outrages! Read your own indictment, and then sit in judgment on yourselves!

CHAP. IV.

DEGRADATION OF THE MONARCH.

It might be said that, in 1788, there were five or six kings in France. The Queen was a king, the gross Monsieur was a king: all disputed the authority of the king in the nomination to charges, to places, to employments, to benefices, to salaries. These persons embarrassed themselves very little about king or kingship, as we may easily judge by their conduct, their proceedings, and, above all, by their conversation. Louis the XVIth was the perpetual object of their raillery and contempt. Sarcasms, lies, and calumny, were the arms which they wielded, with an address that was peculiar to themselves; and they may certainly boast, that under no reign the talent of epigram was ever carried to so high a pitch of perfection as against the person of the prince. When the idol was completely degraded, this group of privileged personages, very foolish, very knavish, and for the most part very arrogant, imagined, or were desirous of making it believed, that all the powers of Europe ought to arm themselves to defend their places, their charges, their benefices, their pensions, and all their noble gratifications, and they were astonished when they

they found that France would no longer be their dupe.

The poor Monsieur had put himself at the head of a band which wore a ribband, I forget what; and every man who was not of this band was to be regarded as the greatest scoundrel in the universe. This class of high nobility treated the king with avowed contempt, and entertained serious ideas of restoring the old feudal government. Louis the XVth was advised of this, which determined him to lean towards the popular party, and assemble the States-General. We were then so entangled, that friends and enemies of the Revolution all found themselves unable to draw back a single step without the greatest danger.

These consequential nobles had each their circle of authority: they have since been called Aristocrats. They were every where in open war, both against the people, and against the sovereign, whom they despised, whom they tormented, and whom they menaced, when every thing did not go according to their mind. They had even plotted to carry off the king, and make him prisoner, and they were anxious to have him considered as such. At length, when the decrees of the National Assembly restored to the king the whole of his authority, they published in their libels, that his authority was degraded and destroyed. These shameless Aristocrats had no other

king, no other country, than their own interest, their pride, and their vanity.

The great fault of the National Assembly was that of attempting to conciliate things, which by their own nature were irreconcilable. The crown and the plough were the greatest gainers by the French constitution. The Aristocrats in their fury became the official defenders of all crowns, and were anxious to render them responsible for the general insurrection of France, whilst it is well known that the French had no personal objection whatever against the king.

The enemies of the republic never complained of the indiscipline of the troops of the line until they had been disappointed in employing them for their own designs, and in exciting a civil war from one end of the kingdom to the other.

CHAP. V.

THE CARDINAL DE LOMBRIE.

THIS Archbishop, who was held forth as a sort of general deliverer, took possession of the scene. As a reward for his promises, it was thought fit to decorate him with the title of first minister. The whole of his administration was employed in ruining his own reputation, and in recompensing

his

his uselessness with all the great abbeys on which he could seize.

He was desirous of fixing the stamp duties according to his own plan, but not knowing how to gain over the Parliament, who refused to enregister it, he displayed all the resources of his genius in ordering the courts of justice to be besieged by the French and Swiss guards. A Member of the Parliament was carried off from the chamber of his peers. The Revolution would perhaps have taken place on that day, but the Parisians embarrassed themselves very little about the Parliament; they rose, as I shall prove hereafter, only because, at the moment of the impudent and absurd manœuvre of the 11th and 12th of July, some trembled for their money, and others for their lives. I was one of the latter description, and I own that I thought of nothing but my personal defence against the troops of the court. If Versailles had not menaced Paris in the most openly hostile manner, Paris would have remained perfectly tranquil. But when every one took arms, even poets and authors, on account of the strange capers of the Prince of Lambesc, whom I shall ever call a good patriot, and which filled up the measure of general apprehension, there was but one cry, which resounded from every quarter, and this was the cry of vengeance.

I am therefore founded in saying, that we do wrong in looking at distant facts for the causes of the Revolution. It was the sight of cannon, and of all the apparatus of war: it was the stroke of a sabre on the bald head of an old man: it was the lucky impertinence of the prince who penetrated into the Tuilleries on a Sunday, and violated the sacredness of the garden at the head of a troop of horse, which acted like a signal of despair, and electrified every head to such a point, that the commotion which followed astonished even those who excited it. An insurrection like this was neither combined nor organized: it might have taken place amidst the most peaceable people. The Parisians never thought of destroying Versailles: it was Versailles which forced Paris to destroy it.

CHAP. VI.

SIEGE OF THE COURTS OF JUSTICE.

How glorious were the first days of the Revolution! D'Artois and Condé had taken their flight. They had till then marched with fronts erect, and openly protected the conspiracy against the safety of the people of Paris. If the projected massacre did not succeed according to their

their wishes, it was not their fault; they did all they could towards its success, and the National Assembly had nearly been blown up at Versailles. These princes took their flight whenever they saw two heads stuck on pikes; and Condé, who had taken refuge at Chantilly, having enquired if the burghers had engaged in the affair, and being answered in the affirmative, decamped across the country without following any road. The princes and nobles could scarcely find legs enough to escape the lantern: they abandoned the king as soldiers in a rout, crying aloud, "The devil take the hindmost!"

The courtier, the counsel, the clergy, and the parliament, had formed so strong a league against Turgot, that they forced the king to dismiss him; and on the day of this minister's disgrace, the king, in crossing the gallery, was applauded with enthusiasm: this was the finest eulogium that ever was bestowed on Turgot. It seemed as if a troop of malefactors had assembled together to rejoice at the breaking up of the Marechausée. This joy appeared so indecent to the ambassador of Naples, that he could not help saying to his neighbour, "I think I see a great seigneur dismissing an honest man; his steward, and his insolent valets, seem to rejoice in presence of their master, because this honest steward kept them in order." These men were also the cause of the dismissal of the Malesherbes, and the Neckers; and

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it was under the administration of the latter that the sovereignty of the princes began to take the ascendancy, which ruined them. Their plans were directed by an association of subaltern intriguers, who were called in the modern stile *faiseurs*. Two agents of this species, who do not merit the honour of being named, were detached to work up, as they called it, the director-general; they were countenanced by the old men of Pontchartrain, and by the charges and places which they held under the princes. The director-general contented himself at first with keeping them at bay by a pure conscience and profound contempt; but worn out by intrigues and opposition, he determined to withdraw. He might have said to them at leaving Marli, "You will not suffer me to reform you: I foresee that in less than ten years you will all perish." The retreat of the Director-General was the epoch of their ruin. Upon the whole, we ought not to reproach them with this wrong; they have been severely punished, and France has reaped an abundant harvest from their folly.

They ordered the courts of justice to be besieged, because they had a profound contempt for the long robe, and yet the greatest part of the officers of the guards had their relations or friends in the parliament; but every thing conspired to blind those nobles, inasmuch as they imagined that the king was only the *primus inter pares*; they

they have told me so themselves, and after this fine reasoning they considered him merely as their cash-keeper, or their treasurer. It was under this point of view that some blamed and others approved the holding of the States-General; some fearing that they should no longer have the means of pillaging the royal coffer; others flattering themselves that it would be the way to replenish it. Their short-sighted views, and their insolence, were of service to the nation, who came on them by surprize in this state of disunion, and crushed them.

Those who were not of the high nobility, remembered what passed in the States in 1614. A deputy of the nobility of the Upper Limosin struck the lieutenant of Uzarche, a deputy of the tiers-etat of the Lower Limosin. The said chamber made their complaints to the king, who laid the affair before the parliament; and as all the officers looked on themselves as interested in this insult, the Parliament condemned this nobleman to be beheaded, which, as he had escaped, was executed in effigy. And, as if in the face of the States each one amused himself in playing the impertinent, and manifesting an open contempt of the laws, Rochefort dealt several blows to Maffillac, under pretence that he had slandered M. le Prince, and spoken irreverently of the Queen, declaring several particularities of his designs against her. Geran, and some others, offered

ferred the Queen to cane M. Rochefort, but M. de Buillon dissuaded him, and undertook to follow up the affair on the part of the Queen. Notwithstanding all that the Prince did, M. de Buillon, who prosecuted the affair for the Queen, was himself arrested. It is to be remarked, that the Prince had presented his defence to the parliament, in which he owned the violence committed by Rochefort, pretending that princes of the blood might commit such violences with impunity; but having afterwards received notice that it was very probable that his own confession would commit the personal safety of Rochefort, and that the parliament would proceed against him in consequence, it being true that princes of the blood could use no such violence without being liable to justice, he withdrew his defence. A pleasant sort of defence, which stated the right of princes of the blood to cane people of quality!

After the sittings, these persons did, as they had done when the prince and his party demanded the convocation of the States. They had hoped to lay a snare for the Queen, and to excite such difficulties and divisions as would set the kingdom in a flame; but when they saw that they were all conspiring for the good of the state, they then turned towards the parliament, and tried to produce the effect which they had not been able to do with the states. They sowed
jealousy

jealousy in this body against the government, persuading them that they were despised, and that they had not the share which they ought to have in the great affairs which were then in agitation. They promised to aid them in supporting their authority. Those representations made to persons who had already a sufficiently good opinion of themselves, so influenced the parliament, that they assembled all the chambers on the 24th of March, four days after the deputies of the States had been dismissed. It was decreed, that by the good pleasure of the king, the princes, dukes, peers, and officers of the crown should be invited to meet in the said court, to advise respecting the propositions which should be made for the service of the king, the alleviation of his subjects, and the good of his state.

This decree of the parliament was immediately broken by a decree of the council: the king sent for the presidents, and reprimanded them very severely; telling them, that it was their duty, as his first parliament, to employ the authority which they held from him the king, to help him to support, instead of degrading it in his presence, and that he forbade them any further deliberations on this subject.

They were not of the same opinion, but resolved the next day that the parliament had at all times took part in the affairs of the state, and that kings were even accustomed to send them
treaties

treaties of peace, and ask their advice concerning them.

In short, after four or five decrees rendered and broken, there the affair rested; the obstinacy of the parliament bore down the will of the king.

Is not this, with some trifling difference, the history of 1788 and 1789?

CHAP. VII.

CAISSE D'ESCOMPTE.

THE Caisse D'Escompte has a right to claim its place amongst the principal causes which have produced the Revolution. Versailles never would have been able, or have even ventured to abandon itself to those wild and extravagant scenes of dissipation which made so great noise throughout Europe, had it not found so much facility in making loans, which facility would not have offered itself without the assistance of the Caisse D'Escompte.

This bank engendered that mongrel breed of stockjobbers, princes, courtiers, magistrates, military men, financiers, notaries, and factors. The immense quantity of fictitious money which was thrown into the capital made those imprudent and unreflecting youths who surrounded the throne,

throne, imagine, that they were placed at the head of a nation which was inexhaustible, and for ever at their orders. They dreamt, that they had nothing to do but to enjoy life, thinking themselves absolute masters, and above every kind of controul, and presumed that they might even throw aside their cumbrous dignity, that magical virtue of courts. The Queen began with overturning all those old established ceremonies which stood in the way of her tastes and her pleasures, without considering that etiquette was the palladium of the house.

The retreat or disgrace of the Malsherbes, the Turgots, and the Neckers, indicated to the nation that it would be more easy to destroy Versailles than to amend it.

There was not a corner of the French dominions which was not sullied with the scandalous debaucheries of those who were called the young *Seigneurs*; and as to their reputation, they had themselves taken so much liberty with it, that calumny had nothing to add on that head.

CHAP. VIII.

THE FOUR WHIRLWINDS.

ONE of the great errors consecrated by irreflexion, and by the usual ascendancy of words over things, is that of having considered France as one of the most ancient monarchies of the world. France has been constantly governed by the most ancient, the most dexterous, and most enterprising aristocracy that ever existed.

The great, the high clergy, and the magistrature, being the whole, and the nation being nothing, the nobility divided the nation into three classes, that of high serfs, rich serfs, and poor serfs.

We are astonished at what is passing at present, but the folly and duration of the old regime is a thing still more astonishing. We should marry the pen of Juvenal to that of Moliere, if we wished to present in all its odious and ridiculous colours the arrogance of the great. It was such, that France ought to have a thousand years of constitution and of liberty to wash itself from the shame of having been so long oppressed and insulted by such men.

Yes,

Yes, what ought to excite most astonishment in him who is acquainted with the history of France is, that this Revolution which has changed the face of France, and which occupies all Europe, should have been made at a moment when aristocracy seemed to have carried its system of intolerance to the highest perfection.

The Encyclopædists and the economists held a number of opinions which called for great reforms; but if the nobility had not been divided, if the parliament had not often set fire to the house of its neighbour the clergy, if the high nobility had not triumphed over the lower with the most imprudent policy, this colossus, exempt from taxes and all state charges, would never have been shaken. The Parliaments were the focus of the French aristocracy; and the aristocracy, ignorant how to distinguish true courage from pride, and feudal haughtiness, so humbled the long robe, that the parliament made no further opposition to the convocation of the States-General.

It was towards the term of the destruction of the parliaments, that the marriages of three princes of the royal family took place. They were treated like sovereigns, and certainly had no need to envy any crowned head of Europe, either for their honours or their establishment.

There was some question of a marriage between the house of Orleans and the royal family, but

but the latter found that D'Orleans was not noble enough, and treated him very nearly in the same manner as he himself would have treated a simple gentleman. These follies all turned to the advantage of the nation, which emancipated itself amidst the singular quarrels of the court. That court, divided into four, formed four whirlwinds, which swept away all the ministers and all their affairs, from hence four councils, in which it was usual to consider the king as the titular of the kingdom, the property of which belonged to themselves. France was merely an inheritance.

CHAP. IX.

CLUBS.

IN the establishment of newspapers, of literary societies, of those clubs where men spoke freely, and especially in Freemason's lodges, which formed a kind of school for oratory; and where the same rules in speaking were such as were used in the legislative body, we may discover the different focusses of that insurrectionary spirit, the explosion of which could not have long been retarded, while its immaturity would have spoiled its effect.

The

The women, who at first admire every thing that is great, looked upon the Revolution as a kind of comedy; but as they love all sorts of luxury, ostentation, and riches, they were distressed when they saw their lover's two epaulettes, the blue ribband, the mitre, the parliamentary robe, the cross of St. Louis, and even the cane à corbin of the comptroller of finance, all swept away; they perceived that there was something severe and serious in a Revolution, and from that moment they turned against it.

The wives of the long robe were those who were most angry, and openly accused their husbands of imbecility; but even if the Parliament of Paris had undertaken to force the monarch to chuse as a model the composition of the States assembled in 1614, the national wish, the information of the present day, would have risen in opposition to that mode. The empire of public opinion, and of its increasing force, were then truly incalculable. The French spirit, so long monarchised, became suddenly disposed for the establishment of every political theory, and every system of legislation. I may assert without pride, as well as without shame, that the reading of my work, entitled *The Year 2440*, which was so written as to be intelligible to every class, had already shewn that the greatest changes were possible, and that it was time to give over the struggle

gle between superannuated worn-out maxims and the vigorous principles of eternal justice.

Opinion governs the world, and every pen directed opinion towards the reform of abuses; and there were so many abuses in France, that they would have been sufficient not to kill a kingdom, but the world.

We writers were desirous of debating such matters with the *head*; but other persons came, who said, *Will you decide it by the arm?*

CHAP. X.

THEY HAD BUT TO ———.

WE hear nothing but this phrase, when we talk of Revolution: "They had but to do this; "they had but to do that; they had only to "take such a one; they had only to march such "a day and such an hour:" all great and marvelous prophets after the event—all in retrograde motion towards the past, without being able to say a syllable of what is to happen to-morrow; all employed in useless declamation, haranguing a noisy cataract, and imagining that their voice is to suspend the foaming waves.

How can a journalist read over his papers without blushing at what he has written? How many

many false calculations! how many erroneous opinions! what ignorance of the chain that binds all the events of this world! "It was but—it was but—" When I hear these words, I turn aside my attention, and suffer the speaker to waste his syllables in empty air.

Others say, "Oh! if I had been in the place of —, I would have soon blown up all these rulers in theory." They may be satisfied: some have been arrested, others have only just had time to make their escape. No person will acknowledge his want of sagacity, yet each complains of the blow he has received.

It might have been supposed, that this Revolution was the work of some man of extraordinary genius, of some vast head of antique physiognomy, of some mind beyond the ordinary standard: not at all. We have all been, what Marivaux, who was of the number, calls "*the great middling*," and this perhaps is the reason why things have been no worse. There are no mistakes more dangerous than those of men of genius. Our faults at least have been reparable, and the machine has not been crushed between our hands. Alternately conquerors, and vanquished, we have had neither chief nor director, and in the bloody fray the wicked have perished with some good men. After a battle, we bury the dead!

CHAP. XI.

TRICKS.

BEFORE the Revolution, Monsieur, the king's brother, in spite of the enormous weight of his mass of matter, was a wit-monger, and kept a wit-warehouse. In this office were manufactured many an epigram, many a joke against the poor Parisians. The great atchievement was to *mistify* them; the most ridiculous things in the world were announced in the Journal of Paris, such were the letters of the society; Beaumarchais, at the age of fifty-five, was sent to be scourged at St. Lazare.

Bon mots was the choicest food of the society; their own good taste and wit kept them in extasies.

This coterie was highly displeasing to men of letters, who, hurt by the mischievously caustic character of the Prince, erected their batteries against him in their turn. He was represented to the public as a scurvy author, presiding over a literary areopagus, where he was nothing but the foster-father of every thing that issued from it.

The Prince also mingled himself in certain affairs, and acted a part in that of the Marquis de

de Favras; so much the more *mal-a-droit*, and pufillanimous, as he not only unmasked himself to every experienced observer, but was the cause of the execution of the Marquis, who carried his complaisance so far as not to mention the name of the Prince; the last act of a courtier, which all the courtiers esteemed sublime. The Prince took his flight at the departure of the king for Varennes, and having alternately become regent of the kingdom, and monarch *in partibus*, was called the gros regent, and King of Verona. The counter-revolutionists denominate him Louis the XVIII; and his nullity is an affair so well understood, that the Republicans give him this title by way of derision.

CHAP. XII.

DISMISSION OF M. NECKER.

THE book of great events from little causes is but just begun, and it is from long meditation that I do not travel far in search of the cause of any event, when that of yesterday gives me often the true solution.

The privileged orders, who from condescension meant to employ only treachery, stratagem, and certain little tricks to spread division, penury, and even famine throughout the provinces, and bring about the dissolution of the National Assembly, seeing that it had the impertinence to wish to establish the rights of man, resolved to associate the pleasure of vengeance with the pride of empire, to strike horror at once into the capital, and brave the whole army. They treated as bourgeois six hundred poor deputies, almost crushed beneath the weight of national calamity; and quite astonished that the *tiers état* were not disposed to submit to the same humiliations which they had borne in the assemblies of former reigns; they decreed in their secret committee, that the minister of finance should be driven out with *éclat*, that they should make themselves

masters

masters of Paris, and of the assembled bourgeois, that if they found any who were disposed to be mutinous, they should be dispersed, no matter how ; in short, that the words of States General, and of National Assembly, should henceforth be effaced from all French dictionaries. Twenty-five or thirty thousand men, horse and foot, had orders to march towards the environs of Paris and Versailles ; but were they quite sure of the military who began to discuss the propriety of the order, and who were indignant at the plan of being made only instruments of slavery ? In order to solve this question, a rehearsal of this bloody tragedy was performed. The court party caused a mutiny of the workmen in a manufacture in the suburb St. Antoine ; the manufacture was set on fire, to furnish a pretence for marching the French and Swiss guards against the pretended revolt, and to have the air of protecting houses and property against incendiaries. The rehearsal succeeded to their wishes ; the soldiery fired, and wounded as many as they could ; and the burning of the barriers was likewise contrived to serve as a pretence for a more formidable introduction of troops.

The full-grown children had however been so accustomed to tricking, that at length they tricked themselves. They had not the patience, during the whole of this fine undertaking, to wait

for the arrival of all the troops. They precipitated the dismissal of M. Necker; and on Saturday evening, the 11th of July, he received orders to leave the kingdom in twenty-four hours, with as little noise as possible.

This was the signal of bankruptcy, and at the end of the royal sitting and the plenary court, every mind rallied itself to the standard of insurrection. The army of stockjobbers assembled in the Palais Royal; a man mounted on a table, animated with that boldness, the impulse of the moment, that audacity which effects great things, taking two pistols from his pocket, harangued the people; and exclaiming, "Our ruin is decreed, see what is passing in the Champs Elysées; the troops are taking possession of the whole space between the Star of Chaillot and the Tuilleries, they are drawn up in a line of battle; we have deliberated enough, let us deliberate with our arms, we are the most numerous, and we shall be the strongest; let us arm ourselves, let every citizen arm, let us march!" The people poured out in crowds; the orator had torn off a branch of the tree which shaded him; this branch was transformed into a green cockade, and a green ribband was tied to every man's button-hole; it was the tint of hope. But recollecting immediately that green was the colour of D'Artois, they took those

those of the city of Paris; hence the three-coloured cockade, which, from the obstacles that are thrown in its way, will possibly make the tour of the world.

The alarm-bell was rung, gunsmiths and armourers shops were stripped; search was made everywhere for arms; working shops were set up, districts were organized. The hammer resounded, iron was bent or flatted; kitchen utensils were formed into weapons; innumerable crowds thronged to the invalids, seized on all the muskets, and to the great astonishment of the soldiers, committed no kind of disorder; the multitude traversed cellars full of wine without touching it; it was arms alone that they sought; they dragged away cannon of the heaviest metal; and marched off as by enchantment. Expert cannoneers would have taken two days to perform what was executed in three hours.

While M. Necker was travelling quietly in his postchaise, his dismissal had excited the most extraordinary and most rapid commotion recorded in history. What a night from Monday to Tuesday! Patrols on foot, and crossing each other at every fifteen steps! a multitude agitated by fear, anxiety, and indignation! a hollow murmur, accompanied by incessant knocking, without any determinate object, at doors and shops! the melancholy, monotonous, and continued sound from all the bells of this immense capital! the alarm-bell, amidst the darkness, seemed

seemed the signal of the indignation and vengeance of a great nation, roused to crush a throne!—What a night!—And ye princes, ministers, and governors of empires, who have never heard this tocsin, expect to hear it sound on the first attempt against liberty.

This alarm-bell of the capital was heard from one end of the empire to the other. An invincible power struck in every part this land of oppression; and every where we saw men in arms issue forth from its bosom.

And on what depended this great commotion? Shall we explain it? It was excited by a divinity which we call Fear. The court had terrified the capital by the apparatus of war; from hence that memorable day, which was the greatest, the most sublime, and the most majestic, which will ever be recorded by posterity.

CHAP. XIII.

CLUB OF THE JACOBINS.

How has the finest gold become dim; how has it been changed into the vilest lead! The popular societies, the patriotic clubs, the friends of the constitution were indispensably necessary
in

in the first years of our political change. These societies alone, by the union of the mass of the people, could oppose with advantage the prejudices and errors they had to overthrow, accelerate the progress of information, disseminate great truths, establish principles, spread the love of civic virtues, implant patriotism in every heart, and finally form the public spirit, which could alone produce unity of opinion as well as unity of action. Such were the labours which were gloriously undertaken by the Jacobins! To what a degree of happiness should we have arrived a long time since, if they had continued as they had begun, or as they proceeded during two or three years succeeding the Revolution. The malignant genius of faction had otherwise decided; already he had hovered over France, glided amidst patriotic clubs, and breathed his impure spirit of madness and fury into all their members. The Jacobins still subsist, but from the instant of the creation of the Republic, these men no more resembled the patriots of 89, 90, and 91, than the French of the present day, republican as they are in name, resemble the Spartans or Romans at the most brilliant periods of their virtue, and their glory.

If we are desirous to be informed of the cause of so melancholy a change, let us hear the words of an intelligent representative; "The popular Societies," says he in one of his reports, "were
" at

“ at their birth the temples of liberty and equality. The citizens and representatives of the people crowded thither to meditate together on the overthrow of tyranny, the fall of kings, and the great means of consolidating liberty. In these societies, we saw the people in union with their mandatories, enlightening and examining their conduct. But since these same assemblies have been filled with artful men, who resort thither to canvas, by their vehement cries, their elevation to the legislature, to the ministry, to the highest offices of the army, since these clubs are made up of too many public officers, and too few citizens, the people are become nothing ; it is no longer the people who judge the government, it is the coalesced functionaries, who by uniting their influence, silence, terrify the people, separate them from their legislators from whom they ought always to be inseparable, and corrupt the public opinion, on which they seize, and by which they impose silence even on the government, by making themselves the denounciators of the liberty which they insult, ruin, and destroy.”

The luminous truths contained in this extract, ought to appear so much the less suspicious to the impartial reader, as they were dictated by one of the most zealous partizans for clubs ; and it is principally to the Jacobins of Paris that these

these great truths are applicable. In reality, when the Dantons, the Marats, the Robespierres, the Collots, the Billauds, the Couthons, the Dumas, and many other individuals whose names escape me, predominated in the society, when every deputy of note, the ministers, the magistrates of the people, and other public functionaries were become members, they thought much less of the government than the governors, and were considered as objects to whom court was to be paid, and from whom were to be torn, either by flattery, meanness, or importunity, the most lucrative employments. The society was quite devoted to those persons, and its members, which before sat as judges on their conduct with so much dignity, became their vilest parasites, their slaves, the blind instruments of their ambitious and detestable passions.

Such is the abridged history of the Jacobins, of whom we have been the impartial observers from their origin to their fall. At different epochas they sometimes did good, sometimes evil; they formed the public mind, then degraded it into demagogical fanaticism; and dishonoured by their excesses that liberty which they had so powerfully served by their labours.

Considered with respect to its members, the society presented, at its birth, an union of men formed to astonish us by the boldness of their genius. Divided in sentiments, these apostles of liberty

liberty disbanded, and were replaced by weak ignorant men, whose defect of understanding pushed them on to idolize the very intriguers by whom they were vanquished.

Viewed in its *chef de file*, or leaders, this society was nothing more than an assemblage of factious, mistaken men, accomplices, and victims of Robespierre, and other great criminals.

One of the greatest faults of the Constituent Assembly, was not having had foresight and courage sufficient to shut up all the clubs, and chiefly that of Paris, at the moment the constitution was accepted by the people; if it was impossible to suppress entirely at that period these formidable clubs, it was right at least to circumscribe them within such narrow limits as to render them incapable of ever becoming rivals with the constitutional authorities, and disturbing the public peace. Was it prudent to suffer altar to be erected against altar? By preserving the scaffolding of the edifice, the enemies of liberty laid hold of the vulgar among the Jacobins, and employed them as hirelings; we may compare them to soldiers suddenly disbanded, and without pay. Thus there has not existed a single conspiracy against the republic, which has not had its principal focus at Paris. It is under the sanction of the laws that all law has been destroyed. The Jacobins have assumed every mask, you will find them again in every primary assembly,

sembly, taking possession of the sections, and forming them into arenas of counter-revolution and anarchy! Do not imagine that the cannon of Vendemiaire has softened their fury; everywhere they had formed new conspiracies, and prepared for Condé his entrance into the departments of the Doubs, and the Jura. To provoke massacre, pervert public opinion, proscribe the animating songs of liberty so formidable to our enemies; such is the work of the Jacobins, degenerated, and sold to royalty.

CHAP. XIV.

LABOURS IN THE CHAMPS DE MARS.

NEVER, perhaps, has there been seen amongst any people such an astonishing and ever memorable instance of fraternity! I never think of it but with admiration. Here I saw a hundred and fifty thousand citizens, of every class, age, and sex, forming the most delightful picture of concord, labour, motion, and joy which was ever exhibited! Oh, what monsters are those who have effaced these splendid colours! what a happy disposition belongs to these good and brave citizens of Paris, who could transform eight days
of

of labour into eight days of the most joyous festival, the most unexpected and the newest that had ever been celebrated ! It was a spectacle so original, that it was impossible for the most indifferent or corrupted to have beheld it without emotion. In an immense space, filled with citizens who were truly active and eager to labour, the most varied scenes presented themselves at once to our view ; here, they melted into tears at the sight of their general, who came to share in the toils of his fellow citizens ; there, we heard acclamation and cries of joy at the arrival of the king's household ; further on, a military band of music announced the arrival of the Swiss, these children of liberty, who came to partake of the festival with their old allies and friends. By the side of gardener's apprentices, distinguished by the flowers and shrubs tied to their instruments, were the pupils of the school of painting, distinguished by a banner representing France. After these came the hopes of the rising generation, the children of our legislators, who had joyously exchanged the exercises of the college for the labours of the Champ de Mars. Athwart a crowd of monks, women, abbes, and coalheavers, I perceived the gallant Captain Kersaint, with a physiognomy radiant with liberty, driving the wheelbarrow with the same gaiety as he mounted the *Belle Poule*, when he went to fight the enemies of his country.

The

The result of so glorious and so astonishing an example of fraternity, deserves to be transmitted to the most distant posterity. When the Federés arrived, we beheld the most august of federations, the most solemn triumph of the people, a day of alliance, of admiration, and of tenderness.

This memorable day was like an experiment in electricity. Every thing which touched the chain partook of the shock ; it was great ; it was universal ; it was such in short, that the bare recollection is enough to rally the whole family of the French, if our external enemies, jealous of our liberty, should come to attack us. Such an event would produce a happy crisis, a national effort, which would suddenly rebuild the edifice of liberty. It cannot be too often repeated ; never has the court of kings offered so magnificent a spectacle, and since Lewis the Sixteenth was faithless to that sacred oath, since he could never forget that he took it in the face of heaven and earth, before a generous nation, he can never be pitied for the evils which have fallen on his head for the most detestable of perjuries.

Alas ! what did he possess so brilliant at his Versailles, in that kind of fortress where courtiers and accomplices, the heralds of slavery, retained him as a prisoner ? They never lost sight of him ; they continually beset him, and all this to make him sign whatever served their ambition, or increased their interest, by the subjection of the nation.

nation. Lewis the Sixteenth dethroned himself, by his disgraceful flight, and twenty millions of inhabitants, who were called *Franks*, slaves as they were, by way of derision, became free by a kind of miracle.

It is impossible to give a description of these labours which would not fall short of the reality. Citizens of all ages were proud of the honour of preparing with their hands the place, where they assembled to swear to defend the constitution, and live or die free. The multitude of people, the briskness of their motions, the diversity of dress, every thing concurred to the picturesque variety of this fête; here was a company of coal-porters, there a company of laundresses, the flour-men, the water-carriers; the scavengers were unwilling to remain idle; the invalids shewed that their arms were yet as vigorous as their hearts were courageous. We saw even women, decked with the ornaments of their sex, forget its weakness, and driving wheelbarrows. The travellers who passed by Versailles exclaimed, with tears in their eyes, What men are these Parisians! It was an object worth seeing, that vast ant hill of citizens, employed in the coarsest occupations; the long chain which they formed harnessed in overloaded carts. Enormous stones yielded to their efforts, it seemed as if they were dragging mountains; there was not a company who were not solicitous to erect an altar to their country.

country. Preceded by bands of military music marching four deep, bearing with gaiety the shovel and spade, chanting that immortal chorus of a new song which they call the national carillon; all singing, *ça ira, ça ira, yes! pardieu!* *ça ira* was re-echoed by all who heard them. The inhabitants even of distant villages joined in the ceremony, with their mayor at their head, and his scarf and pickaxe on his shoulder.

But what was most surprising was the order which reigned amongst so great a number of citizens of every class. Not an insulting look, not the slightest quarrel. There were upwards of two hundred and fifty thousand in the Champ de Mars, and not a single centinal. A great number of deputies of the federation came and joined in the labours, accompanied by different members of the National Assembly; among them Father Gerard was distinguished, who, like an ancient Roman, passed from the plough to the senate, and from the senate to the plough. M. M. Syeyes, and Beauharnois, made up the groupe, harnessed in a cart; it was remarked that they drew more towards the left than the right; Abbé Maury drew always towards the right. On the ninth, the coal-porters drew their banner behind them, and one of the society, in a short cloak and band, was the figure of aristocracy personified by this same J. F. Maury. The colleges and boarding-schools took

part in these labours. A schoolmaster of Vincennes, over heated by his toil, exclaimed, "I can only give my sweat to my country at present, when will the happy moment come when I may shed my blood for it?"

The butchers had painted a large knife in their banner, and wrote underneath, *Tremble aristocrates, here are the butchers apprentices!* Enormous masses gave way under their nervous arms; the workmen of the Bastille brought in their carts all the instruments which they made use of to overturn that horrible fortress. The printers lent a hand to this patriotic work, and had inscribed on their flag, *The press, the first banner of liberty.*

Several communities of monks repaired also to the circus of the federation, a young ecclesiastic, well powdered, perfumed, and sparkling, seemed to look on this glorious scene with contempt. *To the wheelbarrow, to the wheelbarrow!* exclaimed the by-standers, and he takes it with an air of indifference. A vigorous patriot, who in order to expedite more labour, had a hod on his back, while he drove a wheelbarrow full of earth, presses near him, and exclaims, *Leave, leave in its place that instrument which you profane.* He quits his own wheelbarrow, seizes on that of M. the Abbé, goes and empties the earth without the Champ de Mars, in order that

he might not sully it, returns, resumes his hod, and continues his work.

A whole family were seen working on the same spot, the father dug, the mother loaded the wheelbarrow, and the children drove it by turns, whilst the youngest, only four years old, in the arms of his great grandfather, who was ninety-three, lisped out in smiling, *Ah! ça ira, ça ira!*

A circumstance truly remarkable amidst this immense crowd of people unknown to each other, was the extreme confidence which reigned amongst them; a young man arriving, takes off his coat, throws down his two watches, takes a pickaxe, and goes to work at a distance. The people call to him, *Your two watches?* "No mis-trust amongst brethren," answered he in moving on, and the deposit was religiously respected.

An honest citizen was observed, followed by a wheelbarrow loaded with a cask of wine, with glasses in his hand, which he offered gratis to those who were at work. *Do not drink, my brethren, if you are not thirsty, that the cask may last the longer;* and indeed none accepted his offer but such as were worn out with fatigue, and whose weariness was not equivocal; the king came to take a view of this new spectacle; immediately with their spades and pickaxes on their shoulders, the citizens formed around him a guard of honour.

CHAP. XV.

KING'S SPEECH TO THE STATES GENERAL.

THE king enters, he puts on his hat, the whole of the nobility put on their feathered hats also; the *roturiers* instantly clap on their unfeathered hats, in a sort of angry mood. The king, who observed all this, takes off his hat, and immediately all the feathered hats follow the example. This kind of parade gave an air of jocularly to the place and the circumstances. I amused myself a good deal with the story of the hats; besides hats and caps have always played a distinguished part in the history of this world.

The fifth of May 1789, was the day of the opening of the States General. "Let us unite, gentlemen, the king permits it; let us pay our debts." Such was in substance the speech of M. Necker. The violent revolution of sentiment, the quick succession of events, every thing commanded the renunciation of old maxims of politics; but the government pretended to measure us out a partial dose of liberty, and attempted to place bounds to the will of the nation, but in vain. The court seemed to intimate to the States General, "You may do a little good

" to

“to the people, provided you previously settle all
“our affairs.”

It was resolved to excite contestation in the assembly. The wish of the commune was for a single national chamber, and the court hoped that the increase of difficulties would bring about the dissolution of the States General.

What meant those illusory phrases, “The king
“makes the sacrifice of a portion of his author-
“ity!” A nation is free, a nation becomes
the regulator of its own happiness when it takes
possession of its rights. Every inconsiderate act
of authority prepared our liberty. The soil or
climate remained the same, every thing else was
changed; yet it is not a particular circumstance
which in great commotions determines the flux
of opinion, there must be a combination of many
circumstances to that effect.

The re-union of the orders was celebrated by
an illumination of three days.

CHAP. XVI.

TREES OF LIBERTY.

A TREE is a fine object in the vegetable world; and in the glorious days of the Revolution, trees of liberty travelled from all the neighbouring woods, displaced the pavement, took root at the foot of houses, and married their green tresses with the balconies of the different flowers which they shaded.

The symbols of infant liberty were welcomed with lively emotions; what more soothing sight than this mixture of edifices and green and waving branches? This usage, so favourable to the salubrity of the air, has been constantly dear to those patriots who have laboured for the freedom of the French, and who, justly irritated at the prejudices of a king, and the crimes of a court thirsting for blood, wished to immortalise the great epochas of liberty, by changing our cities into rural aspects. These toils are amusements; the great city was decorated, and in a short space the royalist and counter-revolutionary spirit suffered those natural monuments of our courage to wither. Their yellow foilage seemed an emblem of the sickening republican spirit,
and

and their beautiful and verdant branches were now displayed only on the frontiers, where our armies triumph. How has the vigorous sap been dried up? Those symbols of invincible courage have been insulted, they have been banished to the fields; and the sacrilegious saw has cut those robust stems which were so faithful an image of a speedy and vigorous regeneration; the genius of liberty, like morality, may be attacked, but is indestructible. A generous repentance has often replaced anew those trees of liberty which were cut down, or which perished naturally. The presence of Buonaparte makes all their branches resume their green, and lends them a new lustre. Fresh twigs, and green branches, rise high as the roofs; as the spring renews nature, so the great name of the Conqueror of Italy has given to the great city, this beautiful green clothing, which announces both the vegetable circulation, and the resurrection of the republican spirit.

CHAP. XVII.

JESUS.

OH what a time for robbers is a Revolution ! many bad men become rich, and many good men remain poor ! We would not however change our virtue against their riches, for virtue lasts for ever, and riches change hands every day.

Who would have guessed that our Lord Jesus Christ would have been called the Sans-culotte Jesus, that he would have no other surname in the journals, in the tribunals at the Jacobins ; and that this name was not given as a sarcasm, but a true title of respect ? A prodigious change then has taken place in the ideas of the people ; the permission of saying every thing created a peculiar kind of spirit, which, joined to a good portion of ignorance, was only more humorous. The most tumultuous commotions were accompanied by a number of ludicrous incidents, and this great drama has been a true tragi-comedy.

But it seems as if the evil done to another were a sort of elastic spring, which returns to wound the hand by which it has been bent.

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The more violent the pressure, the more terrible is the stroke. Thus evil and injustice have their reprisals; cruelty produces cruelty, and the Mountain, by cutting itself in two, has nearly done itself justice.

CHAP. XVIII.

MASSACRES OF SEPTEMBER.

FUTURE generations will refuse to believe, that such execrable crimes have ever taken place amongst a civilized people, in presence of the legislative body, under the eyes and by the will of the depositaries of the laws, in a city peopled with eight hundred thousand inhabitants, who remained motionless, and struck with stupor, at the sight of a handful of wretches, hired for the perpetration of crimes.

The number of assassins did not exceed three hundred; and in this number we must comprehend the quidams, who, in the inside of the prison, had constituted themselves judges of the prisoners.

The promoters of anarchy, the movers of the people, in short, the accomplices of the crime, never ceased exclaiming, that a great conspiracy would break out in Paris, in the first days of Sep-

September. No one, alas! will now contest with them that truth, which the event has justified in so atrocious and cruel a manner; but in order to know the conspirators, and of what nature was their conspiracy, we must examine its source. In establishing a chain of facts, no supernatural penetration will be necessary to convince us, that these massacres were the work of that devouring faction, which at length attained dominion by robbery and assassination.

Whatever be the horror with which these days of blood and oppression inspire me, I would continually recall them to the remembrance of the Parisians, till they have the courage to avenge them. The situation of the city seeming to exact a more active and extensive kind of vigilance, the counsel general of the commune created a committee of twelve commissaries.

The partizans of the massacres undoubtedly will not assert, that the diamonds and jewels of the persons arrested were suspicious. Nevertheless they carefully took possession both of persons and property. This single fact is sufficient to give the key of the massacres. When you ask the anarchists, why the Committee of Inspection caused property as well as persons to be swept away, they can give no answer.

The depôts made at the Committee of Inspection, proceeded from the effects taken out of the Tuilleries, and from those who were there arrested, such

such as Laporte, and Septeuil, who had abandoned their houses and their riches at the time of the domiciliary visits which preceded the massacres.

The magazines of the dépôt were the halls of the offices of the Committee of Inspection; it was notorious, that in this office the trunks, boxes, &c. were stored. There was moreover in the hall one or two great presses, which were filled with objects of great value. On another floor indeed, were placed matters little worthy the attention of these men of prey, such as pistols, sabres, musquets, tuck-sticks, &c. &c.

In this cavern, the massacres of September were imagined; in this abominable den sentence of death was pronounced against eight thousand Frenchmen, imprisoned for the most part without any legitimate motive, without denunciation, without any trace of crime, only by the will and pleasure of the banditti of the Committee of Inspection.

Some days before the massacres, the members of the committee, terrified at this violation of principles, affected by the frightful spectacle of a multitude of citizens shut up at the mayoralty, who protested against their arrest, and loudly demanded to be made acquainted with the motives; these commissaries proposed to employ day and night in interrogating them, in order to set at liberty those who were imprisoned without cause, and

and to remand such as were liable to be taken before the tribunals: *not less than thirty thousand*

The 2d of September, news was brought that the town of Verdun was taken by the Prussians, who, added the retailers of this news, had been introduced by the treason of the Verdunois, after a feigned resistance. Immediately the alarm-guns were fired, the call to arms was beaten, and the tocsin began to sound. Municipal officers on horseback ride to the public squares, confirm this news, and make proclamations, in order to excite the citizens to march against the enemy.

At the first stroke of the tocsin, every one enquired why, on the appearance of the least danger, Paris was to be thrown into alarm, and its inhabitants struck with terror, instead of having their minds inspired with that kind of energy which belongs to warriors, and which is the harbinger of victory? Why use means which tended rather to enervate their courage? But those who were not in the secret of the conspirators, were soon instructed by their own experience. Ah! day of disgrace and mourning! It was at this signal that the assassins were to assemble, it was the prelude to the most terrible carnage.

The ruffians, marshalled in bands, marched to the prisons, broke the gates of some, made the gaolers give up others, and seized the victims whom the Committee of Inspection had huddled together for fifteen days.

These

These assassins, armed with sabres and murderous instruments, with arms naked to the elbows, holding in their hands the lists of proscription which had been made out some days before, called over each prisoner by his name.

Members of the general council, clothed with the three-coloured scarf, and other individuals took their seats in the hall of the prison, where was placed a table covered with bottles and glasses, around which were grouped the pretended judges, and some of the executioners of their sentences of death. On the middle of the table was placed the register of the prison.

The assassins went from one chamber to another, called over each prisoner as his name stood on the roll, then led him before the tribunal of blood, who commonly asked him this question: "Who are you?" As soon as the prisoner had given in his name, the cannibals in scarfs inspected the register, and after some vague and insignificant interrogatories, delivered him over to the satellites of their cruelty, who led him to the gate of the prison, where stood other assassins, who massacred him with a ferocity unparalelled amongst the most barbarous nations.

At the Abbaye prison, they agreed that each time a prisoner should be led out to the wicket, that pronouncing these words,—*To the Force*, should be equivalent to the sentence of death.

Those

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Those who performed the same functions at the Force, that is, the office of executioners, pronounced sentence by ordering the prisoners to be sent to the Abbaye. Those who were acquitted were set at liberty, and led to some distance from the prison amidst the cries of *Vive la Nation*.

The Legislative Assembly deputed some of its members to go to the prisons, and preach the law to the ruffians who were breaking it in so atrocious a manner. But of what influence could reason or morality have on assassins thirsting for blood, the greater part of whom were plunged into the most disgusting intoxication! Such measures were necessarily ineffectual, no harangues were attended to; nothing but force of arms could tame beings of this description, or the assembly in a body ought to have gone and formed an insurmountable rampart around each prison. The assassins rejected with menaces every advice and every counsel tending to peace. The Abbé Fauchet, Bishop of Calvados, a member of the deputation, was threatened, insulted, and had nearly become himself the victim of the murderers. He withdrew, and made a report to the Assembly, which was itself in a state of stupor and degradation, threatened with a total dissolution by Robespierre, who exercised an unbounded tyranny over Paris.

If we peruse the accusation of the deputy Louvet against Robespierre, published in the first days
of

of the Convention, in which the conduct of this false patriot, with respect to the Legislative Assembly, is laid open to the day, we shall there behold that impudent conspirator attempting to raise the dictatorship on the wrecks of the national representation, nevertheless Robespierre never ceased talking of his civic virtues, and of his disinterestedness; this wretch left the place of public accuser to the criminal tribunal of Paris, to retire, as he said, from public life. He had printed, that he was no intriguer, that he desired no place, that he would accept none, and all at once he found himself niched in the counsel-general of the commune, from whence he mounted to the capitol.

The priests imprisoned at the Carmes were all massacred, save one; they were forced to walk out one after the other, and often two together. At first, the assassins killed them with musquets, but on the observation of a multitude of women who were present, that that kind of death was too noisy, they made use of sabres and bayonets. These unhappy victims prostrated themselves in the midst of the court; and during a moment of meditation, abandoned by all nature, without aid, without any other consolation than the testimony of their own conscience, they lifted up their eyes to heaven, and seemed to implore the Supreme Being for pardon on their murderers.

Ye partizans of those murders! savage conspirators! who have never ceased deluding the credulous multitude, will you tell us that it was impossible for you to arrest the arms of the murderers? Will you tell us, that it was not in your power to repress them? You declared to the departments by the lying organ of your commissaries, that you could not restrain the anger of the people. Wretches! You have prostituted the name of the people, which you have never invoked, but to dishonour and cover with it your own turpitude and guilt! Was it the people, then, who committed these execrable crimes? No, the people mourned in silence: it was you, ye ferocious administrators, who, in league with the counsel-general of the commune, and the merciless Danton, prepared and executed every thing. It was ye, who with a small number of confidential accomplices, committed these crimes, in order to enrich yourselves with the bloody spoils of your numerous victims! It is you who made Paris the murderous cavern of the rich, and prepared the misery of the people, by breaking all the social ties, drying up all the canals of circulation, and destroying public confidence, so necessary, so indispensable to the prosperity and happiness of the whole!

If it were not proved that the opprobrium of the first days of September belongs to this administration,

nistration, I would bring to recollection two facts which cannot be denied, the payment of eight hundred and fifty livres, made by the order of the general counsel, to the wine merchant who furnished the assassins at the Force during their horrible execution; and the circumstance of the Committee of Inspection having hired, on the eve of the massacre, the carts which were made use of to transport the dead bodies to the quarries of Charenton.

If the national guard had been called out in the name of the law, which those perfidious and sanguinary chiefs were industrious in pallying, how strong and intrepid would they have proved! The whole world would have risen in mass: but were not this national guard, the main body of which has remained pure amidst every kind of corruption and plunder, afraid of being accused of acting without orders? Were they not apprehensive, that their desire of punishing crimes would be construed into criminal intentions? Such motives restrained their zeal, and they remained motionless.

I saw the square of the French theatre covered with troops, whom the alarm-bell had gathered together. I saw them ready to march, and immediately retire to their quarters, because some one had come with the traitorous news that it was a false alarm, that it was nothing. Heavens! it was nothing. The courts of the Carmes and

the Abbey were inundated with blood, and filled with corpses, and this was nothing.

I saw three hundred men armed, performing their exercise in the Luxembourg Gardens, two hundred steps from the priests whom they were massacring at the Carmes. Would they have remained immoveable if they had received orders to march against the assassins?

At the gates of the Abbey and the other prisons were desolated wives calling with shrieks on their husbands, separated for ever from them by their murderers; others endured the torture of seeing them massacred at their feet. The same carnage, the same atrocities, were repeated at the same time in all the prisons in every place where groaned the victims of arbitrary power, these cruelties were exercised, attended with circumstances more or less tragically remarkable.

At the seminary of St. Firmin, the priests who were confined, waited peaceably, like the other priests imprisoned at the Carmes, till the municipality of Paris had indicated the day of their departure, and delivered them passports to go out of France, according to the tenor of a decree which enjoined their exile, and granted them three livres a-day for their journey. It is incontestible, that it depended only on the constituted authorities that this decree should be put in execution before the massacres, but the priests were reserved for this day. They were mutilated,

and torn limb from limb. At St. Firmin, it was thought a pleasant amusement to throw them headlong from the roof to the ground.

At the Salpetriere, those monsters murdered thirteen women, after having violated several.

At the Bicetre, the keeper seeing a horde of these assassins on their march, put himself in a posture of defence. He had pointed two pieces of cannon, and at the moment that he was about to discharge them, he received a mortal wound. The assassins triumphant, left not a single prisoner alive.

At the prison of the Chatelet, the same carnage and the same ferocity took place; nothing escaped the rage of these cannibals; whoever was a prisoner, appeared to them worthy of the same treatment.

At the Force they remained five days. Madame, the ci-devant Princess of Lamballe was there imprisoned. Her sincere attachment to the wife of Louis the XVth was all her crime in the eyes of the multitude. She had acted no part amidst all our agitations, and nothing could render her suspected to the people, to whom she was known only by her multiplied acts of beneficence. The most exaggerated writers, the most ferocious declaimers, had never mentioned her in any of their papers.

The 3d of September she was called down to the office at the Force; she appeared before the

bloody tribunal composed of a few individuals. It surely required a kind of supernatural courage to support the aspect of those murderers, covered with blood.

Several voices were heard amidst the crowd, demanding pardon for Madame de Lamballe. The assassins seemed undecided and spared her for a moment, but immediately after she received several strokes, fell bathed in her blood, and expired. Her head and her breasts were instantly cut off, her body was opened, her heart was torn out, her head was afterwards stuck on a pike, and borne throughout Paris; her body was dragged after it at some distance. The tygers who had thus mutilated her, amused themselves with the barbarous pleasure of going to the Temple and shewing her head and her heart to Louis the XVth and his family.

Every thing most hideous and most deliberately cruel that horror could conceive, was exercised on the body of Madame de Lamballe.

I can add no more. This I can attest, that every man of humanity in the Convention made the greatest exertions during three months to search after and prosecute these abominable assassins, and that every motion to this effect was constantly rejected by the Montagnards. It was in order to escape the vengeance of the law, and from the fear of exemplary punishment, that they entered into the conspiracy of the 31st of May, imagin-

ing that further murders were the most effectual means of washing out the traces of their former crimes.

When we reflect, that it was under this bloody planet that the labours of the National Convention began, we ought to reverence the courage of those who accepted this dangerous office. The very great majority were disposed to follow no other path than that of justice and virtue. The Revolution was completed, the throne demolished, a small minority hard, arrogant, ignorant, and ferocious, were resolved to go on revolutionizing. The divinity Marat was placed on the fore-ground, and his apostle Robespierre, his hands withered and dried with convulsive twitchings, clung to the tribune, where he descanted on his virtues, while the partisans of desperate demagogy, insolently assumed the title of Republicans, and called the true republicans the founders of the republic, the most pure and liberal writers, Federalists, a name which they had themselves invented.

At the bare sight of these new men, who robbed the Revolution of its sacred character, I published a prophetic letter, in which I announced at the same time their horrible triumph and their tremendous fall. The exaggerated fanatic, the sophistic barbarian silenced both the philosopher and the statesman; and it must be owned, that
the

the foreign courts knew well how to chuse their instruments.

CHAP. XIX.

TWENTY-FIRST OF SEPTEMBER, 1792.

LET us turn for a moment to the time when the Convention opened its first session. The Legislative Assembly had just overturned the throne; but astonished, and in some sort stupified at the great blow which it had struck, felt itself unable to support the weight of Empire, and leaving to other hands the painful care of taking advantage of the victory, withdrew, surrounded by honourable ruins. The Legislative Body had overturned the monarchy, but had not dared to put any thing in its stead. In the person of the monarch, it attacked every king in the universe, but its energy was exhausted by this sublime exertion: it held out to France, royalty abolished, but had not the courage to pronounce the word Republic.

The Convention signalized the opening of its session by this act of courage; and at what a moment! when we werewithout armies, when the defence of our frontier towns was confided to Royalists, and consequently to traitors; when the
people,

people, attached to old prejudices, beheld with sensations of dismay the fall of monarchy, so long the object of its worship and its affections; when the legions of Prussia inundated the plains of Champagne, and might almost without obstacle have traversed France; when every thing, in short, seemed to intimate that the enemy was about to efface by the blood of its authors the daring decree, which transformed into a republic a country invaded and subjugated by the satellites of kings.

We had to defend our territory, create an army, and raise public spirit; we were without finances, and were to combat with paper money those who had the treasures of Mexico. We could only oppose a raw and undisciplined militia to the most warlike troops in Europe, generals of a day made on the eve of an engagement to face the most able tacticians. Those great creations were the work of a moment. The voice of danger was heard: eight hundred thousand men quit their homes, arm to fly to the frontiers; crowds of workshops were established in every corner, they make saltpetre, prepare the thunder, they drive back the enemy beyond the frontier, and the French hoist the standard of victory in a foreign territory.

Never were such great things performed by such weak means, never was there a state labouring under circumstances so difficult; divided at home, attacked by all Europe, torn by fanaticism,
and

and factions, the National Convention triumphed over all these united obstacles, and forced the English to fly from our ports, which had been won only by perfidy. It repaired the effects of that treason, which, driving us back from Flanders, opened the gates of the republic to our enemies, and lost us the fruits of the most glorious campaign, and of the most splendid victories. Our triumphant armies penetrated anew into Brabant, and the Hollanders beheld soon after, amidst the most rigorous of winters, heroes who knew how to brave the inclemency of the seasons, and triumph over nature itself. The Greeks, that people whom the friends of liberty ever love to cite, because they afford us the noblest examples, boasted in the space of several ages but of three or four triumphs. The battles of Salamis, of Platea, of Marathon, inspire the remembrance of what glorious efforts the human mind is capable, warmed with the love of its country, and the enthusiasm of independence. But the French people performed more in three years than that people, so justly celebrated, atchieved in three ages. The Rhine and the Scheldt were almost at the same moment the theatres of our courage. The Greeks had to combat the effeminated people of Asia, men enervated by the mildness of the climate and the luxuries of life; and we, we have conquered the warriors of the north, strengthened by exercise, labours, and the severest discipline.

When

When Fame everywhere published our triumphs, what could the universe think of that government which had created an army of heroes, and organized victory in twenty different places? Was not the Convention considered as an assembly of men united in the same sentiments, warmed by the most ardent patriotism, strangers to every faction and every private interest? an assembly, of whom it might be asserted what the minister of Pyrrhus said of the Senate of Rome. Alas! those men who made Europe tremble, who abroad impressed ideas of greatness and sublimity, exhibited to their fellow-citizens the picture of the most contemptible passions. At a distance, it was the splendour of Olympus and the majesty of the gods; near, it was the melancholy spectacle of a few frivolous virtues, little contests of self-love, and the shameful struggles of hatred and revenge. We recollect what was the surprise of the ambassadors which Theodoric the Second sent to Attila. After the terror which his name had inspired, they expected to see this monarch surrounded with all the luxury of Asiatic greatness, they beheld, on the contrary, a man of short stature, and whose outward form discovered nothing elevated. "What!" exclaimed they, "Is this the conqueror of nations! Is this he whom we fear, admire, and who fills the world with the sound of his name!" A foreigner, in seeing our National Assembly, would have conceived the same astonishment. In the space of
three

three years, it presented the image of the most disgraceful pusillanimity, and most devoted courage. Sometimes it brought to our recollection the Senate of Tiberius and Domitian, and at other times we saw it display the great character, the heroic firmness of the Senate of Rome on the sack of the city by the Gauls. Amongst its members, were some to be execrated by the remotest posterity, and others who would have honoured Athens and Sparta at the most glorious periods. The Convention was divided into two factions, one made up of energetic, violent men, who were resolved to have liberty at any price. The most terrible measures did not affright them; they would have sacrificed without remorse the two-thirds of the present generation, if they had thought that sacrifice necessary. Convinced of the perversity of the human heart, they were persuaded that their fellow-citizens were not capable of making this sacrifice to the public good, not only of the least part of their fortune, but even of the distinctions of pride and illusions of vanity; experience has but too well justified their suspicions, it has but too well taught us that mistrust is the beginning of wisdom. These ardent and impetuous revolutionists despised as pusillanimous the mild and humane conceptions of philosophy, they thought, that in order to establish a new order of things, it was indispensable to proscribe or strike without mercy at every thing which held
to

to the old. At the head of the other party were men who had borrowed from the study of science, and the practice of literature, those mild dispositions which are valuable in ordinary times, but little fitted to weather or master the storms of a revolution. They thought also too favourably of their cotemporaries: they believed that our misfortunes were more the effect of errors than the result of depravity; and that to make men in love with virtue, it was sufficient to present it to their view.

A wide interval exists between the study of books and the commerce of life. The philosopher, in his retreat, creates to himself an imaginary world, which no more resembles the real world than Elysium resembles Tartarus. These of whom we speak, wished for a republican government, but they shuddered at the means made use of by their opponents for obtaining it; they wished it with as few calamities as possible; they did not believe that it was necessary to sacrifice human victims on the Altar of Liberty; they had given the people the first impulsion, and imagined that they could direct and stop them at their pleasure; they did not reflect, that it was much more easy to raise the passions than restrain them, to excite insurrections than to establish order, and that it was not impossible to say to a great nation, after having employed every means of inciting it, as the Eternal says to the waves of the sea, thus far

far shall you go, and no farther—*Usque huc, et non procedes amplius.* If these men could have governed events, the passage from despotism to liberty would not have been marked either by that afflictive glare of lightning, or by the sight of so many devastations. In finishing their revolutionary career, they might have applauded themselves like Pericles at the close of his life, that he had made no person wear mourning. But they could neither stop the effusion of blood, nor even save their own heads.

Between these two parties was a crowd, without energy of mind, and ever ready to range themselves under the banner of the triumphant party. Blood flowed like the waters of a torrent, they sighed in secret, but this was all they were capable of doing. Their sons, their fathers, their brothers, might have been sacrificed before their eyes, and they would have hid themselves, lest their tears should betray their grief, and awaken the suspicions of the tyrant. A few others, ambitious and ferocious, saw nothing in the Revolution but means of fortune or celebrity. Reputation has charms which seduce all mankind, but most men entertain very false ideas on that subject. They wish for nothing but to be spoken of, and they would purchase fame at any price. Unable to become illustrious, they endeavour to make themselves notorious. The annals of the world transmit to us alike the names of the destroyers

stroyers and founders of empires. We read of Gengis-kan as well as Romulus. There were also a few madmen in this collection, who seemed to have imposed on themselves a kind of obligation to violate every rule of decency, and whose extravagant cynicism would have excited only pity, if it had not been the mask of the hypocrite. But a new Socrates would easily have distinguished these new Antisthines through the holes in their cloaks. They nevertheless had their proselytes. Contempt of all form, vulgarity of language and demeanour, were under their auspices the signs of patriotism. Politeness, urbanity, and respect, were banished as remnants of slavery, and in a short time we should not have yielded in barbarism to the Caffres or the Negroes of Guinea. Amidst these philosophical patriots and sanguinary republicans, these ambitious dwarfs and those extravagant cynicks, arose one man, who, with the narrowest mind and most limited understanding, succeeded in establishing the most horrible and most inconceivable despotism that has ever existed. He had neither those external advantages which captivate the vulgar, nor those brilliant qualities which command even the admiration of the wise; with those little plans of hypocrisy, and those little tricks which a great character disdains, he became the idol of the multitude, incapable of discerning virtue, and estimating true merit. The sentiment of his mediocrity
made

made him the enemy of every man of superior talents. Genius, ability, knowledge, were so many titles of proscription in the eyes of this new Omar, under whose savage domination we witnessed the destruction of the greater part of those men who did honour to their country, and whom foreigners would have envied us. The part which this tribune acted amongst us is an eternal subject of opprobrium for France. The yoke is much less disgraceful, when those who impose it have a decided superiority of understanding over us, which it is almost impossible to resist; it has been thought, that it was necessary to have great qualities, in order to commit great crimes. The scourges of nations have always presented themselves to our eyes under striking colours. Nevertheless, in the moral, as in the physical world, the malevolent qualities are not always the attribute of strength. The serpent, which creeps under the grass, is more dangerous than the tyger who displays terrific majesty. We should have many reproaches to make to nature, if superior talents always or even often accompanied perverseness. This man, to whom posterity will assign the rank which he ought to hold, and will certainly never place amongst those whose splendid vices excite at once horror and admiration, made a complete trial of our cowardice. During the space of two years, every thing gave way to his atrocious will, and he might have continued his

his savage domination much longer, if he had not imprudently marked out his victims before he sacrificed them. He perished: fear accomplished what patriotism ought to have effected, he perished, and nothing remains of him but the remembrance of his crimes, and of the humiliation with which he has covered his country.

Robespierre has left us no marked feature to record. Every thing about him bore the stamp of pusillanimity, of a dark, distrusting soul, barbarous conceptions and insane projects. It will not be forgotten, that he had the mania of wishing to create a new religion, and exercise its ridiculous functions. This burlesque scene, which he described to us as the happiest day of his life, did not long leave him very pleasant recollections. He felt, in dying, the justness of the application of the title of Cromwell, a much greater multitude flocked around his scaffold than had crowded to the altar, when he erected himself into the pontiff of the Supreme Being. But it was not sufficient to have overthrown this savage tyrant, it was necessary to crush the faction that had clung around him, to restrain the herd which they gained over by their corruption and their flatteries, and wrest from their hands the power which they had exercised as tribunes under him. The means employed were not, as experience has proved, calculated according to the rules of sound policy. In order to crush demagogical fury, a fatal ascen-

ascendency was given to the enemies of the republic. Those who defended the Convention in the days of Praireal, thought they had laboured for the re-establishment of the throne; they hoped, that by crushing the people, they should have been able to crush the Convention itself.

We soon beheld a cowardly and effeminate set of young men deserting the frontiers, hastening to oppress, nay, assassinate the patriots, the eldest friends of liberty; these vile Sybarites, on whom the name alone of republic struck terror, effaced and everywhere proscribed the signs and emblems of independence. To the songs of victory they substituted the atrocious cries of vengeance; they prowled everywhere for victims, and thirsted to make an hecatomb of the whole mass of republicans. Such, at least, was the horrible wish which they did not affect to conceal at the theatres, and in every public place. The whole of the south was the scene of the most dreadful massacres. They readily conceived, that after sacrificing every patriot, the re-establishment of the throne would not be difficult. In short, they believed, that the moment was come, and the conspiracy of the 13th Vendemiaire unmasked this faction, which had been too much respected, and in whose hands arms had been indiscreetly placed. The Convention terminated its career by the most important of victories. It created liberty at the opening of its session, and did

did not break up without having saved it. This is what it can oppose to its enemies and its gain-fayers.

Prejudice and animosity may blind its contemporaries, but posterity will do it justice. It will be felt, that it was not possible to make a Revolution which gave a shock to so many passions and so many prejudices, without commotions. It is not calm and reflective wisdom which sits amidst political tempests, but enthusiasm, strong passions, and even fanaticism, that ride the whirlwind. The philosopher mourns in silence from amidst his retreat over human calamities, and indicates the means by which they may be remedied; but ambitious men, greedy of titles or wealth, cannot divest themselves, at the voice of the sage, of those riches or distinctions which they have usurped. It is not sufficient that there are philanthropists who write, there must also be ardent spirits who are capable of acting. Private vices often assume, indeed, the place of public interest; but wherever there are men, we shall ever behold the weakness of their nature imprinted on their works, and we never ought to indulge the flattering hope that the world will ever be governed by celestial intelligences.

Our Revolution has undoubtedly been the cause of very great evils, but the past is no longer in our power, let us labour for the future, and take advantage of our faults. Adversity ought

to be a faithful source of instruction to nations as well as to individuals. We have passed through every trial, we have presented the picture of every extravagance, and of every kind of folly; but these afflictive scenes have been compensated by acts which are fitted to do honour to human nature. No people have carried their enthusiasm for liberty further, or given more proofs of courage and of devotedness; we should have done greater things if we had known how to take advantage of our impetuous and impassioned character. Though we have been badly directed, we have resisted all Europe; we have overthrown every faction; and, in spite of the inconstancy and the lightness with which we have been reproached, have shewn ourselves firm and obstinate in the defence of our rights. It is now time to stop, longer storms would make us lose the fruit of our labours. It is time to present to Europe the spectacle of a great republic, formed amidst tempests, which had displayed at its birth the greatest vigour, and which promises to reach the highest destinies.

CHAP. XX.

BONNET-ROUGE.

THE standard of Jacobin perfection! This ridiculous dress was adopted by a foolish kind of a fellow, a representative of the people, who wore it constantly on his head. He attempted to speak one day at the tribune without taking off his cap. The *Coté droit* was angry, upon which he took his red cap, and placed it on the bust of Marat: this *tour d'esprit* had been whispered to him by some bystander.

The assassins, who, after having committed their atrocious deeds under the name of patriots in 1793, continued their crimes after Thermidor under the banners of ex-royalty, were desirous of making the *bonnet-rouge* the French head-dress; no objection was made to the cap, as the ensign of liberty, but a very strong one to its colour, the emblem of blood. The cap was hoisted at every theatre, and covered every head in the revolutionary committees. Under the influence of this red cap, the extravagant constitution of 1793 was composed. It was the signal of anarchy, the helmet of Henriot, the diadem of Chaumette. The Montagnard party, without abso-

lutely admitting, or rejecting it, were pleased at seeing it worn by their executioners, as an ornament which portended nothing gay.

The revolutionary women, known by the name of furies of the guillotine, paraded through Paris dressed in this cap, and presented an address to offer to mount guard, to serve the artillery while their husbands went to fight the enemies of the republic. This extravagance was applauded with enthusiasm by all the wearers of red caps.

Chabot, that odious Capuchin, who came one day to the Convention in the filthy dress of the Sans-culottes, his breast uncovered, his legs naked, in wooden shoes, held the red cap shamelessly in his hand. It was under his auspices that the Commune demanded the abrogation of the martial law, in order to substitute a system of assassination, which was to mow down without distinction the poor and the rich, all who adhered to the principles of justice and virtue, and thereby realise the project of the famous Marat, in cutting off two hundred and fifty thousand heads.

This *bonnet-rouge* was made a kind of banner against the Federalists. Federalism was a fable invented for the purpose of making the imprisoned deputies responsible for all the misfortunes of which news arrived every instant at the Convention. A multitude of sections and of com-

munes around Paris marched in procession through the hall of the Convention, drums beating, and crying out, *Vivent les Sans-culottes! Vive le bonnet-rouge!* It was after these vociferations, that the Montagnard party decreed that all the arrested deputies should be transferred into a national house, from whence they only came out to go to the scaffold.

A member of the General Revolutionary Council used to sleep in his red cap, and insulted every one who did not wear it. He was called James Roux, an apostate priest, who charged himself with conducting Louis the XVIth to punishment, instead of the executioner, who was satisfied to wait for his victim at the scaffold. He was still more ferocious and more incendiary than his colleagues, so much that he even terrified them. He dishonoured the *bonnet-rouge*: by degrees the most exaggerated blushed at this emblem, it did not disappear altogether, but remained mixt with the three colours. We see it still at many of the theatres.

CHAP. XXI.

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE AT THE EVECHE.

IF we could for a moment doubt of the active part which foreigners have taken in our affairs, in subsidizing several chiefs of the Jacobins, and forcing the rest into crimes, we have only to throw our eyes on the Central Committee of the Eveché, which was formed all at once as by enchantment, which declared itself invested with illimited powers by all the sections of Paris, which declared the city in a state of insurrection, and ordered the barriers to be shut.

The greater part of the members of the committee were not Frenchmen; amongst them was one Gusman, a Spaniard, from whom I gained many confessions at the time of my captivity, and who so far interested himself in my fate, that he wished to save me, in separating me from my colleagues, which I constantly refused.

The Swiss Paché, the Brabanter Dubuiffon, the Neufchatelois Marat, the ex-capuchin Chabot, brother-in-law to two Austrians, such were the persons who named Henriot temporary commander of the armed force, and who gave forty sols a day to such Sans-culottes as would remain
under

under arms. They filled also the galleries of the Convention with their violent agents. They broke the chains of that anarchy by which they were at length devoured ; and what is most incredible is, that in striking these blows, in dissolving the conventional union, they wished that this dissolution should have the air of coming from the Convention itself.

The alarm-bell was in the hands of the committee. Barrere flattered it with his vile falsehoods, Robespierre considered it as his pedestal, and we, honest and enlightened men, it was in vain for us to say to the Convention and the Mountain, " It is your heads they are looking after ; do not you see the ferocious Henriot, he reflects the conspiracies of the foreign cabi- nets ; he holds the lighted match in his hand, with which he is going to fire the cannon against the national palace. Heralld de Sechelles is a traitor, a perfidious wretch, who is in league with him." The Jacobins, blinded by the hatred and ferocity of their character, preferred the despotism of Henriot, his hat on his head, and insolence on his brow, to the virtues of Vergniaud, of Genfonné, of Barbaroux, of Brissot ; and the servile instrument of the cruelties of Robespierre, and Couthon, all made the Montagnards the obsequious satellites of Henriot, exclaiming that the sovereign people were in insurrection.

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The Mountain therefore approved the conduct of the commune, and humbled by the most insolent audaciousness, itself sanctioned the violence of a few obscure demagogues, and made way for that deluge of evils with which France was about to be overwhelmed.

Where then was that republican virtue which consisted only in murdering republican colleagues, in creating the words of federalism and federalists, which they taught the *tricotenses*, sisters to the furies of the guillotine, in propagating those magical and sanguinary expressions of which the wretches who used them were not the dupes, and with which they would have thrust the head of every imprisoned deputy under the axe of decemviral tyranny? And let it not be said that the day of the ninth of Thermidor saved the republican deputies. The seventy-three members, who alone had done their duty and protested against that anarchy, languished still in prison for more than four months. And the Parisians, who hated every thing that adhered to the republic, did not dare to deliver them; the whole of the Convention bending under the yoke of shame and infamy, was forced to recall them into the senate, if I may use the expression, in spite of itself.

Thy poignard, oh, Tallien! thou reservedst for thy executioner, but thou couldst not arm thyself with

with it for the true republicans; thou hast saved thy own head without saving the lives of others! What imported it to thee, that upright deputies groaned in dungeons! After the criminal indifference with which the republican party was constantly attacked or menaced, let no one be astonished at the days of Germinal, Prairial, and Vendemaire; these days would not have taken place, if the victorious party of the tenth of August had performed what justice and the love of the republic equally enjoined; but hard and frigid egotism assimilated those representatives who had not been in peril, to those cowards who, saved from a common danger, abandon their neighbours, because it would cost them a slight effort to crush a band of robbers.

Tallien! thou raisedst thyself as a cowardly fluggard rises at length when the fire reaches the mattresses of his bed; thou hast indeed acted a part in the tragedy which finished the reign of Robespierre, but thou wert not the author of it; and decemviral tyranny and the Montagnards strove at that very period to renew those scenes of horror.

CHAP. XXII.

THE MEMORABLE WEEK.

THIS is the name given to that short space of time which was marked by events, such as have never been seen amongst any people in any country. The imprisonment of the eleven French guards, who from their patriotic refusal to fire on the people, had incurred the disgrace of the court, induced the people to arm. The officers of the regiment of guards shook with rage, when they saw those brave soldiers lay down their arms. The grateful people forced the prison of the Abbey of St. Germain-des-Cres; and all the prisoners were set at liberty. The bust of the Duke of Orleans was carried in triumph, and we do not conceive even yet what was the plan or view of this prince; he probably had none, or perhaps we ought to consider him as the merest automaton that has ever figured in history. After having been the puppet of the foreign cabinets, he became the instrument of every faction. One would have thought that it was necessary to commit some act of violence on his person, and carry him seated to the throne, in order that it might be said, that he had ascended it in spite of himself. The

worn-

worn-out state of his body, no doubt, influenced his mind, since he manifested at the same time so much credulity and carelessness, suffering a faction to act under his name, to which perhaps he did not belong, and which, changing its own principles, and especially divided with respect to its members, did not fail to cut off the head of a chief so inert, who had expended treasures through avarice, and considered the diadem as a farm which might be purchased with money.

On Sunday, the twelfth day of July, the courtiers walked with their heads erect in the gallery of Versailles, they smiled with joy at the idea alone of the approaching destruction of the capital; the Sunday following they were humbled, and whispered to each other. The king had taken the national cockade, had come to Paris, had passed under the spear of steel, that is to say, under thirty thousand pikes or swords held across for the length of eight hundred paces. The courtiers were confounded at these rapid events, and if we had kept the king at Paris, demolished and razed the chateau of Versailles, as I proposed, never would criminal hope have entered into so many terrified hearts, who recovered from the shock by degrees, and who regarded the Revolution as a torrent which had already ceased to flow.

The chateau of Versailles remaining standing, gave courage to all the slaves of the court, and increased

increased their perfidy; and as the people are greatly affected by external signs, if the habitation of the kings had been destroyed, as political foresight enjoined, the monarch and his court would have said that the insurrection was serious and decisive; they would have acted accordingly, and all the blood which has been spilt would have remained in the veins of the generous French.

My proposition was rejected, because it was said, that I had made this motion only to accomplish a kind of prophecy which I had made respecting the castle of Versailles, when I represented in a dream, the shade of Lewis the XIVth watering, with the tears of repentance, the last half-broken column of his proud and expensive monument. I will venture to say, that this palace has constantly fed the hopes of the coalesced powers, hearing that it was carefully kept up and preserved in all its former splendour. The princes had made the multitude believe, that the king was only gone into the country on a hunting party.

We ought to have struck the minds of the people by this mighty destruction, have scattered at a distance the materials of this superb palace, and have built a city with them; and as a bird of prey, which, after losing its nest, finds nothing to seize on with its dreadful claws, the court would have said, We are quite subdued, Versailles is no more!

Religion

Religion itself, when it has no temple, wanders about vagrant and desolate; what would have been the case with royalty, when torn from its base, insulated, circumscribed? It would have been forced to have taken rest on a pavement which was no longer marble, and under roofs which displayed neither show nor magnificence.

The chateau of Versailles was the investiture of a great king, of a king proud and powerful; there ought to be no more kings proud or powerful; it would have been wise therefore, in such singular circumstances, to have heard the voice of meditation, penetrated with the strong conviction of the real danger of leaving a chateau standing, the centre of every political operation, the name of which, both far and near, excited ideas altogether discordant with an order of things so new, and which became necessarily invincibly commanding, or of no importance.

It was the impetuous vehemence of the people which produced all these mighty occurrences; amongst the wounded were many of seventy years old, and children of twelve. In two days time the city had assumed all the air of an immense garrisoned town. We only touched the walls and they fell down. Great pieces of artillery were borne away from the Invalids as by enchantment; and, without having been taught, every one knew how to exercise and handle arms.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

NATIONAL GUARD.

THIS creation was a miracle, and is a proof that men effect always more by their will than by their understanding; and that in great revolutions, it is not reflection that predominates, but energy.

Had all the kings of France, one after the other, undertaken the astonishing creation of this national guard, not only would they have failed in their projects, but they would infallibly have perished in the attempt. It was the burst of a great people, who were resolved to be no longer the subjects of arbitrary power. The old regime was abolished from that very day; and it appeared evident to every reflecting mind, that royalty could no longer amalgamate itself with a dozen capitals, suddenly inflamed with the same fire of liberty, and ready to shed their blood to repel and crush for ever that insupportable oppression, which had made them groan for so many ages.

That courage was the prelude to the victories which in Germany, and especially in Italy, have decided that the French Nation was made to govern itself. Had we been governed by an Henry
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the Fourth, Lewis the Fourteenth, and Charlemagne, the explosion once having taken place; it was in the power neither of the valour nor the genius of these princes to have stopped its violence or degraded its majesty.

The royal authority was truly vilified by the history of the necklace; but here the monarch was subdued in the same manner as if Charles the Ninth had been arrested when ready to fire on his subjects. Every Parisian saw the blunderbuss cocked at Versailles. The general cry, and it must have been heard to feel what it was, called for the overthrow of the throne; it was impossible for the greatest poltroon not to join in the terrible cry; all enlisted, even the poet, and the question that day was the giving up the king, as in religious revolutions a part of Europe had given up the pope.

If it was with the establishment of permanent armies that servitude began, the necessity of recreating a citizen militia was readily felt, in order to prevent the princes from hereafter coming to triumph by force. But what is inconceivable is, that the National Guard was the work of the twinkling of an eye; there was neither plan, project, nor determination. We cried out, "Every Parisian is a soldier," and France repeated, "Every Frenchman will take arms."

The enemy of liberty soon corrupted this institution with uniforms, caps, and epaulets, and esta-

established those distinctions for ever dear to hirelings, who fly under the command of a single individual to fight against the country. They wished to separate the National Guard from the nation itself, and the project of La Fayette seemed to be that of putting it immediately under the orders of a commander tacitly devoted to the king. But every despot is the eternal enemy of the liberty of the people, and the National Guard was armed only for the defence of the national sovereignty.

These external ornaments inspired some pride, and gave a tone of arrogance to a few silly individuals ; but they bound the wealthy citizen to the class of the poor, and the most ludicrous vanity became the instrument without knowing it of the spirit of a free people.

The lion is terrible and cowardly at the same time ; if he misses the prey upon which he leaps, he walks off ashamed, and never attacks in front ; he resembles the despot ; Lewis the XVIth was like the lion.

CHAP. XXIV.

SECURITY.

WHILE the Prussians were in Champagne, and when Dumourier had flattered himself that he could penetrate as far as Paris, with the design of deposing the Convention, one might have concluded that these things would have excited a general alarm. On the contrary, the theatres were as brilliant as ever, and the coffee-houses filled as usual with newsmongers. The haughty menaces of the enemy never reached our ears, nor did we form the least idea of their sanguinary hopes.

The capital, whether from its mass, or by a consciousness of its force, has always thought itself inassailable, sheltered from the fortune of war, and fitted to strike terror into its enemies. They laughed at the idea of a plan of defence, as a thing absolutely useless, as no one would ever venture to attack the great city.

This stoicism was one of the greatest ramparts of liberty. Was it the effect of ignorance, or from having lost in a calm of more than an hundred and fifty years, all idea of war?

The people were never greatly intimidated, neither by the report of the body-guards, in

which Antoinette was painted under the name of the tygress of Germany, holding the Dauphin in her arms, and instigating to hostilities; nor by the flight of the king, which seemed a dissolution of the government, nor by the taking of Verdun, nor by the manifestoes of all the kings of Europe. It was impossible to introduce the terror of an enemy amongst them, and the people never would have known what terror was, but for the decemviral tyranny, which did more harm to liberty and the country than all the armies of Pitt and Cobourg.

These two names, from the habit of repeating them, became terms of ridicule; we must have been witnesses of this impossibility to have believed it. Whilst through all Europe it was said, "It is all over with Paris: were it the lowest of the Bourbons, they would put him on the throne," the people who had carried off the cannon from the Invalids, and forty thousand musquets in three hours' time, neither conceived nor imagined the possibility of danger. They set themselves to adore Marat, to exalt Robespierre, to believe in Chaumette; and the Dumouriers, the Custines, the Dampierres, the Bournonvilles, the Kellermanns, whether they were traitors, or faithful to the public cause, inspired neither fear nor inquietude; they saw with *sang froid* the execution of a revolutionary tribunal, and strong in the call upon the people for three hundred thousand

thousand men necessary to complete the armies of the republic ; they continued to go quietly to the opera, and the curtain rose exactly at the same hour, whether they cut off sixty heads, or only thirty.

CHAP. XXV.

COMMUNE OF PARIS.

It is difficult to explain how that tremendous authority of Commune of Paris came to be formed, which was so often denounced and attacked by the Gironde ; a flock of women, forming a private association, which they entitled Fraternal Society, paraded throughout the streets with a banner at their head, inviting the people to go with them to the Abbey-prison, and release *their upright magistrate*. When Hebert was arrested, the Commune became a power which erected itself on a sudden. The Jacobins made a National Assembly of it, and it was in vain to bring any evidence of this act of treachery and treason, the Sicaire sitting at the Hotel de Ville, having on their side the coryphees of the party in opposition to the Gironde party, said to the Parisians, " Kill, my friends, kill, imprison, for Collot

“ d’Herbois is resolved to fire the alarm guns, “ and veil the statue of Liberty.” We saw the Parisians supporting this infernal assembly, this cavern of anarchists and robbers become the defenders of all such as were unwilling to render an account of the riches which fell under their gripe on the second of September, and it was necessary, in order to effect the total dissolution of the national representation, to annihilate the Gironde.

The spirit of Paris was at that time to render the Commune independent of every other kind of power, to make it the centre of dominion, and the sovereign of the republic ; this idea blinded the Parisians. The mass of the populace took the ascendancy, and put itself in a state of vigilance ; Chaumette became their king ; and this little man, who had been a *cabin boy*, and afterwards a *man of letters*, who wrote me three epistles to obtain the place of schoolmaster, and was rejected as a hog of the monkish sty, now rivalled Robespierre, and would have overthrown him, but for a violent measure which he ventured to take, and which overset himself. The Spaniard Gusman was his minister, and he owned to me in the prison of the Force, and before witnesses, that the insurrection of the 31st of May, and the following days had been directed by the commune against the whole of the national representation, and that it was their project to have swept away
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at the same time the chiefs of the Jacobins, Robespierre, Marat, and the Girondists. The commune had intended to usurp all authority.

CHAP. XXVI.

SECTIONS.

HISTORY will be embarrassed to describe the insolent imprecations of a crowd of energumenes, who, in the sections, were loud in their cries for disorder and extermination; they formed the counsel of the commune, in which every thing which extravagance or depravity could imagine most vile and most atrocious, was uttered every day against such of the citizens of Paris as had any degree of affluence. They sometimes threw chairs at each others' heads, but never came to a pitched battle. These wretches, after a short discussion, united their forces to make the commune triumph over the Convention; all their cabals tended to perpetuate their revolutionary atrocities. Petitions were presented from these cabals, so absurd, and at the same time so seditious, that Isnard, President of the Convention, wearied and harassed with the clamours of these Sections, declared in the name of France, "that if
" ever

“ ever any attempt was made on the inviolability
“ of the Convention, amidst the citizens of Paris,
“ the traveller would come some day to seek on the
“ borders of the Seine, the place where the city
“ had once stood.” The cry which the whole
band of the conspirators raised at this energetic
expression is not to be described ; nothing was
heard in Paris but these words : “ The National
“ Convention is going to destroy the capital.”

The Jacobins seemed to share the fury of the
sectionaries. Hebert became a super-excellent
patriot, an upright magistrate, and Marat's crown
of glory shone with redoubled lustre. The Com-
mission of Twelve was dissolved, and this dissolu-
tion became the signal of complete anarchy.
The Minister for home affairs, Garat, ranged him-
self on the side of these villains, affirmed that
every thing was in a state of tranquillity, and that
no conspiracy existed, while all their poignards
were sharpened ! Hebert, one of the chiefs, had
been set at liberty : this was a real triumph for
this seditious assembly, and the certain presage of
the death or proscription of their enemies. On
his arrival, the populace covered him with crowns
and civic palms, which he modestly placed on
the busts of Jean Jacques Rousseau and Brutus,
which stood in this temple of impure demagogy.
Thus, for having arrested three or four turbulent
conspirators, the Commission of Twelve was load-
ed with opprobrium, the greater part of its mem-
bers

bers were dragged to the scaffold, and others escaped death only by hiding themselves in caverns and woods, or flying into foreign countries. The Revolution of the 31st of May was made to avenge a horde of assassins.

Amongst the audacious commissaries of sections, we constantly found three or four foreigners, and as many swindlers, always ready with motions to declare Paris in a state of insurrection against tyranny. These commissaries, even till the 11th Vendemiaire, declared that the people were wearied with the slavery under which they were held, and that they were commissioned to manifest their sovereign will.

Represent to yourselves at these different epochs the citizens affrighted, when they heard the drum beat to arms, and the alarm bell ringing, getting up, and running out to know what the tumult meant, learning nothing, marching in arms from different quarters, surrounding the Convention with thirty or forty thousand men, ignorant for the most part why they were assembled together.

We have seen the whole city of Paris under arms, without knowing for what reason; men in municipal scarfs running through the suburbs, and inviting them to march in the name of the sovereign people. A Henriot ordered the cannon to be dragged from all points, and towards all points, the cannons were dragged forwards, then

then backwards, then dragged out again the next day, after which the Mountain-party, bellowing and shouting, decreed, that the Sections of Paris had deserved well of the country.

The transactions of that day was a wretched kind of force, but proved a fruitless scene of most terrible calamities to the whole of France.

The inhabitants of a city so immense as Paris called to arms, furnished the commune with the means of invading every authority. After having made the attempt, it assumed, to the great astonishment of all, a formidable power: the Montagnards then became the adherents of the council of the commune, as they had become Jacobins. They entered the Convention only to betray and destroy it, and what was still worse, to defame it; for they had forced the Convention itself to make the eulogium of the day of the 31st of May, so that the departments, continually deceived, were perfectly ignorant of what was passing at Paris. The Commune of Paris was the authority which made and executed the laws.

I have seen the precincts of the Convention six times invested by the military force. I have seen the volunteers destined for Vendee, who were brought back expressly for this expedition, turn their arms against the representatives of the people; and the citizens of Paris, who came to defend them, placed in the rear, absolutely ignorant of what was passing in the interior of the hall

or

or around it, and on the point of being massacred themselves if they were not ready to commit a massacre.

From the night of the 10th of March, 1793, to the 13th of Vendemiaire, it was openly declared, that to restore perfect order, a certain number of deputies' heads must be cut off, and carried in triumph through the streets. As a preliminary to these assassinations, the seditious threw out the most atrocious calumnies against the national representation; the Fauxbourgs turned out armies, and what was most painful to the mind, was the utter ignorance which prevailed concerning the dispositions and the sentiments of these hordes suddenly armed, and silently menacing.

CHAP. XXVII.

DISTRICT OF THE CORDELIERS.

IT was in the District of the Cordeliers, that Danton, loaded with debt, and under sentence of arrest, sowed, fostered, and raised the abundant harvest of revolutionary crimes. His worthy colleague, Marat, had two or three sentences of arrest against him issued by the Chatelet. The first act of demagoguery, which opened the door to every other was that which Danton directed, by
arming

arming the whole district to defend the person of Marat. Without the prudence of La Fayette, who was willing to hush the matter, civil war would have been declared. From that day, the anarchists gained the ascendancy, and it was this Danton who was Minister of Justice! He had partisans, who were attached to him because he was, as they said, less sanguinary than Robespierre: this was his whole eulogium. Nature had formed him to be an haranguer of the mob, to thunder from a bench in a cross road. He was endowed with the eloquence of a porter, and possessed the logic of a robber. This hackney attorney was deputy of Paris. The 31st of May he prowled radiant with joy around the Convention. I met him, and said to him, "You are ruining the republic and France." He called me ironically *the enragé*. I answered him, "I am sufficiently acquainted with history to know that you are ignorant of what you are doing." I said almost as much to the Minister Garat, who was become, from weakness or fear, the adherent of the disorganizing party, whilst he made war on the Gironde, where existed virtues, talents, eloquence, but not enough of that energy necessary to exert against daring men ever ready for the commission of crimes.

When we reflect that the furious Jacobins, not thinking themselves sufficiently perfect, went to form themselves at the district of the Cordeliers,
that

that Chaumette, Hebert, Chabot, Bazire, Fabre d'Eglantine, became the valets of Danton, as Couthon and St. Just, were those of Robespierre, we know not whether most to wonder at, the insolence of some, or the stupidity of others.

During that long reign of crime and folly, Paris was asleep, and suffered itself to fall into the abyss of the most disgusting Jacobinism. The district of the Cordeliers gained the ascendancy in ferocious stupidity. The Carriers, the Lebons, the Collot d'Herbois surpassed the demagogical Jacobins in ignorance and cruelty. Herault de Sechelles who was President of the Convention on the day when it was besieged by the commune and its satellites, seconded by heads revolutionarily exaggerated, was in intelligence with Henriot so far as to parade his colleagues around the garden of the Tuilleries, as if to present a fairer mark to the destroyers of the sound part of the Convention; and when it was saved by one of those miracles which have since been renewed, he led them back to the place of their sittings, in consecrating this cherished legend of Montaigne, "the force of reason and the force of the people are the same thing." The district of the Cordeliers formed the decree of the constitution of 1793, that anarchical code so dear to all the accomplices of Danton. Thus all the Cordeliers, still greater anarchists than the Jacobins, were averse to see any term to the revolutionary

tionary commotion, but were desirous of communicating it to the following as well as to the present generation.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE HAND OF BRONZE.

THIS hand extended like that of a Roman Emperor, and which figured in a public square, the hand of the statue of Louis the XVth. Where can it be found at present? O strangeness of destiny, or rather decree of eternal justice! It is the prisoner La Tude, detained thirty-five years in state prisons, who is now in possession of this hand of bronze, the original of which had signed the order of his long captivity.

There is nothing more astonishing than the famous ladder which formed his escape from his prisons of the Bastille. To make a ladder more than three hundred feet in length, to descend it from a height of more than two hundred feet across walls of fifteen feet thick, to escape, be retaken, and be again delivered by the miracle of the 14th of July! If every man has not his destiny, how explain the patience, the courage, the good fortune of Henry Massères de la Tude? The foot of this same equestrian statue is deposited in the

the museum of French monuments—this is all that remains of three dynasties!

The day that these statues of kings were thrown down, I beheld the multitude in a singular kind of astonishment at finding that all these bronzes were not massive, and that the flanks of the horse were scarcely thicker than a piece of three livres, as they had promised themselves an almost infinite coinage of six liard-pieces, they felt some displeasure at being disappointed. "What," said they, "was it so hollow?"—Yes, every thing was hollow, both *power and statue!*

CHAP. XXIX.

FUNERAL OF MICHAEL LEPELLETIER.

HE had conscientiously voted the death of the king; and an ancient body-guard, who had been looking for the Duke of Orleans, with the intention of stabbing him, and making him serve as a companion to the great victim, not finding him, entered an eating-house, and hearing that there was a representative present who had also voted the death of the king, he suffered for the Duke of Orleans. The body-guard drew out from beneath his cloak a large clasp knife, with which he opened his side, and after the blow made

made his escape. It may perhaps be known at some future day what prepared and determined this strange assassination. The man, as he was expiring, was said to have uttered certain words which in fact he never pronounced.

A funeral pomp was ordered in honour of Michael Lepelletier. This ceremony wore a character extremely remarkable. They placed the corpse on the ruined base of the equestrian statue of Louis XIVth in the Place Vendome. His funeral oration was there pronounced by a voice which was heard on every roof. It was very cold weather. The body of Lepelletier, naked, livid, and bloody, disclosing the large wound which it had received, was borne on a kind of litter, and paraded slowly by a very long circuit, attended by the Convention as well as by the Jacobin Society. These last had their banner, and by its side another of their own invention, which had for its flag the shirt, the waistcoat, and above all, the breeches of Lepelletier still dropping with blood. Every one might see the dead man, who, having been the judge of Louis the XVIth, preceded him to the tomb.

It was a spectacle fitted to produce strong impressions, and what was hideous in the ceremony itself, disappeared before the terrible images which it presented to the imagination. The brother of the person assassinated led the march. Several Montagnards, identifying themselves with him
whom

whom they were conducting to the Pantheon, exclaimed, "This will be our lot: this is what we shall gain by founding a republic." They spoke of an unhappy orphan, who was heiress to a fortune of four or five hundred thousand livres a year. Funeral eulogiums were profusely scattered over Michael Lepelletier. All the women had frightful dreams after this ceremony, and never was a dead man saluted with so many looks, or attended with so many reflections.

The daughter of Michael Lepelletier became the adopted child of the nation, and it is on her account that a law of the Roman republic forms part of the code of the French republic.

Under pretence of searching for the garde du corps, Paris, the Palais-Royal was surrounded some days after by ten thousand men. No person there could go out without passing in review before the guard, and exhibiting a card of surety to an officer of the police. This persecution of a kind hitherto unknown having succeeded pretty well, was repeated so often, that the Parisians considered it afterwards only as a kind of amusement.

At present, we regard as a fable all that has been said with respect to the arrest and the pretended death of the assassin of Lepelletier.

CHAP. XXX.

DOME OF THE PANTHEON.

AT the name alone of the pyramids of Egypt, of the Temple of Minerva at Athens, of the Coliseum of the Amphitheatre at Rome, of the squared house at Nismes, of these magnificent and ruined aqueducts, of these superb roads now broken up, attention is awakened, imagination transports us back to those times in which they were constructed, and modern edifices sink into nothing. Why are ancient monuments, whose broken columns are scattered up and down, more interesting to the eye of imagination than when they subsisted in all their freshness? Why do the ruins which surround them seem to impress us with a more striking character of majesty? It is thus, without doubt, and I ask pardon of architecture and the shade of Soufflot—it is in this manner that the dome of the Pantheon will, when crumbled into ruins, be far more picturesque than the Pantheon in its present state. The amateurs will shudder at my assertion, and will cry out Vandalism. The philosopher will understand and appreciate it.

But

But after all these pyramids, these antique temples, that St. Peter of Rome, that St. Paul of London—What were they but monuments of human weakness? What are the loftiest domes, the most elevated vaults, to the eyes of the observer who has passed under the arched rocks of the Alps, who has contemplated with respectful astonishment those rocks, now piled majestically on each other, now placed irregularly by the hand of nature? And what is the interior of those edifices so vaunted, by the side of those tremendous caverns which have been dug by rivers in the sides of mountains, and whose entrance, in spite of my ardent curiosity, is interdicted me by a sentiment of terror.

Poor little Pantheon by the side of Mount St. Gothard! Since I have heard of its state of decay, I wished to make it a visit. I threw myself into the stair-case of the edifice across the ladders, the dust of plaster, hammers, long saws, and moving scaffolds, suspended by whitened ropes. The voice of the workmen echoed along the roofs; the least sound was reverberated, the least motion which I heard around me, seemed to thunder the approaching fall of the edifice, and for once I figured myself buried in the Pantheon without trial or sentence. The prediction of Patte would then have been fulfilled, and the Greek, Egyptian, and Roman, would laugh at the French architects. Resuming immediately the attitude and

courage of an observer, I mounted, descended, examined, and this enormous mass resting on slight supporters which menaced ruin, brought to my recollection the dome of St. Peter, and led me to smile at that hazardous daring art which erects cupolas with so much difficulty and expence, and so little security. I compared those two monuments, of which one already ancient is still solid, and the other, which is not yet finished, is threatened with approaching ruin. In short, when we contemplate the Pantheon at which men have laboured during half a century, and which, after having wasted the lives of such multitudes, is still imperfect, and without a possibility of lodging any—we see, methinks, a house of cards, which grown-up children are constructing, to be thrown down by the first blast, and which will perhaps be finer than ever on account of its fall. O weakness of man! He delights himself in magnificent and useless labours! he is the architect of ruins!

A tribe of physicians sitting by the bedside of a patient, assert, it is the kidney, the liver, the stomach, the lungs, which are affected; so the architects exclaim, The evil is here.—No; it is there—the legs are good, but the vertebræ are decayed. Every one protrudes his project as the infallible remedy, without which the destruction of the dome becomes general, the fall certain, and

and consequently that of all the rest of the monument.

In going out of the dome, I felt the same pleasure as sailors and warriors feel after storms and battles, that of finding myself alive. And why did I go to inspect the edifice? Why? Because I was told there was danger. Singular caprice of the human imagination! The life of a sailor is more tumultuous than ours, and is therefore agreeable to a seaman. An uniform life is an unhappy one. Tossed up and down by revolutionary tempests for a long time under the axe of the executioner, my life was full and laborious; I felt more the value of my existence. After these scenes of agitation, having landed from the vessel, which, borne on the stormy waves, threatened every day to make shipwreck against surrounding rocks, I am afraid of growing listless, if I do not go now and then in search of dangers under the tottering dome of the Pantheon.

CHAP. XXXI.

THE KING OF MACOCO.

THE Paris of Robespierre was no longer that of Louis the XIVth, Louis the XVth, or even of Louis the XVIth.

At the palace of the negro King of Macoco, they kill every day two hundred men for the mouth of the sovereign. Amongst us, a civilized people, men were killed only for an opinion.

The archbishop had fallen from the top of his cathedral, the noble from the top of his fortress, the king from the pinnacle of his throne, the academician from his two-armed chair. La Harpe, who was not much hurt, cried an hundred times louder than the rest, but he made all this noise only after the fall of the decemviral tyranny. To hear his long and wailing lamentations, one would think that he alone had been in prison.

A prisoner, of as much importance as himself, said, "I shall not complain; I will live; it is agree-
" able to me to live, that I may leave my innocence
" time to unveil itself; but I should have had the
" courage to live, though branded with disgrace,
" because my honour did not depend on the vain
" caprice of tyrants, because I should have made
" my misfortunes useful by studying the hearts of
" the men who had caused them, and that tran-
" quil in virtue, I should have opposed my con-
" science to the clamours of a deluded multitude."

CHAP. XXXII.

THE INSURRECTION.

LA MARQUISE—(*Ring.*)

Tingle! Tingle!

MARTON.

Madame calls!

LA MARQUISE.

Allons, Marton! I am going to rife.

MARTON.

Yes, I am coming.

LA MARQUISE.

What is the news, my dear?

MARTON.

Madam, an insurrection is announced for this morning.

LA MARQUISE.

What a tale! They said that it was over.

MARTON.

They talk of carnage, of destruction, and of rape, which is still more.

LA MARQUISE.

Still worse, Marton, that is as you think, for in short if we must—

MARTON.

MARTON.

Alas! I hear every where that the wretches will massacre the women, and those, they tell me, who shall be to their taste, unfortunate objects of their infamous desires.

LA MARQUISE—(*Very briskly.*)

I shall die! make haste and dress me then—since they insult us, and kill us. Allons, Marton! my rouge.—O heavens! Yellow—out of spirits—I am frightful—they will kill me!

CHAP. XXXIII.

UNCLOISTERED NUNS.

A young and pretty nun coming out of her convent, by virtue of the decree of the National Assembly, and going into a hackney-coach, said to herself; “If we are not enjoined to unite ourselves to other religious houses, like the monks our brethren, at least that is not forbidden us—” Go on, coachman, to the Carmes of the Place-Maubert.”

No re-entrance for professed sisters who have gone out, and whom repentance or necessity might bring back to the sheep-fold; such is the supreme and irrevocable decree signed by the
Semp-

Sempiternelles, and underneath by the *seurs converses*.

How many tears did this sentence cost the young mother St. Agatha, who unhappily had been more in a hurry to enjoy her liberty than her pension! Without fortune, without friends, without any other relations than a very pious aunt, who had promised to receive her, and who had disavowed her; what will become of her? What has happened to many others in similar situations? No, she has been saved, and there she is who, in full possession of her virtue and honour, passed from the convent into one of our corps-de-garde. Do not be alarmed, the only question was about a district where she could be courteously received, and in which, in spite of the anathema of her mild sisterhood, she is respectfully lodged, fed, and clothed. It is pretended, even that our grenadiers forbore swearing in her presence.

When the decree which was to uncloister the monks began to be talked about, six nuns of the Ave-Maria were condemned to eat their rice with an ear-picker, for having chatted a little freely on the possibility of the suppression of the monastic orders.

CHAP. XXXIV.

DAYS OF THE 21th OF JUNE AND 10th OF AUGUST 1792.

WHEN the artful La Fayette favoured the flight of Louis XXVIth, and exposed him on his return to Paris to the hisses of an indignant people, it was because he had founded on that bold stroke the project of a republic. The events which followed this shameful flight confirm the assertion. From that period, indeed, the Orleans faction demanded with loud cries the dethronement of the king, and giving full wing to the licence of the press, the king of the French was spoken of under no other title than that of a stupid hog.

The people, deluded by the seditious writings and discourses which were paid for by the leaders of this same faction, ashamed of doing obedience to a degraded chief, plunged in the mire, considered him merely as a piece of mechanism useless in carrying on the government, especially since there existed a National Assembly.

It was under these circumstances that the first constitution made its appearance. The king, then a prisoner, and to whom it restored a part
of

of his primitive authority, accepted it. But still mistrusting his strength under this powerful buckler, he surrounded himself only with nobles who were conspirators, and priests who were fanatics, who formed that obstinate party of opposition, the end of which was to palsy the will of the nation, and suffer the new laws to expire on paper.

This insolent resistance, this continued contempt of the rights of a people enthusiastic for liberty, France, surrounded on all sides by foreign troops, the scene of poignards, with vipers' tongues at the chateau of the Tuilleries, the constitutional oaths abjured by the priests, the perfidious suggestions of the Bishops to deter the king from receiving the pascal communion from the hands of a constitutional priest, the indignation of his subjects, witnesses of all these atrocities, such were the principal causes which precipitated the tempest on his head, and on those of his fallacious advisers.

The chiefs of the turbulent party, amongst whom were Marat and Freron, took advantage of these first crimes and infractions of the law, to encourage the conspirators in their projects. By means of their periodical incendiary papers, they forged quarrels between the citizens and the new satellites of the king; a dexterous mode, by which they provoked the dismissal of his guard, and
gave

gave him without defence to the insults of the populace.

The Tuilleries from that time became the chief place of rendezvous of the murdering apprentices, where they went to study under the direction of the Duke of Orleans, the parts of his great tragedy.

On the other side, the crow of the cock, a royalist placard of the deputy André, made every head giddy. The multitude saw justice and reason in the maxims only of Drawcanfir Marat.

Hence took place quarrels about opinions, divisions among old friends, discord hovered over Paris and the provinces, every day there were disorders to repress, crimes to punish; every day the priest was insulted at the altar; the tie of religion was broken, terror and mistrust insensibly gained possession of every mind. The creation of paper-money increased the alarm, fortified the hope of the execrable authors of the treaty of famine, since executed, and prolonged with equal cunning and barbarity.

CHAP. XXXV.

DAY OF THE 21st OF JUNE 1792.

AT length came the 21st of June 1792. The 20th of June 1791, the Parisian was calm and magnanimous; how different from himself at this fourth epocha of the Revolution!

As terrible as on the day when they marched under the command of La Fayette to seek the king at Versailles, they marched under the banners of the Fauxbourgs to the Chateau of the Tuilleries. The threatening diversity of their arms marked the turn of each character, and its barbarous industry. One might have imagined, that there had been a king for each individual to poignard, to stab, to rip open, to cut in pieces.

In a moment, the parterre was invested and scaled, pieces of cannon were placed against the doors of the vestibules. Thieves mounted on the parapets, glided in at the windows, and whatever retarded the impetuosity of the assailants was broken into shivers. The collection of the edicts and decrees of the council, scattered about by sacrilegious hands, were seen flying from the top of the northern pavilion, and falling on the terrace.

The principal conspirators had got as far as the chambers of the king. At the sight of the

monarch,

monarch, seated by the side of his wife and his children, they stood stupified. Indeed, it must be acknowledged that Louis discovered great intrepidity on this occasion, having only his heart, as a shield, against two hundred thousand bayonets.

Their stupefaction soon changed itself into ironical insolence. One of them coiffed Capet with the bonnet-rouge, and offered him a bottle of wine which belonged to the assailants. The king drank and shook hands with the Sans-culottes.

The popular battalions, in despair at this laughable denouement, and judging that the stroke had failed, disbanded: they left the garden with the coal-heavers, who had no other arms than sticks, and for a flag, a coal-sack tied to the end of a pole. They made way for the regiment of Flanders, and the grenadiers of the Parisian Guard, who ranged themselves in line of battle on the whole length of the terrace.

Meanwhile, the king once more escaped the dagger, but trembling for his days, shut himself up in his chateau, and ordered the entrance into the Tuilleries to be closed every morning against the public.

CHAP. XXXVI.

PLAN OF THE NOBLES AND EMIGRANTS TO
OVERTURN THE CONSTITUTION OF 1791.

DURING this captivity, the Aristocrats laboured with zeal in organizing in the South the coalition of the faithful subjects of Jale's, in order to oppose a formidable front to the exertions of the Jacobins of Orleans Egalité, to annul the oath of the clergy, to maintain in its integrity the catholic worship, and exterminate without pity from the soil of the country the founders of liberty.

What seconded most effectually this bold project, was the plan proposed several months before, and immediately put into execution, of engaging mercenary writers, opening correspondence in the provinces; intelligent men were placed in the offices of the assembly for the secret communication of pieces, and spies at the clubs of the Jacobins, in the society of the Cordeliers, in each section of the orators and of the *applauders* posted near them, motion-mongers paraded the Tuilleries and the Palais-Royal, and visited the coffee-houses, the work-yards, the theatre, and the *guinguettes*. Two hundred thousand
livres

livres were consecrated to the payment of the wages of these different actors.

But it was precisely this plan which accelerated the fall of the throne. The insidious manœuvres of the Royalists were counteracted by the foresight of the friends of liberty. If Capet had his writers, his observers, his spies, the patriots had also theirs, who possessed far more address. With the aid of the faction they drew on the great mass of the citizens, who wished for nothing but tranquillity and the strict observance of the laws.

CHAP. XXXVII.

FIRST SYMPTOMS OF THE DAY OF THE 10th OF AUGUST.

THE tempest rolled at a distance in hollow murmurs. The inhabitants of the Fauxbourgs made up a formidable corporation under the name of Sans-culottes, which had been given them as a mark of derision by Lacueil, and which they afterwards preserved as a title of glory, even the women became orators in the groupes which were continually renewed. The name of tyrant had taken place of that of king. The nobles were called Aristocrats, and the priests *Callotins*.

The

The terrace of the Tuilleries was the only passage left for the public to go to the sittings of the Assembly. The people, to prevent furling the feet of freemen with the dust of the garden of an execrable despot, fixed themselves with a three-coloured ribband the line of demarcation, which was scrupulously observed. The other part, which formed the royal walk, was called the Black Forest. Public indignation was at the highest pitch.

At length arrived the evening of that day which was to produce so many crimes, so many perfidies. The Marsellais, from their entrance into Paris, had begun the course of their assassinations. Nothing equalled the audacity of their chiefs, and the patriots applauded themselves in seeing them in the foremost ranks.

The 10th of August, after four in the morning, they assembled in the Fauxbourg St. Antoine, to the number of two or three thousand, in order to go and besiege the chateau. This terrible catch-word was immediately communicated to all the assembled Sections. The same evening a person ran along the terrace of the Tuilleries with a flag, on which were written these words: "Friends! to-morrow the throne will be overturned, to-morrow we shall be free." The expectation of some sinister event was visible in every countenance. This expectation was soon confirmed. At eleven at night the alarm-bell rung,

rung, and the drum beat to arms. The attack was to begin at two in the morning. A number of individuals, who in the evening besieged the furriers' shops to have grenadiers' caps, flocked to the chateau to augment the *elite* of the Royalists, some in uniform, some in coloured clothes, all were introduced by favour of a con-
signe, ordering a free entrance to all bearers of a blue card with these words in black letters, *Entry to the apartments*. The Etat-major had particularly described one individual, who was to present himself and gain admittance to assassinate the king, but he never came.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE 10th OF AUGUST 1792.

THE king did not retire to rest, and the number of his defenders so increased till near four in the morning, that it was scarcely possible for him to get to his cabinet. It was three when the people began to make their appearance. Detachments of battalions, preceded by their cannon, spread themselves about in the courts of the garden and the chateau. At four, they consisted of upwards of six thousand men.

Detach-

Detachments of the National Guard, and of the Swiss, were posted at the right and left of the stair-case which led from the chapel to the king's apartment. The danger then becoming more and more menacing, it was already proposed, as a means of conciliation, to conduct the royal family to the Assembly. There was some question of a petition tending to obtain the sending back the Marseillais and Bretons who were in the capital. At these propositions were heard cries of *Vive le Roi*.

Soon after Capet, surrounded by a crowd of general officers, courtiers, and grenadiers, descended, in order to review the different detachments, who, as he passed along, made the court resound with the cries of *Vive la Nation!* while the royalists cried *Vive le Roi!* It was soon perceived, however, that the troops were discontented, for he had scarcely returned to the chateau, before a part of these very troops which he had passed in review, drew off; at six o'clock, there did not remain above two thousand men.

Meanwhile the Parisians, and the people from the Fauxbourgs, armed with pikes, crowded the streets, traversing the bridges in long columns, in spite of the cannon which barred them; and advancing with giant steps towards the Tuilleries, the air resounded with the cries of fury, mingled with the tinkling of the tocsin.

Before seven, they were with the Marseillais in battle array on the Place of the Carrousel before

the chateau. In this interval, the Swiss officers dealt out brandy themselves to the soldiers of their respective corps. A general officer offered the liquor also to the volunteers of the National Guard. Soon after, a voice having given the command *by flanks to the right, by columns to the left*, a legion of courtiers suddenly displayed their poignards, sabres, and pistols, and marching through the midst of the volunteers, went and ranged themselves in order of battle in the king's cabinet. It was in this hostile situation that he was sent for by the National Assembly. A part of this armed legion, and a detachment of the battalion of St Thomas, who had nearly shared the fate of the Swiss, protected his passage amidst crowds of enraged people, whom the insinuating power of speech alone calmed for a moment.

At the sight of the Swiss, the people were indignant, and uttered volleys of execrations, it was at that moment that a private citizen throwing himself in the way of the king, and taking hold of his hand, said to him, "It is not an assassin who is speaking to thee, it is an honest man, who will conduct thee to the National Assembly; but as for thy wife, she shall not enter, she is an f—g—, the cause of all the misfortunes of France." The king, with an impressive look, pressed this man's hand, and at the same moment the Deputy Rœderer, who was by the side of Capet, left him to ascend the steps of

of the hall, and then proclaimed the decree of the Assembly, which called into the place of its sittings the king and the royal family.

At the voice of Rœderer, the people were again hushed, and Louis and his wife entered the Assembly. Great God! this calm was the interval of the terrible silence between the lightning and the thunder, leaving after its fall the dreadful marks of its fury!

A discharge of musquetry was immediately heard, which was answered by another. Torrents of smoke rolled in the air, and darkened the day, the great staircase was filled with the dead and the dying.

It was in this fatal moment that the Swifs, feigning a reconciliation, threw cartridges from the windows, and made the air resound with the cries of *Vive la Nation!* The Marsellais and the volunteers of the National Guard, persuaded that the Swifs had surrendered to the wish of the people, presented themselves in crowds to the great stair-case of the apartments, and suddenly the traitors fired a volley on them from the whole line. Three succeeding discharges filled the steps of this fatal stair-case, where death seemed to wait his victims bathed in streams of blood.

The engagement now became general: eleven cannon shot, still visible, were fired at the front of the Tuilleries opposite to the Carrousel. A ball struck the edge of the king's window.

The people, amidst the transports of their indignation, preserved an admirable presence of mind. They fought and defended themselves heroically: they seemed desirous of reducing the chateau to ashes, and the tyrants who were assassinating them.

The flames had already consumed the house of the field-officers of the Swiss and those around it. The assailants gain possession of the avenue of the chateau. The rash Swiss turn pale at the sight of an hundred thousand pikes and bayonets, but still resist. What cries of pain, of rage, what hideous shrieks from men falling under their arms, and yelling out the frightful groans of death! Here heads fly through the windows, there whole bodies were hurled from the tops of the galleries. They tear in pieces and scatter through the air all the mattresses and camp-beds of the satellites of the king. The scattered wool falls in fleeces like a shower of snow.

But now this same people, forgetful of their magnanimity, are about to dishonour their victory. Inebriated with blood and carnage, they intoxicated themselves in the cellars. Their cruelty takes a savage aspect. All their hideous vices are going to be displayed.

The Swiss, every where routed, are pursued in all directions. In vain these poor wretches give up their arms, and ask on their knees for life. The drunken conqueror is deaf to their prayers.

They

They are mercilessly massacred, pierced with pikes and bayonets. Their limbs scattered in different places, seem re-animated for new punishments. What do I say? My trembling pen fears to write it. Women, real furies, dared feast their eyes in seeing their dead bodies broiling in the flames of burning houses, and looked with tearless cheeks on their smoking entrails.

Robbers also mingled themselves with the conquerors. Tormented by hunger, after having appeased their burning thirst, they penetrated into the kitchens. O excess of barbarity! an unfortunate helper, who had not had time to make his escape, was thrust by these tygers into a cauldron, and in this situation exposed to the burning fire of the stove. Then throwing themselves on the eatables, every man seized what came to his hands. One carries off a spit with fowls, another a turbot, a third, a carp from the Rhine, equal to himself in length.

Loaded with these spoils, the plunderers imprudently re-appear in the court, and march off with the Marcellais and the volunteers, each of whom carried as trophies the arms of the conquered Swiss, and the bloody shreds of their uniforms.

The battle gained, the chateau becomes completely the prey of all the robbers who had flocked from the different departments. While the patriots, the men of true courage, who came to overturn

overturn the throne, and establish the foundations of liberty on its ruins, were returning to their homes, singing the songs of victory, and attending religiously the bodies of their companions in arms, dead on the field of honour, monsters in human shape assembled in hundreds under the vestibule of the southern stair-case, and danced amidst floods of blood and wine. An executioner played on the fiddle by the side of the corpses; and robbers, with their pockets full of gold, hung up other robbers by the banisters.

Thousands of individuals, men as well as women, more menacing, more hideous one than the other, in their bloody rags, filled the apartments. The glasses shivered under the strokes of the bayonets, by which they were demolished. They enter the bed-chamber of the Queen. Shameless intoxication makes it the theatre of the most infamous obscenities. The boudoir of the modern Messalina becomes likewise the rendezvous of the vilest prostitutes. Here lay wretches inebriated in the bosom of their mistresses; there thieves, asleep amidst their heaped-up pillage.

The burning of the palace of Priam did not present so hideous a spectacle. The stair-cases resounded under the precipitated steps of pick-pockets and sharpers, running up and down, crossing, jostling each other, running along the corridors, and gliding into every chamber. They had already broken open the treasures of the
King,

King, of the Queen, of Madame Elizabeth, and the ladies of the court. Assignats, gold, silver, watches, jewels, diamonds, trinkets, all these objects of value formed part of the spoils.

Day-workmen paraded impudently the galleries with watches and chains of brilliants. Others, thieves by profession, stripped off the lace from the clothes of the attendants at the chateau, took possession of the wardrobe, pillaged the silks, the linen, the plate, the liqueurs, the bougies, the books from the library. In a word, every moveable which they could clandestinely carry off: they broke china vases of the greatest value, in order to get the handles.

While they were perpetrating these acts of violence, the heroes in chief sent ostentatiously by their helpers the great silver candlesticks of the chapel, with plates of silver, and a purse of an hundred louis, in order that no suspicion might be entertained that any robberies had gone forwards.

On the whole, this day presented the finished picture of the destruction of the throne of the last King of the French; and if we may compare small things with great, a young chimney-sweeper, who stood on the top of the organ of the church, blowing in a pipe the *dies iræ*, might have been called the angel trumpet of the judgment.

After a tempest, we go to look at the devastation it has made. When reflection takes place of the
first

first impressions of terror, how do we sigh over the aspect of desolated nature!

Figure to yourselves the crowd of peaceable citizens whom curiosity had led to the Tuilleries, to assure themselves if the chateau was yet standing; wandering slowly along, struck with melancholy stupor, the terrace strewn with wrecks of the battle. They did not shed tears, they seemed petrified, annihilated, and drew back with horror at each step, at the sight of those bloody corpses, mutilated, flayed, embowelled, and in whose face indignation sat strongly delineated.

Others, more stoical, observed the swarms of flies greedy of blood, whom the heat had drawn into these gaping wounds, and their eyes starting from their orbs.

Meanwhile the populace, wearied with carnage, bending under the weight of their spoils, disappeared with the sun, and went to rest. If the next day they had resumed their reason, they ought also to have felt their punishment in the renderings of remorse.

On this day, anarchy made the first essay of its hideous omnipotence, and preluded the massacres of September. The Legislative Assembly might have covered itself with immortal glory, and have deserved the title of founder of republican liberty; but it displayed, on the contrary, at this period of so splendid a triumph, neither wisdom, dignity, nor courage. It could restrain
neither

neither assassins, robbers, nor destroyers; powerless to imitate that Being, who in the tempest, stretching out majestically his hand, commanded the waves of the sea to be stayed, they suffered every abuse of the victory to be committed by wretches, who, in the phrenzy of intoxication, imagined themselves to be the head, the heart, and the arm of all France.

CHAP. XXXIX.

GREGOIRE.

The National Convention replaced the Legislative Assembly the 21st of September 1792. Like the sovereign it represented, its first steps were those of a giant, and its first words claps of thunder. After having consecrated the sovereignty of the people, by a decree declaring, that no constitution should take place till it was accepted by the people, and put the security of persons and property under the safeguard of the nation, it was expedient to give the last blow to the hydra whose renovated head continually threatened liberty. The last of the French kings no longer existed, but royalty was still alive. A Member arose, and said, "There is one discussion

“ which we ought not to defer an instant without
 “ being faithless to the nation ; it is the solemn
 “ abolition of royalty.” The discussion of the
 question was called for. “ What need have
 “ we of discussion,” exclaimed Gregoire, “ when
 “ all are agreed. Kings are, in the moral economy
 “ of the world, what monsters are in the natural,
 “ and courts are the repositories of crimes, and
 “ the dens of tyrants. The history of kings is the
 “ matyrology of nations ; when we are pene-
 “ trated with these truths, what need have we of
 “ discussion?” *The question!* exclaimed the whole
 Assembly, *The question!* All the members rose
 as if spontaneously. A solemn silence ensued,
 and on the proposition of Gregoire, the National
 Assembly decreed, that *Royalty is abolished in*
France. At these words, the sanctuary of the laws
 resounded with *Vive la Nation! Vive la Liberté!*
 Amidst these acclamations the republic was pro-
 claimed. The seal of the state was henceforth
 to be a fasces crowned with the cap of liberty,
 with these words for the exergue, *French Re-*
public. All acts were to be dated from *the First*
Year of the French Republic.

Scarcely had royalty been abolished, when we
 saw a dictatorship erected on its ruins. Among
 the madmen who dared aspire to this supreme
 rank, we must name, Whom? *Marat!* He ap-
 peared at the tribune, and taking a pistol from
 his pocket, as formerly our Capuchins in the pul-
 pit drew out a little *bon dieu* from their sleeve,

exclaimed in the style of an Italian Ponchinelle, "I fear nothing under heaven!" (he, Marat! who had hid himself in a cellar to withdraw himself from the pursuit of La Fayette!) "I fear nothing under heaven! but if a decree is passed against me by the Assembly, I will blow out my brains before you." Then putting up his instrument of death, which probably contained nothing but powder, he added, "But no, I will remain in the midst of you to brave your fury." Some one said to him, on the breaking up of the sitting, "Take care, Marat, that you do not lose, from too much day-light when you act your part of deputy, that sort of success which you owe perhaps only to the darkness of your cellar where you lay hidden on account of your journal. Marat! mountebanks are no longer in fashion! Throw by your cups and balls!"

CHAP. XL.

BAILLY AND A FEW OTHER PORTRAITS.

FROM what strange mixture of vanity and philosophy, of wit and good-nature, of simplicity and knowledge, was the first astronomer of his age, and one of its most upright citizens, drawn into

into this whirlpool of a revolution which covered him with glory, and sent him to the scaffold? His reputation, still more than his talents, had successively placed him in the electoral body, in the States General, in the president's chair, and at the head of the first commune of France; if King Bailly, as the court called him, in imitation of Louis the XVIth, had discovered so much energy in the sitting at the Tennis Court, how came he so flexible as to be cited for the delicate turn of his compliments? What sort of weakness led him to suffer a few miserable intriguers to form around him a kind of court? Could this most humane of mankind have foreseen that his mildness would accustom the people whom he flattered, to complain of his effeminacy, to ask even himself some day for his own head, when the pomp of mayor should have left the honest man at the discretion of his vile courtiers, when from his weakness he should have suffered every thing to be disorganized by the factions? Thus the probity and good-nature of too scientific a man, too philosophical, and too feeling, perhaps, to occupy the first places amidst the storms of a revolution, were the first causes of so many atrocious crimes, the least noticed of which has been his own ruin.

What a scene of agony was his death! and what courage, what greatness of soul in his last moments! Was he an ordinary man, who, when
dragged

dragged from the tribunal to the Champ de Mars, his body covered with mud, and his face burnt with the shreds of the fatal red flag, looked with calmness on the change which was made before his eyes of the horrible theatre of his punishment, merely because it pleased the mob to prolong it? Was he a pusillanimous man, who, with that calm which belongs only to dying virtue, answered mildly to one of those monsters in human form, who said to him ironically, "you tremble, Bailly,"—"Is it with cold?"—He died on that spot where formerly a decree had enjoined him to publish the martial law, by which the representatives of the nation had ordered him to repress sedition, and expired, covered with the execrations of the populace, after having been its most respected idol.

CAMILLE DESMOULINS.—What can we think of a man who entitled himself Attorney-General of the Lantern, when all the lanterns were gallowses, who permitted himself to make a jest of those who were hung by the populace, who made his sanguinary declamations in a strain of pleasantry, and sported wittily amidst the atrocities of Danton and Robespierre! He was going continually from one to the other, and pretended to serve them both; whilst good men repulsed and detested them alike.

The Jacobins of that time made a legislator of this Attorney-General of the Lantern, he
was

was cowardly, and low, but not yet cool-bloodedly cruel enough to please Robespierre. He sent him to the scaffold, because he had only attempted with his pen to interrupt his reign of terror; and Danton, who had sacrificed Brissot to Robespierre, was the dupe of this impolitic blunder. No one had any faith in Dantonian clemency, the Septembriser was entrapped and crushed like a fool. He must have carried to the scaffold the concentrated rage of his defeat, which was foretold him by several persons. Manes of September! you still call for more of your assassins. Wait, wait, all of them will be punished. It was Paris who elected all these monsters of folly and cruelty, who murdered the Revolution by making it abhorred, and who did not know, at least for their own safety, how to be cruel only for once.

PACHE.—He is a Swiss, and was more fatal to France than an army of Austrians. He was in the secret of all the enemies of the country. Attacked by the Gironde, and defended by the Mountain, he placed himself at the head of a monstrous association which had been formed of the principal authors of the massacres of September. These men, without any kind of fortune, lived nevertheless in a sort of luxury which was not the less disgusting than prodigal. Who paid these ruffians? Pache. And where did they carry on their deliberations? In the hall of the Jacobins, during the absence of the latter. They were

were to the Jacobins what the Capuchins were to the Jesuits, emissaries, spies. From this horde issued the greater part of the cut-throats who caused so many disorders in Paris and its environs. It produced also some writers: but what sort of writers? We saw the streets of Paris covered with addresses and petitions exceeding each other in atrocity. Sensible men treated these placards with contempt, but the populace read them, and imagined they had obtained absolution for all the blood they had shed. These subaltern ruffians had the impudence to petition for the repeal of a decree which enjoined the proscription of the Septembrisers. Several deputies boldly opposed it. The struggle lasted upwards of two hours. On that day the Mountain seemed as if it would have rolled itself entire on those generous deputies, who were defeated. The National Convention decreed, that the execution of its first decree against the Septembrisers should be suspended. From that day, the gate was opened to impunity, and all the protectors of assassins walked out with heads erect.

JOSEPH LEBON.—A stripling priest rehearsing his catechism was the image of this young Verres, who aspired to the dignity of being named the Little Robespierre. This last, thinking him worthy of confidence, entrusted him with the care of desolating the city of Arras, where they were both born. He was proconsul at an age
in

in which a man is but a bad preceptor. Of all the commissaries of the Convention, he was the most ferocious and most anthropophagical wild beast; and this was in the course of things, for he was a priest, and was persecuting his townsmen who had been witnesses of his late abject situation. He had formed an *etat major* of assassins, with red caps and whiskers. Every day after his dinner he assisted at the punishment of his victims, and sometimes suspended the mortal blow in order to read to them the newspaper. I had never seen him at the Convention, because he had only taken his seat as supplementary three months after the 31st of May. I do not know why this monster was sent into the prison where the seventy-three deputies were confined; on seeing him enter, I said to him only these words: "What, so young and so cruel!" He was the seed of Robespierre, whose greatest guilt was having infused his doctrine into this novice soul, and familiarised him with new crimes.

CARRIER.—It was in thinking of the fraternity of Lycurgus, that he associated in death individuals of different parties, and ordained these republican marriages, a term of sanguinary derision. It will scarcely be believed, but he declared to whoever would listen to him, "We
" will make a cemetery of France, rather than
" not regenerate it after our fashion, and fail
" in the end we have proposed." He was faithful

ful to his word. He wished France to be reduced to the fourth of its population, the sovereignty of the remainder, and the division of lands. He was in the secret of that horrible war of Vendee. This secret was to accomplish the treaty made with the coalition, and to deliver up the wrecks of an exhausted kingdom. Such crimes are not conceivable; but those who could have stopt the war in Vendee, and who did not do it, those who harrassed and persecuted the experienced generals who laboured in good earnest to destroy it, those who sent an executioner to men who were to be regained by mildness, were the only depositaries of that terrible secret. The Loire is still swelled with the tears and blood which Carrier made to flow. I shall only add of this monster, that in ascending the scaffold on the Place de Greve, he listened to the sounds of a clarionet, which was piping for his death, and witnessed the Parisian joy as his head fell. As this wretch was rather a monster than a man, the Parisians will not be censured for this manifestation of joy.

ROBERT LINDET.—Amongst the atrocities which the 10th March 1793 brings to our recollection, that suggested by a Deputy, called Robert Lindet, is beyond every thing which tyrants can have imagined most cunningly barbarous; this is what he proposed:

“ The Extraordinary Tribunal shall be composed of nine members, they shall be subjected to no form as to the trial, they shall get information in every manner possible. The Tribunal shall divide itself into two sections, and there shall be always in the hall destined for this Tribunal a member commissioned to receive denunciations.

“ The Tribunal shall judge those who shall be sent before it by a decree of the Convention. The Tribunal may pursue directly such, who, through incivism, may have abandoned or neglected the exercise of their functions; those who by their conduct, or the manifestation of their opinions, shall have attempted to lead astray the people; such whose conduct or writings, such, in short, who from the places which they occupied under the old government, bring to mind the prerogatives usurped by despots.”

Who would believe that the party which had declared itself republican, *par excellence*, the exclusive protector of the most extended, the most unbounded liberty, applauded with enthusiasm this infernal conception, and moved that it should immediately pass into a law. Philipeaux, who was crowned at his death with so many cypresses and laurels, declared himself its defender; Verginaud attacked it with indignation, and repelled

it with horror; Cambon opposed it; even Barrere treated it as a monstrosity which the most shameless despots would not have imagined in the darkest fits of their rage. After a great deal of discussion, Lindet's project was abandoned.

DUPORT DUTERTRE.—Intelligent, amiable, and obliging; possessing only the milder passions, a modest tone, and affable demeanour with every one. His profession was that of the bar; and when the Revolution, in calling him to the functions of the Vice Mayoralty, to the organization of the commune of Paris, gave him an opportunity of displaying his talents, he was the first minister whom the king chose from among the class of the people. The opinion of the public, which had hitherto proscribed every other choice, applauded this; and during the very long course of his ministry, compared to that which took place before or after him, he was reproached neither for pride, nor abuse of authority. His functions, however, had been as perplexing as they were splendid; for the flight of the king to Varennes had made him the first person in the state; but his modesty was habitual; his elevation did not dazzle him, and he was fond of repairing sometimes to the simple apartment which he occupied before he took possession of the hotel of the keeper of the seals. It was a sort of asylum which he seemed afraid of not

finding again when the day of his greatness should be past.

The events of the 10th of August, in which he had taken no part, enveloped him, as it did so many others, in the decree of accusation which sent him to the prisons of Orleans, to be judged by the High National Court. Having almost miraculously escaped the massacre of the prisoners of this city, whom the assassins of September went to murder during their translation, Duport, thirteen months after, fell under the sentence of Robespierre's tribunal. The unfortunate, illustrious, and ill-fated Barnave was comprehended with him in the same indictment. There was nothing common in their cause; they scarcely knew each other, and their principles probably were not more alike; but one victim at a time was not sufficient for those murderers, they coupled them by accident, in order to accustom the people to see their victims accumulated by hundreds, though they became acquainted with each other only by the means of the sentence which had convicted them of being accomplices. It was in vain for Duport to prove his innocence; to produce evidences written by Marat himself, which rendered testimony of his patriotism, and his respect for the liberty of the press; his judges were so greedy of blood, that one of the jury, forgetting that the questions were individual,

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pronounced

pronounced in a rage the formule; "*On my honour and conscience the prisoners are convicted.*"

The declaration of the jury was unanimous, and when Duport heard his sentence, he said, "Revolutions assassinate men, it is posterity that judges them."

PETHION.—He had an open countenance, a fine form, an affable look, a mild sort of eloquence, talent and address; but his manners were affected, and he had something in his features which seemed to excite mistrust. From the first days of the constitution he figured in the Assembly, because he spoke well, and was member of the Tiers. The inseparable friend of Robespierre, their principles were then so accordant, and their intimacy so noted, that they were called *two fingers of the same hand*, and they continued to be called so till the end of 1792. It is true, that at this epocha they already detested each other cordially. Robespierre was no longer any thing, he did not even wish to be any thing, because he reserved himself for anarchy; for he was not made to share in a career purely constitutional. Pethion, on the contrary, had quitted England, where he had gone with Madame de Sillery, to succeed Bailly in the functions of Mayor of Paris, and he acquired in this place so much popularity, especially after his destitution on the events of the 20th June, that Robespierre could no longer extend to him his forgiveness

forgiveness for the idolatry with which he was worshipped. He regarded him no longer but with envy; he was in his eyes only a rival, while he heard the people cry, *Vive Pethion! Pethion, ou la Mort!* an exclamation which was read on every hat, and inscribed on every wall.

Pethion nevertheless was too much respected to be openly attacked; and he acted a considerable part on the 10th of August. He had several times visited all the posts of the Chateau during the night which preceded that celebrated day; and his cares were not lost, since he ensured its success. The life of Pethion was at that time so precious, that a decree enjoined him to expose it no longer; and for a long time we read on the gates of the Chateau this inscription, "The Mayor of Paris would have been assassinated, if a decree of the Legislative Body had not saved his life."

He was Mayor of Paris during the butcheries of September, but the conspirators had consigned him to the mayoralty house, so that he was pure with respect to their massacres. When Manuel made his propositions at the Convention to give the President a guard of honour, and an apartment at the Tuilleries, Pethion had been named president. On the formation of the Assembly some people said that he had the throne in view, and many others wished him to ascend it; but all at once he became the object of hatred; he was

was outlawed in consequence of the 31st May, and no one knows what became of him. He perished, without doubt, in a miserable manner, since he never re-appeared on the recall of those who were proscribed.

LACROIX.—From a simple country-attorney he became a colonel, and field-officer, in two or three months; possessed of immense property, and accomplice of Danton, he made a pretence of denouncing and accusing Dumourier, with whom he was in league; and protected those tribunes who were under the orders of the massacre in chief, the Bacchantes, the cut-throats, as well as all the extravagant motion-makers in the sections; whilst his friend Fabre d'Eglantine, a poor poet before the 2d of September, who was acquainted with nothing but assignations for debt, instead of assignats, was now enabled to sport an hotel, a carriage, servants, and mistresses.

He was one of the great oppressors of the Convention, which was pure as to the very great majority. He impeded its motions, and ranged himself on the side of those who vociferated, bawled, and talked continually of sans-culotterie, paying court to a guilty municipality in a state of open revolt. In short, he was one of the most indefatigable promoters of anarchy, and always ready to shield the assassins under his Stentorian lungs. Even admitting that the adversaries of these

these anarchists had been guilty of some errors, there is not a single man of that party who has enriched himself since the Revolution. They shunned every committee, in whose hands power was placed.

Lacroix had been decorated with the cross of St. Lewis, the 4th of August 1792, and that circumstance could not open the eyes of the stupid Parisians. It was impossible from that time to repress the vociferations of the tribunes, the menaces of the cut-throats, the crimes of the Jacobins, and the usurpations of the Municipality.

A military man ventured to say in my hearing, "Do you wish to know how to save the country? I will tell you. I have well studied the Convention; it is composed in part of scoundrels whom we must put out of the way, and to effect this, we must fire the alarm-guns and shut the barriers."

Bentabole, who was president, pretended not to understand this provocation to murder, and complimented the assassin on his speech. He was exclaimed against for his forbearance, and called a *Moderé*, and a *Feuillant*.

It is because the departments could not see the obstinate struggles of the true republicans against this society of Jacobins, entirely forsaken by every true patriot, by every well-informed man, by every deputy who had any claim to esteem, or any modesty, that they have formed such false judgments

judgments respecting the Convention, and called it feeble. On the contrary it was strong, courageous, and intrepid till the 31st of May. The seventy-three fought still on the breach, pallied every murderous project and decree, struck with a kind of terror the Municipality of Paris, held it at least in respect, and it was only after their retreat, and arrest, that the dyke was levelled, and that France was inundated by crimes. The people of Paris were punished for not having known how to appreciate, or defend those deputies, for having been cowardly spectators of this last attempt, which was the signal of every violence and every cruelty.

It is time to declare the whole truth: Robespierre and Marat were not the most guilty. Observe Collot d'Herbois at Nice, and at Orleans, Tallien at Tours, Billaud Varennes at the armies! The Prussian, Anacharsis Cloots, smoothed the road for Frederick William, and we, friends of the country, held exaggeration of words and ferocity of language in horror, because they are always in the ratio of cowardice, but the Parisians were prevented by their fears from ranging themselves on our side; and when there existed a Condorcet, or a Brissot, it was a Chaumette, or a Marat, whose standards they followed! When we denounced the confederation of Pilnitz, we were the accomplices of the invasion of the enemy; in short, it was we who had delivered

vered up Valenciennes to the Duke of York; Condé, Lequesnay, and Landrecies to the Emperor; and when the King of Prussia, who had hired boxes at the opera, should enter Paris, it was we who were to wait behind his majesty at the representation.

The Parisians believed all this, and it formed the basis of that accusation, which sent the incorruptible friends of liberty and of national glory to dungeons and the scaffold.

The enemy who threatened Paris with ruin, was delighted with this fatal error; they well knew who were the traitors. The Parisians ever blind, have not yet learnt how to distinguish them from those men who were honest and courageous, whilst all Europe perfectly makes the distinction.

DUMOURIER.—There is great reason to believe he did not become a traitor, till he had met with a considerable defeat, and till the insults of Marat had determined him to separate himself from a Convention which kept such a man in its body.

The return of the Commissioners of the Belgic army, had spread the greatest and most general alarm. Nothing less was talked of but raising the whole nation in arms. We were afraid of seeing a renewal of the massacres of the 2d of September, for there were louder and more vociferations against the rich and the moderés,

derés, than against the Prussians and the Austrians.

All the theatres were shut, and advantage was taken of the first moment of terror, to lay the foundations of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The organization of this famous tribunal made its appearance with the return of Lacroix and Danton. Brissot combated this proposition, as tending to the most monstrous despotism, but he was not listened to. Thus the defeat of Dumourier became the triumph of the Mountain party, who knew always how to take advantage of every event. The address of this party particularly consisted in appearing less audacious when surrounded with danger; and their adversaries, naturally humane and averse to violence, were fated to pay dear for their indulgence, and security.

Dumourier lost his senses when he arrested the four representatives of the people. It was a crime so miserably useless, that we can only attribute it to that sort of madness which is excited by fury; Paris besides cared little about this arrest. Many, however, believed that Dumourier was a traitor both before and after he had given himself up to the coalition.

ABBE MAURY.—I knew him well; a mere sprig of divinity; he, however, entertained an idea of raising himself to the first rank of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and talked to me of his future elevation

elevation when he had not enough to purchase himself a dinner. He told me, " I shall enter " the French academy long before you ;" and at that time, he had not written even a bad sermon. His first productions were specimens of what is most wretched and obscure in any language. But he was born with the spirit of an academician, a talent for preaching, and the impudence of an antichamber. He had great confidence in his oratory, because he had exercised it with success on several men of common understanding; and assumed sometimes the supple, sometimes the lofty, and sometimes the unctious tone of a priest; he was always fond of acting the priest.

He has done the greatest services to the Revolution; for it was he who rendered the clergy obstinate and restive, and who, by exhorting them not to bend, caused them to break. It is he also who put into the head of all the nobles that system of emigration, the most extravagant, most impolitic, and most cowardly which they could have chosen. This charming system afterwards took possession of the head of the monarch; and it was in consequence of Abbé Maury's documents that he came to trick like a schoolboy, who wished to cheat his usher. He disguised himself as a valet de chambre, and when he was in the carriage with all his family, they all laughed at the surprise, the astonishment,

ment, the supposed grief of the Parisians, when they came to be informed, that instead of assisting at the procession of the holy sacrament, as they expected, the bird was flown, and gone in quest of the boots of General Bender.

Tarquin driven from Rome was in a position less humiliating, but the new Tarquin must dine on the road; he was famished on cutlets, and ate like a carman. In vain did the queen beseech him to adjourn his appetite; he arrived too late for the rendezvous of Bouillé, and his regiment. Six men stopt the carriage, and he was the first to cry out, "Stop!" He went into the shop of M. Sauffe, a tallow-chandler, who saw clear enough without snuffing. M. Sauffe did his duty, upright as a candle. Whether or not the Blondinet, (this was the name given by the court to La Fayette), had in view the malicious satisfaction, the cruel pleasure of the cat, who suffers the mouse to escape only to catch it at a leap; it is nevertheless true, that the Abbé Maury had inspired every governing head from that time with the project of escaping, that he is the inventor of the emigrating system, and that it was adopted even by the king, who could so easily have separated himself from a haughty and insolent nobility, which had never ceased to insult and despise him.

Of all the emigrants of much note, the Abbé Maury, and Choiseul Gouffier, are the only men
who

who have had understanding, or good fortune. The first has become a cardinal, and the second has made himself under the name of Paul the First, Emperor of all the Russias.

There is one, however, who is wiser and happier than either, having become a woman's shoemaker at Hamburgh.

LEGENDRE (of Paris).—At the time of Lewis the XVIth's trial, he took it into his head to say, "What a sight of forms and ceremonies; put him to death, let him be cut into eighty-three morsels, and send one to each of the eighty-three departments." He imagined he had reached the climax of Mountain eloquence, and his motion was received with loud bursts of laughter. I was by his side when he uttered these words; and I said to myself, the observation of this man will be received with horror, and the folly of a single individual, whose mouth we cannot stop, will be attributed to all the members of the Convention. By what kind of fatality do I find myself seated by the side of a Legendre, and of a Lawrence Leciontre! They prate about liberty, and they know not how to read!

Legendre was brutal, not because he was a butcher, but because he imagined that brutality entered into the composition of a republican, and that he was no republican, who did not roar like a bull, and make gestures as if he was going to fell

fell an ox. He could not speak or gesticulate otherwise; and the violence of Legendre was such, that he wanted several times to strike Lanjuinais, and throw him headlong from the tribune.

After the return of the seventy-three, we demanded in a particular assembly, the recall of the twenty-two who were outlawed. I made the motion; Legendre opposed it, and said, "I would sooner die at this tribune." "Very well," I replied, "die then!"—He was silent, as well as his infernal set, and the twenty-two were recalled, that is to say, those who were still living; and all these virtuous men have by degrees crushed the monster of anarchy. It was Legendre who denounced Condorcet, accusing him of having sought to raise the department of the Aisne.

CAMBON.—The law proposed by Buzot, which should oblige every deputy to give an account of his fortune since the Legislative and Constituent Assemblies, and to justify the causes of its augmentation, have always been most strongly opposed by the Mountain party; Cambon found it bad, he who affected at the tribune to flatter the multitude. Whoever touched this string was an ally of the foreign courts. We could never put any law in execution that would force them to empty their pockets, though we never refused ourselves to give an account of our fortune.

Cambon

Cambon exercised a sort of dictature on the finances, and began first to sport with the emission of assignats. He was desirous of proscribing stock-jobbing; and why did not Cambon shut up the exchange sooner, as Claviere has never ceased to demand since 1791? This was going straight to the root of the evil. It was Cambon who pal-
fied, and persecuted the genius and talents of Claviere, because he was acquainted with his superiority over those miserable plagiarists who strove to bewilder him with their narrow conceptions, by suggesting to him ruinous or illusory expedients. The disaster of our finances was entirely the work of the Mountain party; and if any amongst them affected to denounce subaltern dilapidators at the tribune, it was only to reserve to himself the right of favouring the dilapidator in chief. Why did Cambon remain so long himself at the head of the finances? because he was the accomplice of those anarchists who were also knaves, and with whom he afterwards formed a coalition.

MARAT.—This wretch, born in the country of Neufchatel, in Switzerland, at first a beggar, then a quack, who united meanness of figure and of style to that of character and of understanding, and whose insolence at the tribune was even ludicrous, will nevertheless claim more than one page in history from his inconceivable deification, and his death, which sent a young heroine to the tomb.

tomb. History will cite this vile demagogue, who has dishonoured the Pantheon, and all those who lodged him there, and excited a blind multitude to pillage and to crime; yet this wretch would not have dared to have become a preacher of atheism; there was, therefore, something more abominable in the world than Marat, which was the spirit of Chaumette and of Hebert, that is, the *Jacobin-Cordelier Spirit*. The hypocrite Robespierre was conscious that he should have the general consent of mankind in his favour in overturning these wretches; but in re-acknowledging the Supreme Being, the physiognomy of impiety was not less visible. Why? Because on that day he, in reality, put himself in the place of the Deity whose existence he commanded us to acknowledge.

FOULON.—Foulon, who was hung in the Place de Greve, decapitated, and then dragged through the streets, had lived in such a manner, that one could scarcely pity his fate. I do not know whether he had any presentiment of his destiny, but he had not only caused a report of his death to be spread, he even ordered the ceremony of his own interment at his estate of Houvein. The corpse of a servant which passed for his own was carried thither, and buried with all the honours due to a seigneur. He left several millions, and an execrated memory. A porte-feuille of M. Berthier Sauvigny was found, and contained his

condemnation. He had gone into his generality to put out of the way certain letters respecting the wheat transaction, so fatal and so badly explained. It was his own peasants who arrested him, and who, joined by the soldiery, formed that terrible escort which led him to the Hotel de Ville. La Fayette threw himself on his knees to obtain time to give him a trial, but in vain; the rage was such, that they scarcely took time to hang him.

LA HARPE, *Bonnet-Rouge*.—The symbol of liberty, which was venerated at the beginning of the Revolution, has been profaned since I have seen it on the head of Dumourier.

In one of the assemblies of the republican Lyceum, La Harpe, haranguing with warmth, said, "It is asserted that the bonnet-rouge consolidates republican heads; I declare that it almost melts mine," and he took it off.

The next day appeared the following advertisement. "To be sold, a bonnet-rouge, lined with three-coloured taffeta, with a rich silk tuft. Speak to the porter at Panekoukes, and ask for the Little Lucan. You will find him day and night at his office. He will take in exchange a wig with three tails in the academical style. Besides, if the purchaser of the bonnet-rouge would subscribe for the *Harpiana*, or collection of bon-mots, by the author of Gustavus, he should have the bookseller's allowance. This work

" is printed, and would already have appeared,
 " but the eulogium which the author is to make
 " in a few journals of which he is compiler, is
 " not yet inserted."

THE ABBE DE BOISLAINETTE.—He was a curious man, chaplain of the Parisian National Guard: he characterized the vow of ecclesiastical chastity as an insane, sacrilegious, anti-social vow, &c. " But," exclaimed he eloquently, " what power can absolve us from this vow? Rome. At that holy court nothing is finished. Business goes on so slowly—so slowly!—and our marriage is a thing so pressing—so pressing! and I, one of the chaplains of the Parisian army, am so pressed—so pressed to give it a good soldier! —Sorbonne, take thy cap, and pronounce—censure, if thou wilt, excommunicate, anathematize, I do not fear thy thunder. *Vel duo, vel nemo*, this is the only thesis which I present to thee. It is found—it is sublime. If thou dar'st tear it, the king of nature will condemn thee, and approve me. With his approbation I will pass by thine. How can religion, the religion of him who cursed the barren fig-tree, make a crime, a pleasure, which angels bless around the nuptial bed, covering their faces with their wings, for fear, without doubt, of envying earth that happiness which is not found in heaven. Is it then so easy a thing to dash out one's heart against the steps of the sanctuary?

“The Bernards, the Benedicts, the Dominicks,
“tamed their bodies, but it was in frozen ponds,
“iron hoops on thorns and nettles; and their
“skin, without doubt, from the discipline, be-
“came hard as a negro’s hide. They all declar-
“ed, that it was a more difficult thing to preserve
“their virginity than to raise the dead. St. Brid-
“get assures us, that in her lifetime she saw se-
“veral ecclesiastics in hell who had turned to the
“prejudice of the species the attraction given to
“multiply it.” These words are a commentary
on those of St. Basil. I have never known what
a woman is, and yet I am not a virgin. The
Prieur of the Chartreux permitted the novice Se-
quier to ring the bell every time he felt irregular
desires, in order that his brethren might meet to
pray for him. The community was wearied with
praying, and the child of *Bruno* felt that there would
be less evil in becoming Chancellor of France. “If
“the clergy, still haughty and hypocritical, for ever
“jealous of the useless reputation of saints,” says
M. Manuel, from whom I borrow this article,
“pretended that those who held a god in their
“hands, and see queens at their feet, ought not to
“descend as low as the wants of the vulgar, I
“will unveil the libertine works of those celestial
“missionaries, who consign to hell the passions of
“tender and feeling hearts. I hold in my hand
“the letter of the *inspector*, the *procès verbal* of
“the *commissary*, the confession signed by the delin-
“quent,

“quent, and the receipt of his superior, to whom
“he was carried back, without doubt, when he
“had not wherewith to purchase his pardon, &c.
“&c.” The author, whom I have just cited afterwards gives the numerous curious and authentic list of all the *tonfured* taken in the fact by the police in places where canonically they ought not to be found.

DESPREMENIL.—When the court held a parliament prisoner in the sanctuary of justice, and broke down the door of that tribunal whose moderation would have spared it the blow by which it was overturned (for it was by this blow that the throne was really struck), this counsellor at the Parliament of Paris acted a considerable part. It was he, perhaps, who determined the first shock of the Revolution. He had devoted himself under the despotism of the court with a courage worthy a true Roman; but he was noble, deputy of the nobility; and, after having raised all the parliaments against the royal authority, he became its humble valet.

This change was not rare among so many men seemingly born to be republicans. Mirabeau was retrograding when he was stopt by poison. It might have been said, that he remembered the committee of the thirty tyrants of Athens, which weighed more heavily on the republic than a single Pisistratus.

The

The conversion of Despremenil is attributed to Madame de Polignac, who, at a dinner of ceremony, said aloud, "Put the *sceaux* before M. de "Despremenil." She spoke of the water-glasses, but it was reported that he beheld in this pun the message of his nomination to be Minister of Justice. He was a slight man, when he was not embroidered by the magistrature; and the tribune, which had destroyed so many men who had been reputed eloquent, discovered but a barrister instead of an orator. He met with a few cuffs on the day called the day of poignards; and on his return from Coblenz, having been met on the terrace of Feuillants, he had nearly become the victim of the people. Pethion came to his assistance: Pethion was then in all his glory. Despremenil, all over bloody, said to the Mayor of Paris, whom he did not love, "*And I also, Sir, have been carried about in triumph by the people.*"

PITT and COBOURG.—These two names have been repeated to satiety. It is not less true, however, that Pitt has been the most determined subsidizer that has ever been seen in the annals of the world—he will lose his guineas. Pitt in his way has acted a part as obstinate and as ignorant as Robespierre. His hatred had only one direction, it was neither ingenious nor inventive, it blinded him, and all the evil he has done us will fall on his own country.

As

As for Saxe Cobourg, prince, and German general, who commanded the Austrian troops four years ago, after having been beaten several times by our republicans, this great master of the art has speedily placed his talents, his reputation, and his glory, under shelter, owning that he understood nothing of the tactic of our military scholars.

MONSIEUR.—Things wear out from frequent use, *words* wear out when we use them no longer. That of *Monfieur* is an instance. The word *citizen* has almost generally taken its place, but not without considerable difficulty.

In a primary assembly, on a nominal appeal, the president called each member, who was a little rich, *Monfieur*, and the rest by their surname only. He called over in this manner the name of a young vine-dresser. "I was waiting you," he exclaimed. "Why do you make distinctions among the citizens? Why do you not call me *Monfieur*, as you have just called my neighbour? Have you forgotten the new politeness of equality? Don't you remember that every one of us here is *Monfieur*, or that nobody is?"

In all the offices whatever of administration, in all tribunals, the word *Monfieur* is proscribed.

LOISEROLLES.—History will unfold the general views of the decemvirate in the invention of that system, and its principal combination with the war

war of Vendee, as well as the infernal project of its application to every part of the republic; such a poison could have been infused only by the hostile cabinets.

How was it possible to find so many jailors, so many obsequious executioners, so many applauders who followed the funeral carts, who counted the number of the victims, calculating with horrible insensibility if the number increased or diminished. The theatre of the guillotine never wanted a circle of spectators. They talked of fixing a stone trough under the scaffold, and making pipes to carry off the blood; the architect had already traced the plan of this construction, and now let us calumniate the arts! Amidst so many victims, there is one name which can never be forgotten, because it recalls all the heroism of paternal affection.

The unfortunate Loiserolles received at the Conciergerie an act of accusation which was intended for his son. He said not a word, but obeyed the intimation of the clerk, who ordered him to go to the office. He hies away, concealing his joy that in sacrificing his own life he should preserve that of his son. The mistake was not discovered, because he had done every thing to render it complete. He trembled lest his son, who was ignorant of this act of devotedness, should come and claim his place. This venerable old man, tied to the plank, exclaimed, "I have succeeded."

"ceded," and he received, no doubt, without regret the stroke of death. But as if heaven had waited for this last and generous victim to manifest all its wrath, avenging justice at length displayed itself; that very day it thundered on guilt; that very day the tyrants were hurled headlong, and all these decemvirs, drunk with blood, mounted the scaffold the next day.

Never was there impressed on any criminal a more terrible seal of reprobation than that which marked the agony of Robespierre. Half killed by his brother's hand or his own (for the version is still doubtful), his face wrapped up with bloody rags, pursued by the imprecations and cries of joy of the people, reading on every brow the pleasure of vengeance, and the fall of his hideous system, ascending the scaffold as I had foretold him in the days of his omnipotence; insulted by the executioner, who tore off with indignation the dressings of his wounds; if he did not at that moment believe in the retribution of divine justice, he was only an automaton, who had issued from hell to punish mankind. But no—I think he must have been astonished, and even complained that he did not see all his accomplices around him, many of them still live—but let us wait, and see what will be their end.

It has been said, and repeated, that Robespierre wished to save the seventy-three representatives of the people, detained for their firm and generous protest

protest against the 31st of May; this is not true. Robespierre retained us as hostages to keep the *Cote Droit* under, and we were to have been murdered the night preceding the 9th Thermidor. We saw all the apparatus of our death, arms, flambeaux, every thing was ready; the holes were dug, and the signal was expected. O holy Providence whom I adore! thou deignedst to favour me on that night with the softest sleep and celestial dreams! It entered into thy designs that the seventy-three should not perish! they were innocent, and they would have saved France from the terrible evils it suffered. No, I have never feared death. I had a secret feeling that the Author of all good and of all justice would make us triumph. In these times of oppression and calamity, my pillow was always soft. Can you, Robert Lindet, say as much? And thou, savage Amar, I remember thy crocodile tears, when thou camest to visit us at the Madelonettes, after having assassinated the twenty-two. And how camest thou to believe in the duration of thy power? Thou knowest neither thyself nor mankind! Thou wert savage, and feeldest no remorse! Thou mightest as well live as perish under a guilty avenging hand. We pardon thee from contempt.

LOUYET.—He had a hard and brutal father, with an ordinary mind, who could neither see nor feel the merit of his son. From hence probably that hatred of tyrants was excited in his mind, and

and which was extinguished only with his life. He attacked the throne, he denounced Robespierre, he called for the act of accusation of Capet's brothers; he became an obstinate and indignant opposer of the nobility, that usurping cast, the continual obstacle to every display of greatness and energy in the nation. He was republican to his latest breath, while every kind of insult was lavished on him. There are certain moments when the virtuous man, eager to repel insolence and injustice, is tempted to treat with lightness the esteem of mankind; but Louvet, although above the clamours of calumny, answered them. He was fighting continually and always standing in the breach.

The universal blindness of the capital with respect to Robespierre, emboldened the conspirators, the partizans of virtue were abandoned, but our republicanism will remain without spot or blemish. I shared in all Louvet's opinions; as a reward of his virtues and talents, why did he not live to see the 18th of Fructidor!

CHAP. XXXVII.

ANECDOTES.

M. DUHAMEL, a merchant of Paris, wishing to continue his journey from Rome to Naples, went to our ambassador to have a passport. The ambassador asked him, if he had seen the revolt at Paris. "*What revolt?*" replied the citizen. "What revolt! the revolt of Paris, that of July." "*I do not understand you.*" The secretary of the embassy took up the conversation. "*Monseigneur asks if you have seen the Revolution?*" "Oh, yes! I have seen the French Revolution."—"What difference, Sir," replied the ambassador, "do you find between a revolt and a revolution?"—"This difference," retorted the citizen; "*Slaves revolt against their master: a free people who resume their rights make a revolution. You see now why I could not comprehend you.*" Those who have been present at the sittings of the French Senate know how noisy they sometimes were. The decree which ordered the sale of ecclesiastical estates, excited, as might have been supposed, very loud cries among the tonsures. Every member of the clergy arose, changed place every moment, in order to increase the noise which his brother

brother in aristocracy made. A lady, out of patience with all this brawling, cried out—" Gentlemen, they meant to shave you, but if you make so much stir you will be cut."

CHAP. XXXVIII.

RED BOOK.

Who is there at present unacquainted with the Red-Book? This book has gained over a crowd of honest men to the cause of patriotism. It has strengthened the weak, convinced the unbelieving, enlightened the blind, inspired the upright with more courage, filled every civic mind with generous energy and sacred indignation; and, in this point of view, it is the most eloquent and useful pamphlet that has ever appeared. Eternal thanks to the courageous members of the Committee of Pensions, who, after numerous efforts, tore it at length from the hands of ministers, whose crimes it laid open to the day.

The 1st of December 1789, M. le Camus denounced to the National Assembly the existence of the Red-Book. It was a thick, elegant register, bound in Turkey leather, with gilt edges, and which

which contained a list of the pensions, of which some were as follows :

On the first leaf was a German Prince, who had four pensions: the first for his services as colonel, the second for his services as colonel, the third for his services as colonel, the fourth for his services as colonel. Total of the pensions of this German Prince, forty thousand, forty-eight livres.

M. Claverie de Bamire, four pensions. The first and the second, because he was at the same time secretrary interpreter of two foreign regiments, who wanted no interpreter, and who were in garrison, one in the East, and the other in the West; the third, because he was clerk in the War-Office; the fourth, because he was clerk in the War-Office. Total, twenty-three thousand four hundred sixty-nine livres, of which four thousand seven hundred and fifty were revertible to his wife and children, &c. under the fine title of *reserve*.

M. de Gallois de la Tour, first President and Intendant in Provence, in honour of whom M. Barentin caused two medals to be engraved in the newspapers, twenty-two thousand seven hundred and twenty livres, in three pensions; the first, as first president and intendant; the second, as intendant and first president; the third, *for the same considerations as those above-mentioned*. I copy faithfully the text.

Madame

Madame Isam, twenty-four thousand nine hundred and eighty livres, *to favour her marriage, and in consideration of her services.*

M. Claude François Moreau, whose valiant pen was employed for half a century in giving lessons of slavery to the nations of the earth, had only a pension of twenty-one thousand livres. It is but little: there are trades which one cannot pay too much.

Every one knows that in France the quality of Grand-Master of the Barbers' Company procured M. d'Amdouillé, first surgeon to the king, sixty-two thousand livres, to be taken on the produce of the strokes of razors given every year on all the chins in the kingdom. Will it after this be believed, that M. d'Amdouillé had need of a pension of nine thousand nine hundred livres on the royal treasury?

It has been said in the National Assembly, that there were dead persons who regularly received the pensions, which they obtained during their lives. I like better the pensions conferred on individuals who never existed, and who perhaps never will exist; such as, four thousand livres to the person who shall marry Madame de Baschi, mistress of Monsieur.

With respect to Mademoiselle Hue de Mironnil, pensioned in consideration of her marriage, she is really alive, so her pension is eight thousand livres.

M. Blan-

M. Blanchet, four thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven livres, in consideration of past services, and four thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven livres in consideration of his future services. Total, nine thousand four hundred and fifty-four livres. Madame la Marquise de *Havacourt de Mailly*, fourteen thousand six hundred and fifty-one livres, in three pensions; the first, *by continuation*; the second, *without motive*; the third, for *salaries retained*. M. Hamelin, twenty-one thousand livres, in consideration of the modicity of his charge of receiver-general of the finances. *Of the modicity!* Readers, never forget the article of M. Hamelin, a time will come when we shall talk, by our fire-side, of the wonders of which we were witnesses, as old nurses relate the voyages of Sindbad the Sailor, and the story of the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood—*hoc meminisse juvabit*.

This modicity of M. Hamelin brings to my mind an old officer named M. Segrave, who lost an arm fifty-four years since at the siege of *Fribourg*, and who never was able to obtain the four sols a-day which the ordnance grants to every mutilated officer. O M. Hamelin! how many four sols a-day on your general receipt of finances, and you are not satisfied, M. Hamelin! You really want a pension of twenty-one thousand livres! I make a motion that the four sols demanded by M. Segrave be given to M. Hamelin,
that

that a thousand crowns of M. Hamelin's pension be given to M. Segrave, and that the remaining eighteen thousand livres be restored to the nation.

In general, it was observed that the Red-Book was a record of pensions to a great number of women, *comme il faut* ; to clerks and secretaries, *comme il n'en faudroit pas* ; and to a few military men, *comme il en faudroit beaucoup*. In the list of the women, we find a lady near Avranches, who had twelve hundred livres pension for having received a colonel several times at her table. It was well ascertained that it was at her table.

After having spoken of the Red-Book, in one of the sittings of the National Assembly, M. le Camus denounced another book, entitled, "Book of Salaries." This was the younger brother of the Red-Book, and contains, like the eldest, a list of turpitudes and crimes of courtiers and ministers. A member of the *Coté Noir* having asked, by way of derision, what the book was covered with? "With the blood of the people," answered Barnave, vehemently.

CHAP. XLIII.

IS THE GUILLOTINE A MILD PUNISHMENT?

THE National Assembly of France, influenced, without doubt, by principles of humanity, consulted several persons in 1791, to know if in a case where the law pronounced the sentence of death against a criminal, it would be possible to find the means of rendering the sufferer in some sort insensible to pain. The instrument known under the name of the guillotine was proposed; the academy of surgery was consulted; many experiments were made on corpses, to verify if the division of the neck was instantaneous, and it was unanimously agreed, that this instrument, by which the head was separated from the trunk in an indivisible moment, extinguished life in the shortest time possible. Of the truth of this assertion no doubt was entertained. No one imagined that after the *detruncation*, there could exist the least pain, the slightest degree of sensibility, either in the head or the trunk, when those parts were separated from each other. Never amongst any people has it been conjectured, that life, and consequently sensibility, could survive, even for a few moments,

moments, this mutilation. Nevertheless, the contrary opinion seems to have gained credit for some time past. Some fears began to be entertained that we have been deceived in this point, and that we pronounced with too much precipitation in 1791. Some persons seriously enquire if it be true, that he who has just been beheaded by the action of the machine in question, suffers no longer when the head is separated from the trunk. Others think they discover in the convulsive motion of the muscles of the face immediately after the execution, the signs of exquisite pain, and an evidence of sensibility not yet extinguished. They even go so far as to dwell upon the grief and regrets of those whose friends or relations have perished by this punishment, in reflecting that a head, separated from the body, has the consciousness of pain; that life remains as long as there is heat. They are afraid lest the idea of pain should be in this head, as it is in the stump of a man who has undergone the amputation of a limb, and who suffers from this member, though it be no more.

All these reasonings fall of themselves if the person executed dies instantly. It is therefore only a simple question of anatomy. Now it is well known, that there exists in man two organs so necessary, so essential to life, that it ceases as soon as the action of either is discontinued. One of these organs is the brain, the other the heart.

It is on this account that they are called vital organs; human life cannot subsist without their action. Thus a wound in the heart is necessarily mortal; and a hurt in the brain, great enough to hinder this organ from acting, is also necessarily mortal. In both cases, quickness of death is in the ratio of the quickness with which the heart or brain cease to act. This is a truth affirmed in every book of art, and there does not exist a single treatise of regular physick, in which it is not very particularly asserted, that every hurt capable of making the action either of the heart or the brain cease, is necessarily mortal; that is to say, that life and all sensibility cease at the moment when the heart ceases its functions, and reciprocally, that life ceases, and sentiment is extinguished, the moment the brain discontinues to act. It is thus that we see those die instantly who are attacked with a strong fit of apoplexy, a disease which, when carried to a high degree, leaves the brain without motion. In the same manner we die suddenly, though the brain be not affected, when, from any cause, a rupture or wound be made in the heart, which suddenly stops its motions. Now it is demonstrated to whoever will in the least degree reflect, that not only the heart, but also the brain, discontinues acting, as soon as the head of a man is separated from the rest of his body. In this case, death itself is instantaneous. Death would not be

long, and the pain would not be prolonged, but in as much as the cessation of either of these vital functions should operate slowly, which is impossible, since at the very instant in which the *detruncation* is compleat, the dreadful hemorrhage of the vessels, both of the head and the trunk, puts an end both to the action of the heart and the brain. If any one is curious to know if the patient really suffers, and for what time, it may be answered, that his pain is in the ratio of the time that the keen instrument takes to operate the detruncation.

We may conjecture that if it be done in a second, the patient only suffers a second; but we should deceive ourselves still in adopting this calculation, probable as it may seem, since bodily pain always supposes, in order to be felt distinctly by him who undergoes it, a reflection, a thought, a sentiment, in a word, an intellectual function. Now how can this function of the mind take place, when the organ by which it acts exists no longer? It is clear, therefore, that the action, both of the heart and brain, cease instantaneously, and there can neither be pain nor sensibility in a body deprived of life.

One of the most learned physicians of the last age, has answered before-hand every enquirer on this subject. Wippen, in his Treatise on the Apoplexy, expresses himself thus: "The punishment of decollation clearly proves what indis-
pensable

“ pensable need the brain, during the whole
“ course of life, has of the continual action of
“ the heart. For as soon as the head is sepa-
“ rated from the body, all sentiment and motion
“ are extinct, even in the head; *omnes sensus et mo-*
“ *tus animalis, etiam in capite, moriuntur.*” What may
deceive those who have not the first notions of
anatomy, is the palpitation of the flesh, the irrita-
bility of the muscles, which subsist more or less
as the body is warm; but this irritability, or this
muscular contraction, in a body which has not
yet lost its heat, though deprived of life, cannot
excite the slightest sensibility, with which it
ought never to be confounded. Never has any
one thought that when a worm or an eel is cut
into several pieces, the sensibility of the animal
can be excited by irritating with the point of a
pin any one of the pieces detached from the rest,
though all taken separately are irritable during a
certain space of time. What we say is so truly
verified by every anatomist, that from the origin
of this science to the present day, there is not a
single person who has adopted a proposition con-
trary to that which we have presented *.

* I am indebted for these observations to Captain Lassus,
my friend and colleague at the National Institute.

CHAP. XLIV.

NEW CRIES.

EARLY in the morning we hear the cry of the newspapers. Simple projects of decrees are transformed into laws, and a whole neighbourhood reason upon, or are affrighted at, what is never to take place. The people, who have been a thousand times deceived by these faithless news-hawkers, do not pay the less attention to the vociferator. Every mind is alert, and if the Legislative Body occasions any sensations of terror, it is in the brazen throats of these indefatigable hawkers. In the evening they run through the streets with other newspapers, and make the same brawling; and there are some names, such as *Ethienne Feillant*, the *Postillon de Calais*, *Poutlier*, *Representant du Peuple*! which have been repeated an hundred times more than all those of kings, of emperors, and of great writers of any age past or present. Coffee-houses and smoking-rooms are in motion at the voice of the news-kawker. The shop-boy seizes on the flying leaf, the brawler takes the piece of money, and is gone in an instant. It is he who can attain with quickest step the distant Fauxbourg, where
the

the poor stockholder, who goes to bed without candle, hears that they have been very busily employed about him, but without giving him any thing.

Victories and conspiracies, battles and revolts, the death of generals, the arrival of ambassadors—all is published *pele-mele*. The news-writer, for two sols, kills a person who is alive and in good health; he would announce the end of the government, as Lalande announces the end of the world, if he had been told to cry the great treason of the Directory, and the murder of the Legislative Body.

Legislation, policy, and diplomacy, are at the mercy of these cryers, who disfigure names, distort expressions, and in the cross-streets make such a subversion of geography, that the north and the south are confounded together, and the affairs of Rome are transacted at Ratisbon.

The people who listen to all this terrible nonsense, make their commentaries on it as they go to rest; and heaven knows how instructive the narrations of hair-dressers become the next day. Sometimes these absurd reports are raked together, and entrusted to the post, and all the follies which the most extravagant and most anti-political dreamer could invent, circulate in the little towns of the departments, and have no other foundation than the cries of the streets of Paris.

Vainly

Vainly has it been attempted to impose silence on those commentators. They pretend that they are privileged heralds; a sound might be imprisoned sooner than their persons.

A multitude of little retailers hawk in every corner of the streets, objects of small mercery, and bawl so as almost to stun each other, the price of their merchandize; a few ends of candles, which the wind melts, cover with tallow their warehouses three feet long; and though the price be very low, you always purchase too dear, since it is the refuse of all the manufactures.

Formerly at the door of the playhouses, when a puppy went out between the two pieces, all the link-boys were bellowing, "Your carriage M. le Marquis, M. le Chevalier, M. le Comte?" they substitute at present the names of Captain, of General, of Commissary. They are become more familiar, present their hand to the fine ladies, calling them Citoyennes; and offering a cabriolet, observing that two can sit very conveniently; they assume an insolent tone of gaiety, and indifferent to all parties, they treat with as little ceremony the dog-eared gentry, as the Jacobin scratch.

The eloquence of the tribune has perhaps formed, or given boldness to all those orators at the corners of streets, who talk with one another of great motions, of some famous conspiracy discovered,

discovered, and sometimes apostrophizè the passengers. The street-porters call all those who displease them, aristocrats. They pass their time in chattering about politics, and have contracted an air of assurance which becomes still more remarkable, as they make you pay a triple salary for the least services.

As for the ballad-fingers, we may judge to what point they have carried the abuse of their privileges. One of them called Pitou, had acquired so numerous an auditory, that the guard did not dare interrupt him in his warbling functions. Every time he spoke of the republick, he clapt his hand on his backside. He was arrested and carried to the Criminal Tribunal; he answered the Public Accuser, that in the gesture with which he was reproached, he had no other intention than looking for his snuff-box. After having been twenty-two times imprisoned for his couplets, and his singing, he carried the matter to such a pitch, that he was at last condemned to banishment.

This Pitou was a kind of Diogenes, but he did not live at Athens.

The proclamations of newspaper-hawkers had nearly overturned the republican government. Every thing is composed of infinitesimals.

CHAP. XLV:

NEW ROBBERS.

In the midst of this deluge of all the human passions, and when we had agitated and beat the pond, it was impossible that the mud should not rise to the surface, and trouble the purity of the waters.

There are therefore bands of robbers, whose numbers increase every day with their audacity. Considerable robberies are committed, nay, even conspiracies are formed, and yet the police is active; but it has, like other institutions, its alternatives of force and weakness; it was itself corrupted.

The Revolutionary Committees had no great interest to pursue those wretches, who, under different dresses, glide into houses, make their remarks, and afterwards hie to their rendezvous, where they discuss the robberies they premeditate.

The new robbers are much more daring than the old; they recommend to him who is to enter first, in case the door is forced, not to busy himself about the minuties, such as linen and other effects; but to seize the jewels, plate, and
objects

objects of value; leaving the rest to the *petits paigres*, which, in their cant, means a secondary order of thieves. They never forget to menace stoutly whomever they suspect of being cowardly enough to *manger le morceau*, that is, to discover the theft.

They have under their orders active citizens, (it is so they call them by way of derision), whose business it is to carry off portefeuilles, which they call *luc*; and for this purpose they go to the doors of the theatres, where they form a crowd. The most adroit marches foremost, followed slowly by his *aides-de-camp*, he presses on, feeling the pockets which he wishes to lighten; and when he finds a *luc* which is sufficiently bulky, and which he thinks it easy to filch, he seizes it by an art which is peculiar to the profession, and which I cannot describe; he passes it very dexterously to him who is behind him, so that if by chance he should be arrested, he cannot be convicted of the crime; and in this case there have been some who have pushed their impudence so far, as to cause the unfortunate plaintiff to be arrested, and carried to the Committee of the Section, where, in the brilliant days of Robespierre, the robber found comrades, surety, and protection.

They have places which they call *tapis francs*, where they share the fruit of their labours. They have also receivers, such as Jews, dealers in gold, pawn-

pawnbrokers, who buy from them, at a very low price, the objects which they have stolen, and change their form instantly.

Those who have any doubt of the existence of these knaves, may go the public audience of the Criminal Tribunal; they are easily discovered, motionless, silent, examining the attack and the defence, moving their lips, and as it were suggesting to the prisoner his answers. It is there that they study our criminal code, and take advantage of every point which an ignorance of the deep perversity of the human heart may have dictated to legislators too philosophic.

When their comrade sinks under the terrible day of conviction and of truth, his silence is rewarded, and he is not abandoned. The plan of death being abolished, he is placed on the *tabouret*. But there, superior to affront, disdaining public shame, he receives tender salutations of the eye from his companions and from the strumpets, their obsequious mistresses; when I say obsequious, it is because they were not unacquainted with the thefts of the band.

It is a received axiom that it is very easy to escape the galleys, that they are quit for a short journey; which is the reason why the new thieves are more perverted than the old ones, that they have carried their effrontery and insolence to such an excess that they give no signs of repentance, and brave death with impiety.

We

We have seen women condemned to the *faubouret*, the first punishment which the law inflicts, and which precedes reclusion, or the punishment of the galleys, for men; we have seen these women take up their petticoats, and insult the passengers by their obscene expressions; but as this act of depravity was growing into an habit, the executioner was ordered to fasten their petticoats, and tie their hands.

Having exercised three times the office of jurymen at the Criminal Tribunal in the department of Paris, I have never quitted the court without having my mind sensibly affected for the loss of that moral instinct, of which, in several criminals, not the slightest vestige remains. No! there is no more hypocrisy! Vice and crime have their apologies and their apologists. The counsel for the prisoners, either from inattention, or from the vanity of exhibiting their talents, have de-naturalized every word that implied morality. Alas! how can any one, for a pecuniary recompence, determine to whet the poignard which may be turned against society, and against himself! A greater motive for grief and affliction is, that the *gradins*, (the name of the benches of the Criminal Tribunal in which the prisoners sit), are frequently filled with women who are bold before the judges, where they assume the audaciousness of the men, and want only a club in their hands. Let us hope that these creatures are only the impure remains

remains of those women who used to pass the morning in bawling at the tribunes, or pushing on the Revolutionary Tribunal, who in the afternoon insulted the misfortunes of the victims whom the decemvirs sent to the scaffold, and crowned their day's work by going to the Jacobins in the evening.

The people are susceptible of every impulse! The frequency of punishments, the sight of blood, have induced men to despise not only death, but still more, infamy. In their dungeons they jest on the guillotine, and make a sort of rehearsal of their execution, with shouts of laughter: and the fifty-seven days which I passed with these malefactors, when I was thrust amongst them, because there was no room elsewhere; these fifty-seven days, in which I thought I inhabited a new world, will be lost neither for history, nor for the knowledge of the human heart. Oh! abominable Decemvirs, if you only *killed* men!

CHAP. XLVI.

NINTH OF MARCH 1793.

How were the deputies, who were friends to order, continually insulted, while Marat and his adherents were triumphant! Marat sounded the tocsin on the shop-keepers; the pillage began at day-break; all the shops were taken possession of; sugar, candles, soap, and other commodities were taken off. A sentiment of remorse afterwards takes possession of these pillagers; they tax the merchandize themselves, and then seize it without any resistance, whether the shop-keeper will take the price or not.

No doubt the commune was in connivance with the chiefs of the mob; for it was intended to have given much greater extent to this visit. When they saw that the disorder did not go far enough, and that the mob did not hang up the tradesmen at their shop-doors, the municipal officers, who were informed of what was to take place the next day, affected an air of wishing to put a stop to the pillage.

Marat was denounced to the Convention for this provocation to anarchy, which assuredly was not doubtful; he satisfied himself with replying

to

to his accusers, that they were *hogs, fools*, and fit only to be sent to the mad-house. This new kind of eloquence was familiar to the club of the Cordeliers, the Jacobins, the Commune, and in the permanent assemblies of the sections; it was in this manner they answered us. The organization of the Revolutionary Tribunal was formed amidst the terrible roarings of these armed assassins, who had marched on the Convention to exterminate all the *Coté Droit*; but they made so much noise, uttered such shocking exclamations, and observed so little mystery in their proceedings, that we were informed of their designs. A considerable shower of rain which fell at that moment, did not a little contribute to disperse the conspirators. Not being able to massacre the deputies of the *Coté Droit*, the Montagnards ordered the printing offices of such journalists to be destroyed, as were enemies to anarchy; and it was at this epocha that Danton, who two days before, and in order the better to attain his end, had caused the passing of a law, which set at liberty all prisoners confined for debt, and abolished arrest, proposed anew to break entirely the executive power, and to chuse its future ministers from the Convention.

No person of common sense can believe that this Danton was a republican. He never was so. Director of the fatal days of the 31st of May and 2d of June, ordered and paid for by the fo-

reign powers, he had made propositions for taking the little Capet from the Temple, of parading him in his arms through Paris, and of getting himself named his tutor. On the other hand, Robespierre, in the delirium of his pride, and blinded by a series of success which had turned his narrow head, aimed at nothing less than marrying the daughter of Lewis the XVIth, and causing himself to be proclaimed Protector.

Among these wretches, it was he who should concentrate most authority in his hands; raised from the lowest state of misery to a sort of opulence, there was no chimera with which they did not feed their devouring appetite. Leagued at first to reign under the shadow of the tutelage of the child, which they would have made away with when their power should have been consolidated; and divided afterwards, because each was willing to have the glory of placing the Dauphin on the throne; but they could not commit this anti-republican crime before they had crushed the Gironde, who had founded the republic, and willed it.

The party of Orleans was fallen, because the nullity of the man was clear; the most shameless could have no reliance on him. Figure to yourselves, if you can, a multitude of wretches, sullied with crimes, intriguers greedy for spoil, covered with shame, escaping from the places of their birth, enrolled on this great theatre where they

they are not known, proud of acting, for the first time, a part, and opening a large road to fortune; having neither home, nor relations, nor friends; so much the more bold in their impudence, as they reaped on another's soil; such was the picture of the capital at this epocha.

Wretches from every country, adventurers of every rank, motion-makers of every age, were fallen into the Popular Societies, preferring the most extravagant speeches, and uttering the most sanguinary wishes. They were listened to, surrounded, and the more strokes they aimed at rational liberty, the more were they applauded; brawlers of morality, panegyrists of demagogy, and covered with the *bonnet rouge*, they were themselves astonished at the credit they acquired for talents; and Albitte, the huissier, could not make out how he became a Demosthenes.

CHAP. XLVII.

FRIENDS OF THE BLACKS.

WE shall never perhaps know with certainty what was the direct and entire tenor of that famous convention signed at Pilnitz, in the course

of the year 1790; but it appears evidently that a certain cabinet sent in its plans, which gives sufficient certainty that they were directed to bring about the greatest disasters in France. Let us judge from the question brought before the English Parliament respecting the slave-trade. This was a snare laid by Pitt for the imbecility of our levellers; they did not wish it to be said, that England should appear single in reclaiming the rights of man. They were the dupes of this minister. The society of the Friends of the Negroes was instituted, I perceived the snare, and would never suffer my name to be inscribed on these lists, which presented the names of many humane, but short-sighted men. Pitt and his adherents caused the question to be adjourned from year to year, satisfied in seeing us fall into their ambushes, and too certain that the civil torches lighted in our colonies, would for ever dissuade England from resuming this question.

In the same manner the twenty thousand pair of shoes, which the English offered to the National Convention, for our soldiers, who were running bare-footed after victory, was a stratagem of Pitt's, conceived to humble the French nation; and what is most strange is, no one perceived it; so remote were they from believing that any one would sport thus with a great Assembly.

One of the heads of the society of the Friends of the Negroes was Valadi, ci-devant officer of the Guards, and since a deputy; who from sentiment, philosophy, and love of the people, had abandoned the cause of the killers. In the affair of the Negroes, his heart and his want of experience deceived him, but he discovered the snare when it was too late. He expiated this error in inlisting against the Robespierrian and Decemviral faction, and he died under the blows of those ferocious assassins.

And whilst they were pleading for the cause of the Blacks, the door was opened in the colonies to burnings and murders; and the Mulattoes threw themselves between the Blacks and the Whites, and became at the same time their most dangerous friends, and their most implacable enemies.

Every conversation turned on the slave-trade; it was discussed nearly in the same manner as the quarrel for the music of Gluck and Piccini, that is to say, the antagonists were neither musicians nor politicians.

CHAP. XLVIII.

MAXIMUM.

THE city was more and more tormented by the penury of subsistence, in proportion as Boissy d'Anglas raised his voice to assure the people that they were going to be supplied with abundance. He was, after Barrere, the most intrepid of liars. Bread was the object of violent contention at the doors of the bakers, after having waited at least five or six hours to obtain the small portion destined for each individual. But it was not only bread they were afraid of wanting; the immense consumption of the armies, which fell back on France, made them apprehend that meat would be soon wanting also. To prevent this, a patriotic Lent was proposed, a miserable parody of a London Fast, in order that the race of animals might have time to renew itself. The Department of Paris, which seemed to have sworn the ruin of the city, increased the public alarm by its placards, doubled the price of grain in the markets, and at length proposed the fixing a maximum on the price of articles of consumption throughout the republic, the suppression of the corn trade, the suppression of every intermediary

diary between the farmer and the consumer; in short, a general requisition of all the crops after every harvest.

In spite of the natural propensity of the Convention to sanction every measure which would ruin both France and itself, in obedience to the vociferations of the tribunes, the dangerous petition of the Department of Paris was very ill received.

Famine, like the war of the Vendee, had been prolonged even by those who appeared most desirous of finishing it. There was no bread after plentiful harvests, such was the will and the continually increasing impudence of the demagogical potentates. The Convention, tormented by them within, besieged by a multitude which every instant threatened its dissolution, decreed a maximum diminishing the price of grain, waiting till it was forced to *maximise* every other kind of merchandize.

The maximum flattered the multitude, but did not diminish those lengthening assemblies, since called *queues* (tails) by the Parisians, for ever disposed to laugh at events the most melancholy. These queues lasted more than two years, and extended to almost every object of daily consumption.

The petitioners for subsistence daily besieged the bar of the Convention, where they vented every kind of impertinence. It was the Mountain

tain party who sent them to excite a commotion, but they did not attain their end; the people suffered patiently under famine and the guillotine. They did not pretend to rise till Praireal and Vendemiaire, that is, they did not rise except when excited, hired, and directed.

The maximum was in every mouth, and the topic of conversation at the corner of every street; and, after a number of interpretations, it was said to signify *brandy*, which the multitude drank without mercy. This liquor has made a singular change in the manners of the people, of which an hoarse voice became the first physical demonstration.

The words of Boissy D'Anglas at this epocha remind us of the physician, who, when consulted on the case of a patient in danger, answered, It is nothing; to-morrow it will not appear, and the patient died the next day.

It was observed, that when cloth was at three thousand livres an ell, this circumstance was taken advantage of, to enact more frequently the part of the *Avocat Patelin*, and teach the art of swindling a shopkeeper of a piece of cloth. Never were the theatres better attended than in these days of famine. The people eat nuts and walnuts, and said, in going out, "I have saved fire" and candle, it would have cost me more in wood "and tallow at home."

The fare of a hackney-coach cost six hundred livres, which was ten livres a minute. An individual, who had been driven to his house in the evening, asked the coachman what was his fare? Six thousand livres. He took out his pocket-book, and paid him.

Every body was rich in imagination, and poor only when they came to be undeceived.

CHAP. XLIX.

STATUE OF HENRY THE FOURTH.

THE statues of the kings had been overthrown, while that of Henry the Fourth remained standing. The people were undecided whether it should fall or not. The poem of the *Henriade* militated in its favour; but he was the ancestor of a perjured king. This statue, hitherto so much venerated, underwent the same fate as the rest. What astonished me most was, what I heard said around me; "*If Ravillac killed Henry the Fourth, it was because he had seduced his sister, and left her afterwards.*" The people in the long run come at the knowledge of every thing. This fact was consigned in a manuscript of the national library.

He would have passed for a sacrilegious monster, who heretofore should have insulted this effigy. It was, if I may use the expression, a sacred image, and now it was shamelessly mutilated and trodden

trodden under foot. But the kings of France were no longer any thing but Sultans and Emperors of Persia, and had stifled all that enthusiasm which the French once felt for their monarchs.

We ought to erect in that square a monument worthy of our regeneration, and consecrate, by a colossal figure, the most splendid insurrection that has ever taken place amongst any people. The Vandals, who destroyed this great and beautiful monument, had rather have built up wooden Poinçinelles, vile emblems of overthrown federalism; and the painter David lent his pencil to those acts of infamy, doubly dishonourable for the arts, and for truth.

In erecting these wooden columns, in doing despite at once both to humanity and truth, in deifying the vilest of mortals, they were not less emphatical in repeating the *arts*, the *fine arts*, than if the Venus of Medicis, or the Apollo of Belvedere, had been formed by their chisels. It has been observed, that players and painters have acted the most absurd and most sanguinary parts in the Revolution.

David exclaimed in the Assembly of the Section of the Louvre, that “ *they might fire grape-shot on the whole body of artists without fearing to kill a single patriot.*” He wished to drink the hemlock with Robespierre, because he had made a bad picture of the death of Socrates. His extravagances were not less murderous, and I own that

that the name of David wedded to painting, gives me the same impression of horror when I think of this art, as the art itself seems to have consecrated in pictures which represent martyrs, decollations, crosses, burning furnaces, in presence of these ancient decemvirs, whom David has so well imitated in those days of crimes ! O manes of Trudaines !

CHAP. L.

REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

COULD we ever have imagined that we should have seen a tribunal erected at Paris, a thousand times more odious than the Inquisition, more inconceivable than all the tribunals of blood which have covered the world in the darkest ages ? That contrast between our writings in favour of humanity, in which we corrected the learned mass of juriconsults, in which we traced a new and rational plan of criminal procedure, and those atrocious judges, of whom we had not even formed an idea in the whole course of our lives : that theory which was made to hasten the progress of reason, and bring about the reform of our code, put in opposition with this revolutionary tribunal, renders it still more astonishing. It was the work

of the faction of the Anarchists, who were desirous of an unlimited authority, which should revert on the head of some of its founders.

A volume would be insufficient to describe so many bloody scenes. We have manifested our horror more than once against those who placed the image of Liberty amidst piles of corpses, and of those bloody clubs and judge executioners, to whom was committed the care of forming the republic.

These ruffians, disconcerted by the look of an honest man, would not have dared to assassinate without this tribunal, which was as great an evidence of the cowardice as of the ferocity of the decemvirs.

These barbarians were moreover the most ignorant of men: they had no idea of the republic of the United States; and they marked, with the seal of reprobation, a book entitled, *The Federalist*, because they did not know that the *Federalist* is precisely a work written against federalism, inasmuch as the book tended to restore every part of government to that unity, the object of Brissot's wishes, as well as of all of us who signed the proclamations to the departments, for the external security of France and its domestic union.

It was after this equivocal, perhaps involuntary, that they excited the people against the republicans by calling them Federalists, whilst by caressing the populace, they wished to invest the municipality of Paris with the government of France.

France. It was by means of this insolent and seditious unity that the revolutionary tribunal, which multiplied itself on every side, was to bend all the departments under the sceptre of the guillotine, and they would have succeeded, for all the fans-culottes were to be the informers, judges, and executioners.

Thus Brissot was made the chief of a faction which never existed, while a band of assassins, under the name of Committees of Inspection, ordered pillage and murder. He opposed the revolutionary power of the Commune of Paris; from that time he was no longer a good Jacobin; they wished to kill him, and they accomplished their design.

Roland escaped this tribunal of blood. All his writings bear the stamp of a pure mind. He felt a passion of writing for the happiness of his fellow-creatures, and was calumniated, like Brissot, because like him he had resisted the faction of the Anarchists, because he could not lie, could not tremble, and was far from associating himself to crime through weakness. His wife, endowed with a great character, an extraordinary woman, who shared in the labours of her husband, and who supported his virtues, was perhaps the most interesting victim which was sacrificed by this tribunal. She went to execution with irony and disdain on her lips, amidst a multitude incapable of appreciating her merit. Looking from the scaffold

scaffold at the Statue of Liberty, she exclaimed, "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

CHAP. LI.

BRISOTINS.

WHEN the crafty, the dangerous, the knavish Barrere, talked of nothing but of pulverizing Europe, Brissot furnished the plans which it was necessary to execute, not to brave Europe, but to humble our enemies alternately.

When Cambon, the ignorant Cambon, the first who bled France at the hollow vein, in order to satiate Pache, Bouchotte, and other anarchical chiefs, would have no allies, and exclaimed, we must break with every cabinet. Brissot adopted measures to keep England in respect, and remain on good terms with other powers.

This man, who had not gone beyond the limits of a wise and well regulated energy of character, was accused at the tribune of the Commune of Paris by Robespierre, of having sold France to the enemy. "For," said he, "they never could have entered on the French territory if they had not made a bargain with the faction of the Gironde, and of Brissot, to deliver up Paris."

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In proportion as light is thrown upon the odious projects of the Anarchists, we discover, with much greater probability, that it was Robespierre himself, and his accomplices, who were in connivance with the Prussians.

Marat, convicted of having preached royalty and the massacre of the Convention, was carried before a tribunal composed of his peers. What did the Public Accuser do? He thunders out a panegyric on Marat, and a denunciation on Brissot. When we reflect that Robespierre was then only the protégé of Marat, that he concealed his hideous head under his ægis, that he was only the instrument of monsters more in evidence than himself, we are no longer astonished at this triumph of Marat, which Danton called a proud day, but which was the preamble of the massacre of the twenty-two deputies, and brought on also that proud day in which Danton himself was sacrificed.

The tribunal first began its functions by condemning cook-maids and coachmen for improper discourse; but soon after, the satellites of the Anarchists and the municipality went to the bar of the national representation, and commanded silence or crimes.

This Brissot tried to prevent at the risk of his head, and his last writing denounces fully and directly the last and abominable excesses which it was still time to prevent; but it was then that
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the faction had created and spread abroad these words since so celebrated, Brissotins, Rolandins, Girondins; and as if a malignant vapour had suddenly poisoned the heart and head of all the inhabitants of Paris, they defamed this mild, peaceful, and virtuous man. With so many claims to public esteem, the unfortunate Brissot perished under the stroke of the most cowardly calumniators; while anarchy, in the person of Marat and his accomplices, were held every where in honour; for all the lucrative proconsulats, accompanied by unlimited authority, were at their full and perfect disposal.

The esteem of mankind becomes of very little value: we might be tempted even to throw it by as a thing of small worth, when we see that a man virtuous as Brissot did not enjoy it. He went to execution with a serene brow, and history will remember that it was he who denounced the Austrian Committee, and that he had the modesty to avow publicly that he had been for some time deceived. La Fayette had the art of deceiving a great many others.

The report of Brissot on the hostilities of the King of England, and of the Stadholder of the United Provinces, and on the necessity the French Republic was under of declaring against them, is an historical monument to be consulted.

CHAP. LII.

LE PATRIOTE FRANÇOIS.

THAT periodical work, in which we may see the public spirit which animated the first republicans, was composed by Brissot and Girey Dupré, whose talents and virtues could not save them from Tallien, the Proconsul of Bourdeaux, already the assassin of Biroteaux. He distinguished and picked out this young and interesting victim. Republican souls, read what Girey Dupré wrote, and you will find without any alloy your own noble and honest sentiments.

When Brissot was in power, no person had to complain of the slightest vexation. Calumny, so hot in pursuit, and ever on the watch to poison almost every action of his life, has been silent on this head. But amidst revolutionary tempests, when all the impure elements of society were stirred up, and legislators were in communication with executioners, when murderers held a considerable rank, more than one man (I will venture to say) till then honest, till then feeling, has not been able to preserve whole and entire that virtue which consists in avoiding every excess, and

in preserving himself from every contagion of fanaticism. Let it be remembered, that the word *moderate* was a term of reproach, and that it was a crime to shew any marks of pity for the victims. The Anarchists had, like the *Cartouchians*, their jargon.

All Robespierre's enemies were not the enemies of tyranny. It was a maxim among them, that the Revolution could not be finished but by blood, and the Revolution permitted them to enjoy the exercise of absolute power. The philosopher desired a revolution in morals, they wished only for one in the government, that is to say, till it was entirely in their own hands. One of the faction said to me, "Tell us, Philosopher, what could we have done?"—"Precisely," I answered, "the contrary of what you have done." He did not comprehend me.

Virtue acts only from the harmony of all the faculties of the soul. The conduct of Brissot was constantly the same; the wise man, from his contemplative height, sees what a low seat the curule chair is. Happy if he had known at the same time that it requires much more time to resolve a question than to propose one. Brissot was too precipitate in what concerned the colonies and the Negroes; for the principal obstacle to truth is the facility we have of being too well satisfied with ourselves. If the first step towards good be the knowledge of evil, Brissot ought to have
known

known that his motion was premature. But such was the dangerous inflammation of the public mind, that you could not touch a political question without pushing it to its last entrenchments, and there was the abyss. What is necessary to become an honest man? To will it. Brissot willed it, and was really so. If a word wrongly interpreted is sometimes sufficient to cause the misery of a nation, as a false opinion has been found sufficient to desolate the world, Brissot is not responsible for the cruelties which have been the work of selfish or bad passions. J. J. Rousseau has said, that *good laws were above human capacity, and that we should be gods to give such to men.*

This is an erroneous sentiment; it is, if I may so express myself, the *morality of despair*. When the legislature is deceived, with respect either to time or place, but has honest intentions, we should pity and not condemn it.

To have recourse to steel in the diseases of men or of states, marks neither a great physician nor a great politician, but discovers, on the contrary, a great ignorance in both. Brissot was not one of those physicians. He never abused the liberty of the press, because he never wished for any other than a rational liberty, and never overstept its limits; but the scoundrel and the madman, who knew nothing about limits, were clamorous for liberty without any restraint.

It was from the Jacobins that the pages of our philosophical writings were stolen, but it was after they had been totally perverted, totally criminalized, that the Revolution, pure, intact in its origin, became from these gross plagiaries a fury surrounded with serpents, armed with torches and poignards, the terror of surrounding nations, and for a long time to come, the horror of posterity.

Brissot entered into this celebrated society, yet unstained with blood. He spoke several times, but when he saw that they translated the axioms of wisdom into the idiom of folly, he withdrew, deserted the cavern, and from that day crime was reduced to a system.

Ah! if those immortal men, whose names homicides have dared to pronounce in their own favour, had for a moment returned to life, they would have rolled down on their heads the stone of their sepulchre, exclaiming, What generation is this in which we find a race of men whom we do not know, and whom we could not have foreseen!—Gods, we are suffocated in this atmosphere, give us back our tombs.

And I their disciple: I, who under the reign of kings, and in face of their thrones, built the vessel of a republic, but which did not sail in a sea of blood, and had not Septembrifers for pilots: I, who knew that it is to that cowardly swarm

swarm of writers, apologists of those horrors, that we owe the universal stupor of the nation prostrate before a band of ruffians, a sight more painful, more afflicting than the dissolution of worlds; overwhelmed by all that I have seen or heard, and dumb with horror, I have only been able to confide to paper the sensations which tortured me. But if indignation against crimes hitherto unknown in history, if the contempt which we feel for that despotism of the mob which it was their intention to restore, can inspire ability, I will paint them. I will describe those days in which anarchy paraded its vagabond standards, those days in which the philosopher was forced to repent what he had written; in which his silence was a subject of condemnation, because he was then afraid to emit new truths; those days which will never perish in the memory of man, and which they would willingly efface, as if history was not here below the first chastisement which eternal justice inflicts on guilty man.

I also abandoned this tribune, the rival of that of the Legislative Body, where nothing was seen but elements the most opposite to the republic, and most destructive of its virtues, and where the daily trumpets of falsehood, of pride, of exaggeration, finished by transforming into rebel maxims the precepts of the wise. I was unwilling to participate in the extravagance or perfidy
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of those who encouraged ferocity and madness to take their full swing, I was unwilling to favour the intoxication of those who were going to drink this empoisoned cup. The first symptoms made me shudder: I saw in them the total subversion of civil ideas, and the inevitable destruction of the republic. The Energumenes, who, under the name of Theologians, had dishonoured human reason, were never capable of greater extravagances.

“There is in the laws,” says Sophocles, “a powerful divinity which triumphs over the deep malignity of man, and which never grows old.” Alas! this divinity was asleep: the French people were immoralized by twenty or thirty wretches; every sound opinion was torn into tatters, and produced that corruption of morals. Philosophical writings were neither read nor comprehended: one step farther, the contagion had enveloped the whole, and in a short time there would have remained neither republicans nor men, and we should have become like the inhabitants of the hell of Milton, who roved alternately from icy waters to flames, and from flames to waters of ice.

All writers who preceded us had considered the Agrarian law as highly unjust, insufficient, calamitous, impossible to be executed, essentially seditious, and absurd under every point of view. In short, as the surest means of implanting misery on earth, of overturning the whole, and bringing
back

back confusion and chaos. This, however, did not prevent Marat and his associates from establishing this doctrine, from publishing it, and finding numerous partizans for nearly two years.

The greatest misfortune in our Revolution is having invited, without previous preparation, the multitude to mingle themselves in political matters, and suffered stage mountebanks to persuade them that they were wise enough to comprehend every thing. This is what has rebuilt the Tower of Babel amongst us, and what has made politics a war of words, in which the vilest, most monstrous, or most perfidious scribbler has figured with temporary advantage, and found hearers. Political truths are less in the head of the man of genius than in the heart of the virtuous man, but those who have neither genius nor virtue, write like the Jacobins. Their proclamations, their journals, like the locusts of Egypt, have put the French nation in a state of putrefaction. Nothing could save it from cadaverous pestilence, neither the writings of Brissot, nor those of Condorcet; their opinions were repulsed, and thus the people, deluded by bad writers, is, and always will be, the first step on which the ambitious have, and ever will, place their foot to raise themselves to the summit.

The art of writing is the first of all arts; its influence is great, vast, and durable, and this is the reason why it ought to impose bounds on itself.

itself. The ancient emblem of the chariot, which, badly driven, set the world on fire, finds here its just application.

The Revolution for a long time prepared by the writings of the wise, had made its explosion: fools, ambitious men, and knaves, took possession of it. Immediately they had the impudence to assert, "*We have done the whole.*" If we would believe them, the pen of the Rousseaus and Raynals, the arms of the conquerors of the Bastille—all belonged to them:

CHAP. LIII.

PHILOSOPHISM.

THE amalgama of the doctrines of Rousseau, Voltaire, Helvetius, Boulanger, Diderot, had formed a kind of paste (excuse me the expression) which rational minds could not digest, and which to others became hurtful. The old principles having become ridiculous, were denied and abandoned. A swarm of blockheads did more, in order to outdo the *esprits forts*, they substituted the system of atheism and licentiousness to philosophical ideas. Philosophism was indebted for its origin to books badly read, and worse comprehended, so difficult is it to lower certain

truths to the level of a generation which is not fitted to receive them. Contagious emanations issued from these modern doctrines, Collot d'Herbois, Billaud de Varennes, Lequinio, Babœuf, Antonelle, thought themselves philosophers. Ignorance is the mother of barbarism, but a half knowledge is still worse, it makes a thousand errors circulate in all the veins of the body politic, in the name of humanity it has done all sorts of evils to mankind. They overturned every thing, they acted the theologian, and fancied their follies were political principles.

Alas! if the shades of these great men, we again observe, could rise from the tombs which cover them, and see such interpreters, they would say, Why have we written to have Babouvistes for commentators?

How have I been astonished to hear Parisians justify every wandering of the imagination by pretended passages horribly disfigured! This new fanaticism, and which the successor of Babœuf would willingly rekindle, dug the bed of that stream of blood which has run through the French Revolution, and this is what has made me consider Voltaire and Helvetius in quite a different point of view than that in which I had before beheld them.

CHAP. LIV.

APATHY.

AMIDST these great convulsions, amidst these cries against all sorts of governors, amidst that general tone of raillery, I hear the sound of the tambourin and the fiddle, if we judge from the sixty daily balls which put all Paris in measured motion, if we judge by the twenty-two theatres, if we judge from that crowd of *restaurateurs*, a great extent of consumption supposes a great number of consumers. When every thing comes and is sold, it is clear that every thing is bought and paid for; and what is more remarkable is, that it is the bayonet which has turned the spit.

“ He will go far, for he believes what he says.” This observation is profound. The Parisian has never had any faith in misfortune, in slavery, in subjection, he has considered these bloody spectacles as real tempests, has seen every act of violence pass off like the smoke of a hecatomb; it must have been to strangers, if such there then were, a sight at the same time singular and astonishing, that of seeing the contrast of our
great

great interests and our little passions, our thirst for amusement and our perpetual murmurs. "I do not meddle with family affairs," said a man, who was told that his house was on fire. This was the language of every shopkeeper, when he was informed of the executions of the day or the *mor-
row*.

CHAP. LV.

PRESENCE OF MIND IN A YOUNG MAN.

I KNEW him. On the terrible night of the 2d of September he expected to be murdered. He had already heard several plaintive cries. At eleven o'clock in the evening the dogs barked very much, the hoarse voice of the turnkey echoed through the prison, silence took place, it was in the prison of the Chatelet. Vociferations were heard in the street of *Vive la nation!* This cry excited the greatest joy among the prisoners, who took it into their heads that they were going to send them to the frontiers, and they exclaimed with all their might, *Vive la nation! Let us go to the frontiers!*

A new silence took place; immediately the barking of the dogs redoubled; the assassins open
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the wicket, and enter the court all bloody, with their sabres in their hands ; the prisoners hear the bolts undraw ; seven or eight phantoms make their appearance, covered with blood, as well as the swords with which they were armed ; with a hideous voice they order their victims to go out. A turnkey walks about with a pensive air, the young man throws himself at his feet, and asks his life ; the man, though naturally hard, could not help shedding tears. The prisoner was dragged down between the two wickets, where on one side he saw the cannibals, armed with sabres and pikes, all red, rage painted on their visages, and waiting only the signal to strike ; on the other side, a counter with empty wine bottles and bloody glasses. The commissaries were standing, and asking the prisoners their names, after which they made them pass out through the wicket, where they were assassinated, and their last groans were always followed by repeated cries of *Vive la nation !* Their piercing shrieks overwhelmed the miserable victims who were waiting for their turn. Sometimes they were not even suffered to explain themselves, the horrible voice of the commissary pronounced these words, *Take him away.* My young man was about to be struck, when he told the assassins that he was there for debt, and if they took away his life, they would at the same time deprive him of the pleasure of paying his

debt.

creditors; all the murderers exclaimed, *It is just, he must not be killed*, and he was put on one side with the small number of those who escaped their fury.

The young man told me, that they continued their murders till four in the morning; that he heard one of the chiefs of the assassins accost the gaol-keeper, and say to him, shewing his sabre, still reeking, "Look ye, this has laid low more
" than an hundred, and if thou concealest any
" one, I am going to make away with thee?" The gaol-keeper answered him with calmness, "I
" know that my life is in thy hands, but I have
" hid nobody." My interesting young man went out amidst the acclamations of a crowd of spectators, and he had scarcely gone ten steps before he perceived on the bridge three hundred corpses more or less horribly mutilated. Of three hundred and fifty prisoners, scarcely thirty escaped, half of whom were robbers.

CHAP. LVI.

LIGHT TRESSES.

By what inconceivable combination of events had a few men arrived to such a pitch of influence, so as not only to palsy but decimate even the National Convention, and attribute to themselves the formidable power of arresting the members who composed it, before the eyes, and with the consent of their colleagues! What is more inconceivable is, that no order of debate existed in the Committee of Public Safety. It was one, two, or three of its members who dropt in, who commanded, ordered without the participation of the others, according as accident led them, all, however, yielding their tacit assent, and approving the decisions with a reciprocal confidence. It was probably owing to this precision in willing, to that defect of systematic plans, to these violent and hasty decisions, that the greatest operations were performed with so much velocity. The principle which put every thing in motion, was a perpetual tendency to strong, vigorous, and terrible measures; every man was disposed to do every thing with passion and violence; the head of this new tyranny was perpetually veiled; there

there were no amendments to these decrees of despotism, which every one exercised in his turn.

Ideas of devastation were the leading ideas of these impetuous rulers; and their elevation to the pinnacle of supreme power was, in our political storms, what would be the extraordinary apparition of unknown monsters, whom the agitated surges offer to our sight in a tempestuous sea. Many of these monsters, however, resembled the little dog in one of La Fontaine's tales, from whose ears and hair, when shaken, fell gold and all kinds of precious stones. The assassin of the farmers general, the legislator Dupin, commissioned to inspect the inventory, and the sale of their rich moveable property, made free with their jewels, diamonds, and plate.

A favourite maxim which they had continually in their mouths, was, that Paris was too great; that it was with respect to the republic, by its population, what a violent flow of blood towards the heart was to a patient, and whom it was right to bleed; at Versailles they had held the same kind of language.

All the homicide sentences of antiquity were familiar to them; and they were continually saying, "What, is the present generation before the "immensity of ages to come?"

.... *des loix et non du sang* This hemistich was a gnawing worm inserted in the heart
of

of the tyrants, who found also this line in the same tragedy, extremely counter-revolutionary: *N'est-on jamais tyran, qu'avec un diadème ?*

We will not speak of the expression of Barrère; *Stamp money on the Place of the Revolution.* It was Amar who held the flyer.

A great deal of absurdity was mingled with these atrocities; the 26th of Floreal, Payan, Secretary General of the Commune, said at the Council, "There is a new sect which has been
" just formed at Paris; anxious to unite itself to
" counter-revolutionists by all means possible,
" animated with a holy respect, with a tender
" devotion for those who are guillotined; its initiated make the same vows, hold the same sentiments, and wear the same hair; toothless old
" women purchase, at any price, that of the
" young fair-haired girls that are guillotined,
" and wear on their heads these cherished tresses.
" This is a branch of commerce, and a kind of
" devotion quite novel. But let us not disturb
" those soft enjoyments, let us leave, let us respect even the light-haired wigs; our aristocrats
" will serve at least for something; their hair
" will hide the bald-heads of a few old women,
" and the short locks of several others who were
" never Jacobins but in their hair."

Who could believe that such a speech had been made? It was at this epocha that began the reign of light-haired wigs, as if the women
had

had wished to brave by their reprisals this atrocious irony. To all these hideous absurdities, they had only these words to reply, *We are in revolution.* What was then the magic of this formidable word, *Revolution*? The revolutionary government ought to have been only a suspension, wisely combined, of certain rights of the people, which they could not exercise in difficult circumstances; it is public liberty in danger which alone necessitates such an institution for the safety of the country. But the government then was nothing but the reflected organization of every vice, and every crime destructive of social happiness.

CHAP. LVII.

BATCHES.

SUCH was the name given to the prisoners brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal from all parts of the republic; surprised to find themselves stowed into the same cart, and for the same affair, from the Eastern Pyrennees to the banks of the Scheld, from the borders of the Rhine to those of the Gironde, all sent to the

scaffold, all condemned without being tried, at least tried without being heard, several even without being indicted.

When the prison-conspiracies were invented, in order to put to death a greater number at a time, the victims were called the *Cardinals*, because they had on a red shirt in their way to execution. The modest but voluptuous form of Charlotte Corday was covered with this cloak, and it is in memory of this heroine that several of her sex wore, and still wear, red shawls.

———“ Il faut que la rigueur

- “ Trop nécessaire appuy au trône d'un vainqueur,
- “ Frappe sans intervalle un coup sûr et rapide;
- “ C'est un torrent qui passe en son cours homicide.
- “ Le tems ramène l'ordre et la tranquillité;
- “ Le peuple se façonne à la docilité;
- “ De ses premiers malheurs l'image est affoiblie,
- “ Bientôt il les pardonne, et même il les oublie.
- “ Mais lorsque goutte à goutte on fait couler le sang,
- “ Qu'on ferme avec lenteur, et qu'on r'ouvre le flanc,
- “ Que les jours renaissans ramènent le carnage,
- “ Le désespoir tient lieu de force et de courage,
- “ Et fait d'un peuple foible un peuple d'ennemis,
- “ D'autant plus dangereux qu'ils étoient plus soumis.”

Voltaire, Orphélin de la Chine.

These lines of Voltaire are not founded; the scene was ensanguined at Arras, Marseilles, Cambray, Saumur, Lyon, Nantes, Orange, Bourdeaux, not a victim in any place, as far as I have heard, ever made any resistance, all underwent the stroke of death with the same sort of calmness; the

the insensibility of the spectators seemed to have passed into their own souls.

The executioners were not insulted. Never was there seen such a kind of harmony as between the murdered and their murderers. The one seemed to say, You shall not deprive me of my courage; and the others seemed to answer, Many more will pass after you.

As the poets represent the hideous head of the Gorgon palsyng the arm with its looks, so these dauntless human sacrifices, these swelling streams of blood, the blood of citizens, struck only on passive minds. One would have thought it only a regular cut of wood in a forest, so great, or at least so silent was the indifference which took place; so decidedly had the French nation condemned itself to pass through the list of decemviral horrors. Amar dined and supped abroad in joyous society, and the founders of the republic, hurried to the scaffold for their zeal towards liberty, were perhaps insulted by the mouth of that monster.

While the falling axe on the square of the Revolution, excited neither the courage nor the arm of a single man, commissaries entered houses without ceremony, rumaged every corner of the apartments, forcing locks of wardrobes, breaking seals of letters, deposits, wills, throwing themselves on the least scraps of paper, to find proofs of conspiracy in idle phrases, stealing af-

signats, gold, silver, jewels ; and it was then that we saw that prodigious number of creditors imprisoned by their debtors, of favoured lovers by their rejected rivals, of the injured husband by the unpunished adulterer, of the able artist by his jealous brother, of masters by their servants, of the impartial judge by the condemned pleader, of the general officer by his envious subalterns.

Dupin, the valet of Amar, had in readiness a new report on the adjoints of the Farmers General, and he burnt with impatience to exercise the benefit of making the inventory of their effects in the name of the republic.

In the inside of houses, the proprietor trembled at having engravings, pictures, statues, books, or manuscripts, with arms or blazoning, and every the slightest emblem of past times ; and it was who should burn fastest letters of friendship, love, relationship, and gratitude. A multitude of works more or less curious, have been sacrificed to this universal fear. The words of Omar, with respect to the Alcoran, were not more terrible than those of the Decemvirs, when they said with a formal design, *Yes, we will burn every library, for we shall want only the history of the Revolution and the Laws.* Who could now discover the Parisian, who had made the 14th July, and the 10th of August?

CHAP. LVIII.

THE ORLEANISTS.

SYNONIMOUS with Montagnards; they always affected not to know each other. Marat loaded Philip Equality with insults; and he was always in accord with him. It was always the same point of contact, in the raising of the populace, and in sans-culottism. These two cruel factions, by sacrificing alternately a few chiefs, formed in reality only one in their constant opposition to all order, and all rule; and even as far as the republic, of which they wished only for the word, every thing has been in their hands a means of trouble and discord.

You have seen the automaton which plays at drafts; a dexterous foot presses the invisible springs underneath the floor. The foreign cabinets directed more than one motion; for these motions could not be the work of chance.

CHAP. LIX.

FURIES OF THE GUILLOTINE.

THE females of the men of the 2d and 3d of September, (See the article of Septembrisers,) were never out of the galleries in the time of the two bloody committees, they surrounded the scaffolds; they brawled in the groups; they tucked up their sleeves the 4th of Praireal to assassinate the conventionalists. It was the sacred battalion of Philip d'Orleans.

As the Directors were passing in their carriages on the quay of the Louvre, to go to the National Institute, the furies of the guillotine poured out the most infernal exclamations against them and the constitution of ninety-five, regretting openly Robespierre and Dumas. A good kind of man, frightened at those vociferations, stopt a patriot journalist, and forcing him to go back with him, so as that he might be convinced by his own ears, said to him afterwards, "Well, "don't you tremble now?" The journalist answered, "I am more afraid of a king than of this "canaille."

CHAP. LX.

THE FORTY SOUS.

THE cunning of wicked men is as superior to the ordinary sense of mankind, as the cunning of robbers with picklocks to the prudence of avarice. The passions express themselves particularly by the sound of the voice ; it is difficult to command an inflection of the throat. I have made this reflection on hearing the haranguers of the people ; they had hoarse, hard, and brawling voices ; before I looked at them, I divined their physiognomy. It was a laughable sight to see sheriffs' officers and bailiffs' followers, transformed into orators ; but their sanguinary logic so thoroughly effaced the absurdity of their acting, that every one shuddered at their brutal eloquence, for it was the harbinger of imprisonment and death. The wickedness of man is not so much in the deviations of his reason, as in the deficiency of sentiment which ought to serve him as a guide. Where had these haranguers borrowed the confidence of speaking in public, fellows, who knew nothing, and who, from their physical constitution, were susceptible of no shame ? Their countenance never reddened with apprehension, they

they had not the modesty of the Roman orator. Each time they mounted the tribune, they vociferated like men who, having rejected the inequality of conditions, had admitted the equality of talents. Every district had then its haranguers, who were paid forty sous as well as the auditors. This was the master-stroke of demagogy : Danton was the inventor of it ; and he was very sensible, that in taking the workman from his workshop or warehouse, he immediately augmented the price of labour, and exposed the easy class either to be silent, and pay, or have their throats cut. This invention, treated as strange and ridiculous, was the result of reflection deeply malignant and perverse ; it would have deranged all order and all police, but happily old habits kept the ascendancy.

CHAP. LXI.

FEDERALISM.

THE word federalism was invented by the Decemvirs, in order to proscribe with greater success, and assassinate the representatives of the people, who had denounced to all France the horrible day of the 31st May, the epocha of proconsular

consular impudence and fury. The less we comprehended the word federalist, the greater use the dictatorial tyrants made of it against those whom they wished to destroy. They never could discover the remotest vestige of this imaginary federalism, while their own numerous sanguinary crimes were unhappily too clear and manifest.

CHAP. LXII.

FRATERNAL REPASTS.

EVERY person, under pain of being suspected, under pain of being declared an enemy of equality, placed his table in the street to eat in a family-way by the side perhaps of the person whom he detested or despised. The rich man diminished the splendor of his table as much as he could; and the poor ruined himself, in order to conceal his misery; and whilst he had consumed through pride all the produce of his week's labour, his decent repast made him blush by the side of his neighbour, who, in his turn, thought he had become sufficiently *sans-culottised*. Envy on one side, orgies on the other, changed these pretended fraternal suppers into bacchanalia; the discontent was general, and those who had commanded the
citizens

citizens to fraternize, denounced all the cowards who had obeyed them as agents of Pitt and Cobourg.

CHAP. LXIII.

OF THE CLERGY.

LONDON broke with Rome, and made its own pope; and the king head of the English church, in succeeding the successors of St. Peter within his own dominions, proved that the pontifical chair, though it were not filled by Roman popes, was not vacant. It was uniting in the same hand, the sceptre and the incense pot.

Frederic in Prussia, invited, welcomed, and entertained all sects, and they all lived together in perfect understanding. Roman Catholic ministers, Lutherans, Calvinists, supped together, and invited even the Rabbin, if he was clean dressed and well informed. The temples of every kind of worship were built on the same plan, and they never talked about controversy but in their pulpits and in sermons.

The Republic of the United States afforded the double example of admitting all kinds of worship, and of exacting that every citizen should

should follow one according to his choice. We have imitated America but in part; letting every one follow what he likes. We have rejected all civil establishments of religion; but in avoiding one abyss, we have fallen into another. I wish very much that I may be deceived on this head. When in the Constituent Assembly, the word *Civil Constitution of the Clergy* was pronounced, decreeing at the same time the liberty of worship, the clergy smiled, and said nothing, they were sensible what they had gained; and without the double mistake which was afterwards committed, the first exacting from them a personal and clerical oath, the other their refusing it, we should perhaps have had at this time a clergy very civilly, very unconstitutionally, and very impolitically constituted.

But the fear we had of Catholicism, the recollection of the evils it had done us, the idea of its intolerance, the maddening fury of its priests, secret masses, where they caballed against the republican government, every motive determined this government to decide that all kinds of worship should be free, which is to say, in other words, we will have no worship at all.

CHAP. LXIV.

CONCILIABULES.

THE Parisians have wished to imitate the English, who meet in taverns, and discuss the most important affairs of the state; but that did not take, because every one wished to preside at these meetings. There was an inconceivable incoherence; no union, no system characterised their operations. A short-sighted politician, issuing from his shop, or from his contentious-office, dreamt one thing to-day, another to-morrow; no wonder therefore at the inconsistencies and absurdities which emanated from such assemblies.

Paris scandalized at the depredations and depravity of its kings, at the prodigalities and incestuous conduct of Lewis the XVth, imagined that the purest system of morals was to take place without any obstacle. The *bonnet-rouge* was the signal of those new virtues. What a wide and fatal mistake! this token belonged at first exclusively to the lowest classes of the Parisians, and from thence spread itself into the cities of the second and third order; and if the republican bayonet had not effaced the scandal of the *bonnet-rouge*, France would have passed down to posterity

rity as containing nothing but a pack of cowards. But in those days of shame and wickedness, in which every one that possessed any virtue was sent to the scaffold, or lay plunged in dungeons, our great generals and brave soldiers redeemed from slavery the soil of France, which was about to become a desert.

But did not the Committee of Public Safety make Europe tremble? could one have expected such effects from men who composed it the greater part of the time? No; but it was not they who acted, they did great things without knowing it, and, if I may use the expression, in spite of themselves. It was anarchy which, happily for France, formed a system of reparation at the same time that it dealt on every side its blows for destruction. All the destroyers at this horrible period imagined that they were working for themselves alone, while they were labouring for the salvation of France, pushed on by an irresistible force, they did wonders with meanness of talents, because the mob, in all their tumultuous movements, did not perceive they were but instruments. The two bloody Committees were in absolute need of a great number of *faiseurs*; the labour of these men was necessarily proportioned to the immensity of the different objects, and besides, they had to earn their money. This association with the government, horrible as it was, constituted its great force, and by serving it as executioners,

executioners, they were useful also to the machine, for we beheld marching on the same line, an army of cowardly jail-keepers, and an army of brave soldiers.

This is a kind of mystery which history, at some future day, will scarcely be able to unravel: Paris presented a multitude of loose, disorderly fellows, a battalion of cut-throats; all that was cruel, vile, and abominable, but it was force, and it is force, which pushes men on, and which forms by degrees an irresistible vortex which enveloped and drew in every thing. Men, estates, property, all was swept away by this terrible hurricane, which shook the whole soil of France, but which, when placed in front of the enemy, became a tornado which drowns or burns every thing that it meets. Happy he, who could shelter himself from the storm, and who was not driven from rock to rock by this foaming flood! The Chaumettes and Heberts were to open lectures of atheism at Paris, and he who was not an atheist would have been indicted for having calumniated the people and the Revolution.

CHAP. LXV.

LET HIM BE A WOLF.

THIS was the terrible cry of death to the Norman and Salic Legislators; *Wargus esto, Let him be a wolf*, and that wherever he was seized, he should be killed. This cry was renewed on the formation of the Revolutionary Government. Condorcet, Vergniaud, Gaudet, and several other republicans, were hunted with the cry of *Wolf! Wolf!* and the Parisians joined in the shout, *O yes, they are wolves*, and they all fell the victims of this terror. Friends became strangers to each other, and all who, like Brissot and Gorsas, had thrown their ideas periodically on paper, in order to point out the means of introducing and establishing liberty and justice amongst us, were included under a general anathema, which had its source in a royalist spirit at Paris, and which is a constant inmate in the dirty offices of notaries, old procureurs, and whatever composes the law tribe, habitually cowards, and whose spirit was never any other than that of chicane.

The people were told, that they would never be free till every thing was destroyed; and the burgher saw with pleasure the destruction of the noble,

noble, because he counted on putting himself in his place. The poor Parisians, without knowing it, leagued themselves with the foreign enemy, from not being able to discover the plots of the royalists within. They mistook sedition for policy, and death for justice.

Famine and usury had taken possession of Paris, and the city was on the point of being overturned; the Constituent Assembly committed the horrible mistake of authorizing stock-jobbing, and annulling the laws against usury.

Club was formed against club; this monstrous offspring of discord and fury, known amongst the ancients under the name of *sodalitia* and synods, but so severely defended by the wisdom of the Roman laws, and which Thucydides has wisely observed, were the focusses of sedition.

The social system was shaken to its very base; and it is a miracle that Paris has not witnessed its utter ruin; nothing was read for a long time but writers hired to corrupt the mind of the public, to perplex and palsy all the springs of the body politic; to lead this light and ignorant people astray, on whom the blows which faction aimed at the state have always ultimately fallen.

CHAP. LXVI.

CA IRA.

THIS song, which is not a model of poetry, but which has afforded a striking example of the power of music, presided over the labours of the *Champ de Mars*, and excited general transport in every theatre.

No blood had been shed at this period; the love of the Revolution was then unallayed, the energy it had excited was pure, no idea of murder had defiled it, and *ça ira* was the universal chorus. Libertinism had vainly attempted to profane this expression, this pleasantry, though of ordinary taste, was too justly appreciated, not to remain fixed to its true sense; *Ca ira, liberty will be established; and in spite of tyrants, all will go well.*

* The word *ça ira* was also respectable from its origin; we borrowed it from the celebrated Franklin; it was his favourite expression during the heat of the American revolution.

CHAP. LXVII.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

OF what use are books, academies, institutes, the labours of philosophy, all those floods of light which have embellished and which still embellish our own times? These rays have not penetrated the mass of the people, they are always the same, the same superstition besets them, nor have they lost a single point of their old errors.

What was called good company were the dupes of Cagliostro and Mesmer, two impudent quacks, who insulted the first rudiments of sound physics; notwithstanding which, they did not the less pocket the money of good company, while the good company were laughing at those who in the streets purchased for two sous the little packets of those who sold *orviétan*. The Canadian savages consult conjurors and witches, and believe in the predictions of their junglers. The people of Paris are scarcely more advanced: like the savages, they have their junglers, whom they also consult, and whose oracles they revere, of which I am convinced from my own knowledge.

In the Rue d'Anjou, near the street formerly called Dauphine, No. 1773, in the first floor, lives

one

one of our most celebrated fortune-tellers. He is called Martin, and affects the Italian accent. There this new Trophonius delivers his oracles; there, in short, he has fixed his sybillite cavern.

The entrance is by a little court, which, as well as the stair-case, is filled with persons of both sexes and all ages, who have the air of souls in torment, and who form a *queue* to wait their turn for the decision of the fortune-teller.

There I have seen feathered ladies, well dressed young men, with a serious air. I have considered with astonishment their countenances streaked with signs of fear and hope, and for a moment thought myself on the threshold of purgatory.

In my turn I reached, but not without some difficulty, the seat of the oracle. I had figured to myself a man of lofty stature and white beard, eyes inflamed, a prophetic tone, such as Cagliostro assumed, and such as he had taken with me at Strasbourg when I laughed in his face from the grotesque appearance he made in his pompous gestures*; but Martin, the oracle, is a man without legs, with crutches by his side, and who, on the least movement, seizes them with an incredible alacrity, and draws after him his two cased-up thighs into his narrow and dirty apartment.

* He was then in the suite of Cardinal *Necklace*, whose adventure, by rendering the Court of France ridiculous, broke the spell of the French people.

He had a pack of cards in his hands, a great geographical chart covered his table. He has a gay, firm, and stedfast air: he sustains your look with the most complete assurance. Two kinds of clerks go out and in continually to announce the company. No one smiles in this sanctuary, and even I had lost the desire in contemplating so many figures half thunderstruck, and who did not seem disposed to jest on the oracles which they had just received. They were seated in a large and old elbow chair. He interrogates them in whispers, and mutters to every one his sentence. He places his finger on the geographical chart, and this appeared to me to be the instant of the most solemn revelations.

Joy sparkles in his eyes at seeing so great a crowd of votaries. He cuts and shuffles his cards continually, infomuch that they are become quite greasy. He seems attentively fixed on his cards, waits for your first word, and then casts his eyes towards the floor. Meanwhile money showers on his table. I am certain, from the information I have received, that he does not make less than six or seven louis a-day; for the poorest becomes prodigal when he wishes to penetrate the darkness of destiny. When Martin is offered only twelve sous, he throws away the piece with contempt, and exclaims, with an air of dignity, *Go, consult the fortune-tellers of the Pont-Neuf and the Rappee.* The enquirer blushes, and presents
a larger

a larger piece. No, never did any departed French academician of Paris set himself at a greater distance from a country academician. Though he gains a great deal of money, his den has always the air of a garret. He knows that he should be no longer consulted if he lived in a neat and well furnished apartment. He has very properly guessed, that the people never give faith to a prophetic spirit, unless it be in a place which has an air of something like disorder. He often raises his voice, and when his terrible decrees are pronounced, he makes a sign, and the votary withdraws.

There no one laughs at his neighbour; with uncovered brow and timid air each one advances towards the mysterious table. They come away meditating on the words which have been pronounced, and never affect an entire disbelief. Whoever is inclined to laugh or smile, endeavours to conceal the propensity. I was placed at length in front of the legless prophet. I did not consult the oracle on fortune or past events, but he spoke to me, after I had said a few words to him, of his great celebrity, and of his numerous and daily visits which, for a long time, had been uninterrupted. He was obliged to work at *such a destiny* for two or three days, while two minutes were sufficient for such another. He possessed this prophetic secret from his father, to whom it had been bequeathed, and successively from time immemo-

memorial. For what objects are you most commonly consulted? "For robberies," he answered, "for marriages, for goods lost, for affairs of gallantry; but there is only myself for robberies," he rejoined, with a commanding kind of voice. "The police itself consults me, and I am always the first to indicate the place where the robber has fled."

At these extraordinary words I remained dumb! "The police consults you?"—"Yes," replied he, with an affirmative tone, "for there is only me for robberies;" and Italianizing his accent, he entered into details which prolonged our conversation. The assurance of his physiognomy did not vary, and he had the tone and language of a soldier, who recounts his prowess. But what most struck my observing eye was, that no one seemed ashamed of having come to this place to enquire his fate.

A train of reflections took possession of my mind. "Is this anxiety," thought I, "founded on some happy chances, on some ambiguities adroitly presented, and received with eagerness by the well-wishing auditor? Or, is it not rather due to the fearful imagination of man?"

Martin did not explain himself on the primary causes which brought him such a concourse of people, for he could not speak to you on the least question in metaphysics or morals; but he seems to be in the firm persuasion that material
signs

signs announce and precede the events of our life, and regards the forms which he employs as mathematical truths. This prophet is an ignoramus of the first order, endowed with a most tranquil stock of impudence. You can find him on nothing : nature has formed him with a constitution for quackery in the highest degree. It is not an amusement with him, not even a profession ; quacking is innate with him, and we are less astonished at his success when we have well read on his face the real or affected imperturbability of his mind.

He has a son very young, towards whom he uses great severity ; and the tone which he employs shews, that from whatever country he comes, he is a stranger to every kind of education. Nevertheless, he is not deficient in politeness : he makes distinctions, and with such address, that he takes with each the language which he ought to hold,—Is he not a true quack !

His house is not empty a single day in the week. On Sundays alone he never receives any one. Sunday is his day of recreation : on Sunday he gets into a good carriage, forbids any one to follow him, and returns home very late. One would suppose that he went to air his prophetic spirit in the country, see his friends, and perhaps laugh with them at Parisian credulity. I am nevertheless inclined to believe that he is himself the dupe to a certain point of the sorcery
he

he deals in. It was thus that Bossuet really believed a part of certain dogmas and mysteries, because he had a good bishoprick, but he allowed himself not to believe the whole—the reason is, that one has always a little faith for fortune. Martin is acquainted neither with the fates of Dodona nor those of Preneste, neither with the *fortes Virgilianæ*, nor those of Homer, nor the modern lots of the saints, when the first words that are heard chanted on entering a church are taken for a divine annunciation, a heavenly prophecy. He embarrasses himself very little to know if the Egyptian man, the Egyptian woman, the Bohemian man, and the Bohemian woman, have read or still reads fortunes in his mode. He calls himself the *unique*, as a sprig of literature thinks himself the first man in the world the day that his ranting tragedy is first brought on the stage.

The disastrous time we have passed through, and the storms of the revolutions may probably have driven this crowd to Martin; but it appears that he is very sparing in sinister predictions, which is probably a matter of calculation with him, because people pay less willingly for bad fortune than for good, or perhaps the disappointed enquirer might take it into his head to revenge the severity of the oracle on the person of the prophet.

Who

Who would have told ten years since to more than six thousand men, that they should be beheaded on the scaffold! They would have replied, "Oh! we are not noble enough for that." A *grand seigneur* alone would have smiled from vanity.

I should be curious to know if Guillotin, in his youth, ever consulted a fortune-teller or any diviner; and, in short, if he has had any idea of his new and terrible immortality. Suppose a necromancer had said to him those words: "*Thou shalt be a physician, and thy name feminized shall cure of the evils of life a portion of mankind.*" What would Guillotin have thought of such amphibological words.

Martin never presents scaffolds in perspective. Are they then for ever levelled? May Martin not be deceived? and yet we know what would make these scaffolds sprout up again amongst us. We only want a descent somewhat more rapid to the vilest, most wretched, and most shameful of human superstitions, despotism. You understand me, but Martin is acquainted neither with the history of England, nor the Revolutions of Rome; but shuffling and turning his *jeu de tarots* in his hands, he enters into no political reasoning.

Struck with all that I had seen, and scarcely able to recover from my surprize, I said to myself,

How

How is it possible for mankind to be so credulous, because he is prodigiously feeling, and therefore naturally superstitious, because the least part of his existence is the present.

But admitting, since to reason well we must make the round of the circle; admitting that there is something real in this kind of divination; if, in short, there exists certain unknown rules to perceive the future, as we have methods to fix the past; if we had near us a hidden thermometer to discover the most secret actions, ought we not then to burn all our volumes, shut up our academies, and laugh at the crowd of writers? Martin's cards would be the divinatory book, the book *par excellence*; for it is from want of foreknowledge that we commit so many errors and so many mistakes.

The quack sometimes performs a cure, and to the great astonishment of the physician. The men of genius whom I have met with in the course of my life were not those who have appeared in print. The mechanic shrugs up his shoulders when you speak to him of the geometer. Vaucanson said, "I will make you a geometrician with the end of my walking-stick." The shepherd reads in the sky the different changes of the seasons, without having recourse to the lessons of Lalande. The spiders, it is a fact, led us to take Holland. Every thing is mystery and darkness; and if, as I believe, there

is

is nothing but quackery in fortune-reading, Martin at least knows, and even perceives more than all the philosophers together, that folly is and ever will be the attribute of the multitude, since the enquiring crowd resort without ceasing to the legless man, whilst no person consults either Montesquieu or Rousseau.

As all the morality of the Parisians is contained in Chaulieu and Barême, they are profoundly immersed in nothing but their pleasure and stock-jobbing, which they decorate with the name of commerce. The Jewish spirit is called the spirit of business. Affected by the slightest losses, their mercenary calculations are fixed on the lowest mercantile operations; and as robbery and theft are what is most common among them, it is also what they are most in fear of. This is the reason why they repair continually to Martin, who, on his side, has very well judged that he ought to hold himself out as the most expert of conjurers in case of robbery. He will not change his habitation, since it is at Paris that he ought to shuffle his cards, on account of the numberless thefts that are committed, and for nearly the same reason as an oculist gave me. "I am going to leave Paris," said he, "because diseases of the eyes are much more frequent in the cantons bordering on the sea, on account of the wind blasts. I am going, therefore, to settle in one of those quarters."

If

If we recollect that our Martin is without legs, that he is in possession of the bust of Asmodeus, we shall be less astonished at the reputation he enjoys. Conjurers, Sybils, and Pythonists, have been always represented under strange figures. We love to unite an extraordinary thing to an extraordinary being. A handsome conjurer would never make a fortune. The lame devil will do well in any country. I recollect that there were at the doors of Notre-Dame two offerers of the holy water; one was horribly hump-backed, and the other without legs. The eye of the believer hesitated on entering; eighteen out of twenty persons extended their arms towards the brush of the little half-formed man, seated the whole of him in his wooden porringer*; he enjoyed a marked preference for thirty years.

* The women particularly, more tender, or more curious, and who have no idea of a man without legs, were the most liberal in the distribution of their alms.

CHAP. LXVIII.

CITIZEN.

THE late king's brother was called Monsieur, and we were all of us therefore plagiarists, or usurpers. Great occasions to strike at terms in daily use are rare. Every one called himself Monsieur, and in this imaginary equality the poor and indigent consoled themselves, when they heard that the rich was called by the same name as themselves.

There was but a step to make from Monsieur to Monseigneur, and its dependencies; and behold all at once what a reverse! what a frightful chaos! The word Monsieur is fled with all the protocole of *most humbles, of esteem, perfect esteem, obedient servants, most obedients, profound respects, very profound, the most profound*, reaching the bottom of the page; and, O sacrilege! the word citizen has taken their place.

Et il dans l'univers un mortel assez vain,
Qu'il pretend egaler un Citoyen Romain?

CORNEILLE.

But many people have avoided, and still avoid, making use of this short and simple expression,
Citizen.

Citizen. They alledge, that it has been given us in a baptism of blood. We may reply, that at the same time the wearied axe was called the sword of justice, the iron of the laws: shall we, therefore, erase from our vocabulary the words law and justice?

This is the word which is most grating to the ear of aristocracy; but in spite of all its efforts, its lamentations, and its sarcasms, this is become the surname of French liberty, and will only perish with it. Why? Because every thing has been done to annul it.

Madame la Marquise, Madame l'Echevine, Madame la Prevote des Marchands, Madame la Notaire, have an attack of the nerves when they are addressed by the name of *Citoyenne* instead of Lady; but we must run that risk, since we may predict that the use of the word *Monsieur*, substituted at present for that of citizen, would be sufficient to overturn the republic; the force of a little exertion is incalculable, when it is habitually and daily repeated.

The legislator has found the means of chastising self-love, and on this point I find that it has gained great advantages. In vain do the English affect, when they pronounce our names, to join the title of *Monsieur* with them. We will have this title no longer, we will use our war-name, which proved that we had no longer a king. The title of French Citizen will make all the potentates turn pale, and this is what we require.

CHAP. LXIX.

TO COUNTER-REVOLUTIONIZE.

AT the time when the Monarchists spread the report that the Austrian troops were threatening our frontiers with an invasion, a wag said, that the courtizannes, or ladies of the court (which is the same thing), waited with impatience for the Talpaches and the German Pandours, in order to throw themselves into their arms, and counter-revolutionize at their ease.

We may well imagine, that this word has not always the sense which the ladies of the court attach to it, in the ardour of their aristocraticism. It signifies in the dictionary of the Anti-Patriots, forming the project, and trying the means of annihilating the Revolution, which has annihilated them.

CHAP. LXX.

BELL.

It is the instrument with which the President of an assembly calls the members to order, when his gestures and his cries are not sufficient to command silence. The bell does not always succeed in restoring that tranquillity which ought to reign amongst men charged with the execution of the most important and most august of all functions, that of making laws for the glory and happiness of a whole nation.

This epigram was made against the deputies of a department fruitful in mules.

Quand Foucaut Chabron Rochebrune,
Sont une fois à la tribune ;
Rien ne peut les en rappeler.
En vain la sonnette les presse ;
Le trio s'abstient à beugler.
Ces Messieurs-là sont d'une espèce
Que la sonnette fait aller.

CHAP. LXXI.

NATIONAL FLAG.

THERE is no one now in France, who does not know what that is. I wish for the good of mankind that all nations may likewise become acquainted with it, as we have been.

The greater part of our colours have some device. Here are some of them: On that of the district of the Capuchins of Paris are these words, *We will be shaved by no one.* An inscription less waggish, but more civic, is that written on the colours of another district, *No other nobility than that of the heart.*

CHAP. LXXII.

NATIONAL COCKADE.

CITIZENS! its definition is in your hat. The day that Antoinetta of Austria saw the king return from Paris to Versailles, with the national cockade in his hat, she said, *I did not imagine I had married a roturier.*

"Our ancestors," says one of our writers, "would never have guessed that *national cockade* would ever have become the title of a journal." But how many things are there that our ancestors never would have guessed at.

The national cockade will make the tour of the world. These words are become proverbial, and the prophecy advances with large strides.

CHAP. LXXIII.

IMPARTIALISTS.

THIS was the name given at the beginning of the Revolution to those men who, having no ideas of their own, did not venture to adopt those of others, for fear of committing themselves, and who finished by being the laughing-stock of every party.

Some persons were embarrassed, or affected to be so (in 1789) to know how much six and six made. They addressed themselves to a deputy of the *Côté Gauche*, who answered, **SIX AND SIX MAKE TWELVE.**

"He who hears but one side hears nothing," exclaimed a thinker. "Let us hear a Deputy of 'the *Côté Droit*.'" The question was proposed

to this honourable Member, who, after having maturely reflected, answered, “ *Six and six make fourteen.*”

New embarrassments. A Member of the middle of the Assembly is consulted.

“ *How many,*” he asks, “ *did the left side tell you?*”—“ *Twelve.*”—“ *And how many the right?*”—“ *Fourteen.*”—“ *In this case six and six make thirteen. You see that I am impartial.*”

CHAP. LXXIV.

SENSIBLERIE.

SOME time before the Revolution, the people of *bon ton* had adopted a certain *sentimental philosophy*, which was the art of excusing themselves from being virtuous. This philosophy had its jargon, its sensibility, its accent, its gestures even assimilated passion, tender modulations, affectionate expressions, which composed the exterior of persons of good company at the recital of an immoral action, or the misfortunes of virtue, have affixed to this feigned and barren sensibility the name of *sensiblerie*.

CHAP. LXXV.

ENGRAVING.

IF engineers had been ordered to take the Bastille, they would have traced lines, they would have attacked according to the prescribed rules, and the royal castle would yet be standing. The Parisians took it into their heads that the moment was come for taking possession of the Bastille, and they took possession; they made every countenance at the court turn pale; a lantern became the grave of despotism, and a pike the signal of liberty. Not a word was said at St. Denis, where lay the camp prepared to slaughter us—not a word at Mont Martre, from whence the cannon was to have thundered. In short, not a syllable any where; and the noble, enamoured of his rank, and who designated the Deity only by the title of the *Nobleman on high*, took flight, counting nevertheless on his return with all the nobility of Europe.

An engraving was exhibited at the time, which was distinguished amidst the crowd of those which covered the walls of Paris. It represented a barber's shop, in which were assembled customers of
different

different ranks: underneath was written, *I shave clergy, I comb the heads of the nobility, and dress to perfection the Tiers Etat.*

A ci-devant Seigneur said to one of his ci-devant vassals, "Allons, mon pauvre Mathurin, we are equal, we may eat out of the same plate."—"Ah, Monsieur," answered the peasant, "we shall never smoke at the same pipe!"

Drink *ratifiat* of Orleans, and *riquique**, and remember that the oldest is the best. This dictum was in every one's mouth.

CHAP. LXXVI.

DECREE.

THIS word was formerly never found but in monkish works, or such as were composed by churchmen.

It is only the representatives of the people who are permitted to make *decrees*; the other constituted authorities make *arretés*; the communes make *adresses*; the citizens make petitions.

The Convention make decrees, the Legislative Body makes only laws.

* For Riquetti, the family name of Mirabeau.

CHAP. LXXVII.

MONARCHIAN.

THIS is the name given by the people to the members of a faction who erected themselves into a society, with a bishop for a president, to labour in common, to gather up the wrecks of the monarchy. A Member of this Monarchian Club wrote to one of his correspondents: "My friend, "I shall not die contented till I have drank the "blood of a patriot." Such was the kind of pleasure of these Monarchians, who called themselves by the name of *Moderés*.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

RIBBANDS.

A KIND of halter of all sorts of colours, with which those who call themselves *sovereigns* tie their slaves, in order to be sure of their obedience.

We have seen at Paris a little German sovereign, who had made a shop of a prison where he was confined for debt, and sold poppy ribbands, broad and narrow, at reasonable prices, to adventurers or fools. It was called the order of Limburg. How distant from the three-coloured ribband which the free Frenchman wears with an honest pride.

In order to separate the garden of the chateau of the Tuilleries, which Louis occupied, from the terrace of the Feuillants, where the public assembled, the people had extended along the terrace a simple ribband, which barrier was respected, and which effect a cannon would not have produced. The reason was, that the people obeyed a law which they had imposed on themselves.

CHAP. LXXIX.

EMISSARIES.

ADROIT scoundrels, whom foreign courts threw amongst us, and whom they keep in pay. They surprize our secrets, caress our passions. If you are weak, they praise your prudence; if you are prudent, they accuse you of weakness. They call your courage rashness, your justice cruelty. If you are mild towards them they complain openly; if you threaten them, they conspire secretly. Yesterday they assassinated the defenders of the country, to-day they mix in their funeral pomp, and ask divine honours for them, watching the moment when they may poignard those who most resemble them.

CHAP. LXXX.

KNIGHTS OF THE POIGNARD.

THIS was the name given to a band of ruffians wearing the *cross of St. Louis*, who, on the 23d of February 1791, repaired to the chateau of the
 Tuilleries

Tuilleries to carry off Capet, and who were driven away ignominiously by the National Guard.

Colonel D. was caned by a National Guard, formerly his valet-de-chambre. "Why did you give the gentleman a blow?" said his captain. "Give!" replied the soldier: "I did not give, I only returned what he had lent me."

Another of these gentlemen, who had been rudely treated the same day, being some days after at the opera, his friends made him their compliments of condolence. "*Mardiou!*" exclaimed he, "*the kicks I received on my breech will never go out of my head, and the National Guard shall never die but by my hand.*"

CHAP. LXXXI.

TRIBUNE.

THAT of our National Assembly will be as celebrated by posterity as the tribunes occupied by Demosthenes and Cicero at Athens and at Rome. If I was not afraid of being accused of national vanity, I would affirm that it will be, and that it will deserve to be much more so, from the real establishment of man in his rights, which all nations are going to acknowledge.

This

This benefit towards humanity will obtain homage in all times and all places.

Before the Revolution, the crimes of high treason then known, were of two sorts, divine and human. He who with an iron glove gave a blow to the Pope, was guilty of divine high-treason. The unfortunate *La Tude*, because he had displeased *Pompadour*, was guilty of human high-treason. We now consider as a crime of national high-treason, all attempts against the glory or happiness of the French Republic.

I will not speak of those strokes of eloquence which have so often sparkled in this tribune. Europe has read, and reads every day, what is said there, and we may compare it to a volcano which throws out flames, stones, and smoke; but this volcano is, if I may use the expression, in perpetual explosion, and its fides are inexhaustible. As it has undergone a prodigious change in the present circumstances, our eloquence has taken a new character. It has not, indeed, the academical tone, nor taste, nor purity of style, but there has been an overflow of ideas of every kind, of knowledge, and of new views, a sort of impetuosity which is found amongst no other people; in short, a multitude of talents which had something hard and rustic, but which were suitable to political order, and while morality had its eclipses, eloquence, properly speaking, had its eclipse also.

The

The state of the Convention became almost a state of nature, so much had men changed their logic, their language, and their former ideas. No orator admitted of other fetters but such as he thought fit to impose on himself.

There is more of mind in a free government, the people are better instructed, or at least they are more bold in the developement of their ideas: besides, a single citizen uniting different professions, his genius is fed by them, it has more fecundity and resource. We still behold, with astonishment, enterprizes and monuments of little republics comparable to those of the greatest kingdoms. If any one has been astonished at it, he has never felt the sentiment of liberty; he does not divine what he can effect with the feeblest means. And what then will be the destiny of the French Republic, which has begun by making the æra of the representative governments, which cultivates the nursery garden of all future republics, and which, confirming and strengthening the dignity of man, will reconcile the human race to the regards of angels.

What remains to the omnipotence of the Creator to do, in order to render man as perfect as he ought? Nothing, unless it be to leave him the merit of the choice of liberty, after having inspired him with the sentiment of it.

The Swiss return always to the borders of their lakes, because they there enjoy a sort of liberty,
which,

which, though imperfect, is superior to that of many other people, very different in that from the Gascons, who quit their country very willingly with the intention of never going back again. Henceforth the French will only make visits to other countries, but will find none more admirable than their own country, as well as its government.

Let us judge by the profound sighs, the groans, and regrets of our emigrants. They shall never ascend that tribune where the voice of Him whom they treated with contempt will be heard, where it will immortalize his name, and where (what is more soothing to conceive) it may increase the splendor and happiness of a country.

Who is not an orator? Who does not dream of being an orator, after this great and happy perspective? Thus it is who shall exercise himself in the art of speaking in clubs, in patriotic societies, and even in literary circles, where they imitate the function of the Legislative Body with a president, a bell, and secretaries, and where they ask leave to speak, make motions, amendments, and consult the majority; and where, as in great assemblies, the minority, always more active, more obstinate, and more nearly connected, gain the question the next day. But alas! in the same tribune, the eagle, armed with his thunders, and the owl stupidly flittering with his wings, have appeared on the same day, and sometimes by the side

sider of each other. Mirabeau and Laurent Leconte have alike made their voice heard. Republicanism has spoken by the organs of Verginaud and Gaudet, royalism by those of Vau blanc and Dumolard. Royalism, under every mask, has dishonoured the tribune of the French Senate, it has resounded with the vociferations of those perverse men who have lighted there the torches which they have thrown far among towns and into the country. There they have given the signal of fanaticism: there they have dared to legitimate the assassinations of the South; there, in short, they have meditated on beginning the great trial of the revolution and of liberty.

It was sullied in Praireal by the impure remains of Marat; and but for the epocha of the 13th Vendemiaire, the anti-republicans would have banished the signs of liberty.

The tribune was the rallying-place of those who attacked and defended liberty. Impudence and folly here triumphed for a day, but the next they were overthrown. Perfidy and cunning have been unmasked at the moment when they counted with most certainty on putting us under subjection.

The struggle on that spot was constant, terrible, and great; the intrepidity of crime gave force to the energy of virtue. Neither falsehood, nor false attacks, nor threats, nor the violence of the conspirators, ever intimidated the courageous enemies

enemies of the monarchy. In vain did the springs of republican government relax themselves: the government resumed its force and its majesty, and triumphed over the orators of royalism, who were crushed as much by the weight of talent as of virtue, and when there remained but a few legislators faithful to the cause of the people, suddenly the republican genius opposed a resistance of which the history of no nation furnishes an example. It commanded the 18th Fructidor, which became one of the most glorious as well as one of the most astonishing epochs of our liberty. It is from this tribune proceeded that voice which in the space of six years has created soldiers and generals, the constant friends of victory: it is this powerful voice which has organized the Great Nation, and which has given it a majestic basis, by exalting every kind of courage. Such are the prodigies emanated from the tribune, and which have expiated the discourses of those slaves either struck with contempt, or thrown far from us by exile. If the hearts of the people should become lukewarm, or should feel no more of that sacred fire which animated so often those who have said, *No, never*; we will never compose with tyranny; if the least doubt respecting our glorious destinies could for a moment shake the courage of the French, it would be from this tribune that again would issue the cry which should render to man his natural dignity.

CHAP. LXXXII.

FORCED LOAN.

THE definition of this word was written on the frowning brow of every rich man. Under the old regime, the opulent nobles never lay with their wives but the first night of their marriage, in order to have an heir. They considered it as a mania worthy of what they called the Bourgeoisie, the desire of multiplying their family.

The *forced loan* has done a miracle. It has called the opulent nobility; and even the rich Bourgeoise, who were always aping the former, to the sentiments of nature. It is now who shall produce most children, in order to contribute the least possible. And who doubts that the wives of these gentlemen will not contribute by all possible means to second their views*?

* This refers to the first forced loan.

CHAP. LXXXIII.

THE **** CABINET.

WHAT we had announced is now come to pass. The **** Cabinet has sought to avenge itself for the loss of its ancient colonies, and has appeared to espouse the cause of Louis the XVIth only the better to betray it. He who does not seize the thread will lose himself in the tortuous labyrinth of so many contradictory facts; this Cabinet took advantage of the credulous imbecility of Orleans. Indifferent to all parties, *** favoured every thing which could produce and propagate divisions among the Bourbons.

The monarchical government, too often overstepping its limits, drew near its end; and, both from its audacity, and the viciousness of a court which imagined that public opinion could be treated with contempt. Its imprudent haughtiness, fed by an insolent disdain for the people, rested itself on old prejudices, which hitherto had caused the follies and despotism of the throne to be respected: but what opinion creates opinion destroys. The vices of the monarchical government were at their height, and it was become an object of a sort of derision, from the indecent immorality

immorality of the princes, who were a kind of sultans, and especially by the versatility of its plans and measures.

The chief nobility, who perceived an approaching subversion, imagined that it would be the moment to revive the old feudal government in all its splendor, and to divide the provinces into particular governments*. There was a question of shutting up Louis the XVIth in a monastery, as had been done with a few kings of the first race, and his own brothers would have been obliged to have given their consent, from the immense division which would have been bestowed on them. Constrained by this danger, of which he received warning, Louis the XVIth made use of the only counterpoise in his power, he convoked the States General, and seemed to embrace the popular party.

This unfortunate Prince, instead of following the direction of the torrent in which he would always have swam, far from digging it a bed, destroyed every happy chance which fortune so often

* They had taken for their model the plan of government which the Protestants wished to establish in France in 1621; and we have the regulation made by the Assembly of Rochelle the 10th of May of the same year. The whole of the kingdom was divided into eight circles, comprehending Bearn. The Duke of Bouillon had the general command of the armies. Thus the Protestants had formed the project of changing France into a republic. The Princes had projected the creating for themselves privileged sovereignties.

offered him, to lower at once this imperious nobility, which had threatened him, and restrain the popular party, whose aid he had called in against his enemies.

He was three times perjured, while he had the greatest interest to be loyal and sincere. He meditated the most shameful, the most dishonourable, and most dangerous flight of which history makes mention, throwing himself on a foreign land, to be there despised, degraded, and made a prisoner, rather than league himself with a great people. He had only the ideas of a Marquis with red heels, and had never after a single moment of courage, even when he might have saved himself, or have done honour to his name, by falling with that dignity which his character claimed. Given up to superstitious notions, and to those counsels more or less foolish which result from them, grossly dissembling, and papistically vindictive, he had promised to religion to punish all the insults with which the throne was treated.

Three months frankness and open policy would have overturned all the plans of the * * * Minister, and prevented all the disasters which have weighed on France. This is what has rendered the Revolution so bloody and fatal; for in the beginning it was calm and peaceable; and if the king had known how to proceed with it, he would have gained the homage and admiration of the world.

It

It was the furious obstinate resistance to necessary and legitimate changes, the menaces, imprecations, and hostile projects of the clergy and the nobility, which impressed a character on the Revolution which it had not in the beginning. It became terrible, because the emigrants were as so many conspirators. They called for the subversion of the country, and nothing could calm or appease their pride, or their vengeance. As the priestly impostor adhered to the slightest ceremonial, and struck with the name of impious whoever smiled at his fooleries, so the nobles would not give up a tittle of their blasonry, and would as soon have burnt France for a ribband less large, as for their whole expulsion. The new order of things, the wish and want of all the French, made them furious with anger and astonishment; to yield nothing, and revenge themselves inhumanly on every demand, was the whole of their doctrine.

Meanwhile the foreign cabinets were anxious for the fall of Louis the XVIth; he was therefore advised to arm himself, to conspire against the new order of things, the last act of imprudence as strange, as it became guilty after the flight to Varennes.

He placed himself between two rocks, which were so much the more formidable, as they both helped to dash him in pieces. Common good sense should have told him, that all his strength

lay in doing nothing, and that he ought not particularly to have followed the plans of the common enemy, who, in order to favour the most barbarous of projects, were desirous of exterminating the French in the name of their chief.

He alone, by his multiplied perfidies, and by his monstrous errors, gave birth to the republican government, which no one thought of. Thus it is that a sound and vigorous plant, yet concealed in the earth, pushes back a diseased plant which falls into rottenness, the new plant increases its forces by the wrecks of the old.

Governments wear out, but once decomposed, it is impossible to regenerate them under the form which they have lost. The foreign powers wished to ruin us, and they have become our saviours. It is by the coalition of kings that we have been saved from kings. It was the treaty of Pilnitz which raised the whole nation in arms: it was the King of Prussia in Champagne who engendered the revolutionary spectre.

The English people, at a certain period, tried and condemned their monarch, and they take it ill that we try and condemn ours also. They expected to have made it a subject of perpetual discord amongst us, and to have crushed us one by the other. The monarchical government being identified with a single man, this man ought necessarily to disappear at the birth of the republican government. Every other measure would have

have implied contradiction, and led the way for endless commotions. It was necessary for us to repose in a republic, a stormy form of government at first, but which, after the first formation, takes a footing difficult to break.

The English bore shamefully with the long dictatorship of Oliver Cromwell; we have had a nursery of Cromwells, but politically and boldly enlightened, we have broken them one after the other; and if the nation had listened to the appeal and generous protest of the seventy-three Deputies, of which I shall always feel myself honoured in being of the number, and punished the authors of the 31st of May, France would then have been saved from the blows of foreigners, and the scaffolds of Robespierre would never have been erected. What proves it is, that the unfortunate Brissot, so much calumniated, and who always disdained any noted popularity, animated by the purest patriotism, never was deceived in his aversion for England; and that far from being the hireling of the English minister, whom he openly attacked by his declaration of war against Great Britain, no man ever saw better than he that there was but a moment to strike, and he, accused by this solemn act which will resound to the most distant posterity in eternal honour of his name and memory, he accused the slowness, the want of energy, of mobbish brawlers, who, while they were prating about

overturning all thrones, remained dumb through ignorance, and motionless through fear.

It was this act of patriotism and courage which disconcerted the foreign party, to which Robespierre was attached; for when every veil shall be rent, we shall see that the most cruel of men were also the most infamous, and that they were in agreement with the eternal enemy of France to procure themselves a support or a retreat; so blind does guilt render guilty men! The principal mover of the offensive war, or who at the tribune proposed its declaration, deserves our gratitude. It is a crime which the royalists impute at present to the Convention, from which it would be easy to absolve it, and even to turn to its glory; it saved on that day the republic from an approaching invasion, meditated on the part of the foreign powers; for the treaty of Pilnitz had prepared the dismemberment of France. And it was the chief of the French, who in order to regain I know not what shadow, while he might have enjoyed a real authority, had acceded to this shameful treaty! Such sworn foes are despots to their country, if once their pride be ever so little hurt.

The end of the Convention in provoking hostilities, was to take advantage of the enthusiasm of the French people, of those sublime and passionate efforts which signalize the first epochs of the independence of a nation. Ought we to have

have waited till the enemy, inundating our territory, should give the signal of combat! was it not more advantageous, more worthy of us, to be before-hand with him, since a rupture had been rendered inevitable by so much treason and perfidy. Our emigrants, who had fled from the first days of the Revolution when it was still intact, pure, and solemn, those cowardly emigrants, who are the true cause of the horrible convulsions of the interior, in having taken a resolution the most impolitic, and the most fatal to their cause, enjoyed the most unbounded protection, waiting however till they were sacrificed at Quiberon. Bands had already formed on all the frontiers of the republic, and if the enemy still delayed to attack us, it was only because he waited till we had been ruined by intestine divisions. In reality, had the ardour of our youth been restrained, it would have led us to have wasted in inaction those decisive days in which, full of the intoxication of our independence, struck with new and extraordinary objects, scorched in some measure with an electric fire, we were capable of the greatest things. It is to the offensive war that we owe our conquests, our brilliant victories; it is by them that we have forced Europe to tremble; three months later, and the time was over.

Conquerors of Gemappe, of Fleurus, warriors who have planted on the top of Mont Blanc the
three-

three-coloured standard! it is to you I appeal; your laurels, your successes depose in favour of the decree, whose supreme wisdom and foresight we attest. The Brabanter freed, the Hollander restored to liberty, the Allobrogé become French, the road of Italy open to our intrepid soldiers; such are the fruits of the offensive war; and the same men who have made it a crime in the Convention, pretend that we ought to overturn every throne, and cover Europe with republics. A fine project without doubt, if it were possible to realise it, and if those who had conceived it, or rather who talked of it, had not made their country groan under the most disgraceful slavery. And if the National Convention willed that France should declare herself against England, it was because she felt that there was not, that there never would be, any reconciliation between royalists and republicans; elements so opposite could never unite. The coalition had hoisted the flower-de-luce against the three-coloured cockade. The English nation was become anti-republican, not certainly through conviction, but to give us new proofs of its jealous hatred; for if England was the constant enemy of France a monarchy, it was still much more so of France a republic. England saw that she could not much longer reap the fruit of that superiority which the remains of that uncertain liberty which her citizens still enjoy, have given her.

Is not the ardent jealousy of this nation impressed on every page of our history ! Let us open it, we shall find that it is from this island that have issued for many ages past the calamities by which we have been afflicted. At all times her secret but active policy fomented divisions amongst us, and she always lavished her smiles on that party which best knew how to injure France. Without going back to distant epochas, does not the present time offer us an incontestible chain of evidence ?

If we had submitted silently to the insults of foreigners, if we had been obstinate in keeping pusillanimous measures with them, would they have the less fomented the revolt of our colonies, fed our discords, furnished arms and ammunition to the rebels of the interior, subsidized the coalesced powers, and even bands of obscure royalists enlisted at Paris ? They have not blushed at counterfeiting our paper money, without reflecting that this example was the signal of the ruin of their own Banks.

The National Convention certainly never pretended that we could attack or destroy a powerful marine in all its vigour ; but it was in our power to hold the balance, and it is well known that the reverses which our fleets have met with, have been owing to the blunders of those in the pay of foreigners.

Have

Have we not, it was said at the time, as abundant resources as those of our enemies, to build vessels and form sailors? Is it not astonishing that a nation, which possesses the finest ports on the ocean and the Mediterranean, which has colonies, an extensive commerce, intrepid marines, as well as the greatest part of materials for construction, should have neglected this essential branch of national greatness? The active genius of republicanism required that our naval forces should equal our land armies in strength and success. It entered into its views and projects, to spread over the sea the same patriotic enthusiasm which had led the republican bayonet to the *pas de charge*.

We foresaw what every day confirms, that foreigners could not behold, without a sentiment of rage, a powerful republic power erecting itself by their side, which from the extent of its territory, the riches of its soil, the worth, the industry of its inhabitants, ought necessarily to take the lead of all other European nations.

A bad government palsied our expansive genius, counteracted all the advantages with which nature had favoured us. Despotism, like the sun of the torrid zone, burnt and dried up the most fruitful soil; but the French republican was going to compensate those days of inaction and servitude, by raising himself rapidly to the zenith
of

of prosperity; the hostile governments knew how to appreciate this regenerating movement, and made use of every measure in their power to impede it.

It is evident, that it was by propagating ideas respecting the Blacks and Mulattoes, that they kindled the torch which set our colonies on fire; that same torch which they were careful to keep at a distance from their own. It was by exaggerating, by corrupting philosophical opinions amongst us, that they placed to the account of those feeling writers, who had shed tears over the fate of the slave, those furies to which he gave himself up, when he had broken his chains.

We know at present that royalism, constantly protected by the enemies of France, had provided a retreat for itself in those rich countries, and that from the shock of the three parties, have resulted the most horrible calamities. History will publish, that the plan had been formed to embark Lewis the XVIth for St. Domingo *, and from thence, like a new Pharamond, he was to invite, rally, and concentrate his nobles and his fanatics, and oppose new France to the mother

* He was to have left Paris in a coal-berge, to have stopped at Rouen at the house of Liancour, and from thence make the best of his way towards the new world. For want of ammunition they had made a provision of glass bottles, to charge the cannon that were to have protected his flight.

country:

country : all the blood which had been shed, was the consequence only of those guilty and odious preparations.

Our enemies knew also, that wrong and extravagant ideas always gain on the lower orders of the social body, and fill it with ill-regulated passions ; that there is no tyranny so dangerous as that of the people, that it is commonly the most factious who seize on the reins of authority ; that then the vilest inhabitants of a city acquire the right and the power of injuring the most virtuous ; that narrow minds rush always into extremes ; that democracy, in short, changes itself so easily into anarchy, that virtue and courage never find themselves on so slippery a precipice as in a political fermentation of this nature ; and the coalition organized the 31st of May, as the means of bringing about a sanguinary dictatorship. Thus all these atrocious men who persecuted the republicans, were the agents or instruments of foreign powers, put in motion by the hostile cabinets. The thread of all these conspiracies ends there, and without the bravery of our armies, and the invincible union of our soldiers, it was over with France.

History, in short, will developé what we have only sketched. Every faction was caressed, because it could foment political troubles ; under every mask, and every livery, the coalition have breathed discord, and perpetuated the empire of anarchy ;

anarchy ; Lewis, and Orleans, Robespierre, Babeuf, and Puifaye, parties the most opposite, promoted alike their designs, provided they raised obstacles to hinder the French from rallying round the republican government.

But we have at present a constitution which teaches us how to discover and detect the enemies of the republic, with whatever veil they are covered, we shall find out the friends of kings ; history, experience, general interest, will make us sufficiently comprehend that we cannot combat beings so ferocious with patience and philosophy.

Whenever violations of the laws, of order, or the principle of humanity, are in question, their infernal genius is readily of accord ; but we have also the genius of the republic, and the intrepid soldiers of our country, united with its virtuous writers, will soon impose silence on all these hired libellists, who having begun for a long time past in idea, the work of royal vengeance, would wish to finish by crushing the nation under the horrible weight of European thrones. Such blindness is so monstrous, that we easily trace in these writings, either abject minds, or venal pens.

CHAP. LXXXV.

CONSTITUTIONAL PRIEST:

THIS is the name which was given at the beginning of the Revolution to the ecclesiastic who had taken the oath to observe the civil constitution of the clergy, decreed by the National Assembly. At the time it existed, Madame, (the wife of the king's brother), gave notice that she should have every day at dinner, two places for two priests who had not taken the civic oath. Her cook being told of the invitation of his mistress, said, "The bad priests have only to come, "I will give them a better regale than they "think of; I will write the civic oath in little "billets, which shall be inclosed in the *petits-* " *patés*; if they will not pronounce the civic "oath, they shall at least swallow it."

CHAP. LXXXVI.

TRIAL OF LEWIS XVI.

A WHOLE nation, too confiding, has been betrayed by its chief. Lewis the XVth, disdain-
ing to be the king of a free people, has made use
of the deepest dissimulation in order to get pos-
session again of the despotic sceptre ; in order to
crush, by a single blow, one half of the nation,
and palsy the other. He is surrounded by con-
spirators ; he has listened from preference, as
well as instinct, to perverse advisers, and has ma-
liciously kept himself aloof from the good.

He did not blush, in the field of the Federation,
at making the whole French nation assembled
witnesses of his perjury, nor feared at the same
time to invite the foreign enemy into our terri-
tory, in order to stifle our infant liberty.

Enraged at not having succeeded in destroying
Paris in 1789, rooted in his deep resentment, he
has since meditated every plan, every sanguinary
project capable of satisfying his vengeance ; and
when his people, convinced of his perfidy, had
generously forgotten his abominable crime, the
crowned monster calculated with the cold bloodi-

ness

ness of a cunningly concentrated mind, the measures the most efficacious to ruin them.

Fallen into his own snares, and seeing the day of justice arrive, he is anxious to interpret in his favour certain words of a constitution which he has violated; he wishes to insinuate, that, in the social pact, we have permitted him to assassinate the nation, and that he had a right to arm foreign satellites, without rendering his crowned head responsible! This kind of defence is a new crime, an insult committed against human reason. Although there should be no law against parricidal children, because the legislator had never conceived the possibility of such a crime, ought therefore the children, who had killed their father, to be acquitted? Could we have supposed in the text of the constitution a conspiring king, an incendiary, an assassin, a parricide!

It appears, therefore, very extraordinary, that you should wish to try Lewis, either by the constitution which no longer exists, or by the penal code. His crimes are notorious. The frontiers have been inundated with blood; the blood of the Parisians and the Marseillais has bathed the walls of the infernal chateau, from whence the demon of despotism has vomited a thousand deaths.

Political laws alone ought to punish crimes of an extraordinary nature, and in an extraordinary crisis.

crisis. All this is new, terrible, and necessary. It is a trial between an injured nation and a guilty king. The political laws which belong to great societies, and which are continually modifying them, are no longer those of natural, or of civil right; they watch over the constitution of the whole; and having no other end, they are not subjected to those equivocal words by means of which the most contradictory arguments are equally maintained.

It is political law which orders war, which causes that house to be burnt which should contain the germ of the plague, which protects the half-crown of the capitalist, against the hand of the necessitous man who covets it; which after the death of one man, orders the death of another. These laws, political from their nature and their utility, are formed in every great circumstance, and are peculiarly suitable to a day of tempest. Those laws are political which willed the inviolability of the king, in order that he should be impassable in the exercise of his sublime functions. The same political laws pronounced the forfeiture of royalty, because royalty was about to operate the dissolution of the state; and there was no medium between disorganization and the republic. Thus, it is no longer jurisprudence which we should follow, since it is an insurrection which has said, *Destroy*

the power. The Convention can therefore neither delegate this authority, nor create a tribunal.

Let us then consult political laws, and lay aside such as are liable to abuse and chicanery. The founders of liberty ought not to engage themselves in crooked questions, and the perplexities of the bar. Too timorous a philosophy, like the ferocious cry of Maratism, would lead us astray at this moment.

What do the re-establishment of the republic, and national interest exact? On the one side I see a nation, on the other an individual. This individual deserves death, because he has committed the public safety, and been an enemy to his country : but this individual, though shorn of his beams, is still a demi-god to fanatical worshippers. Others see in him the depositary of the immense riches which he distributed to his favourites ; and they would wish to restore that depositary.

All those who love gold, regret the great distributor. Others put themselves in idea in his place, and interest themselves for the criminal on account of the height of his fall. Policy sees nothing but the national parricide, and does not hesitate to say, "The chief of so many conspiracies, whom the people have too often pardoned, ought to meet with no other laws but such as are inexorable ; the king, who called him-
" self

“ self the palladium of the constitution, and
 “ who acted against the constitution in its
 “ name, deserves death. The country, on the
 “ border of the precipice, cries to every repre-
 “ sentative of the people, *Avenge, avenge me!*”
 Under this point of view, and the only one which
 political reason can offer, the representatives of
 the people are no longer judges, since the crimes
 are proved, they are only avengers, and they
 ought without delay to pronounce the punish-
 ment which those crimes deserve. Political laws
 of a superior nature require that France should
 no longer be given up to incertitude; we are in
 civil war, two parties are struggling for the ascen-
 dency. The republic, or the despotism of an in-
 dividual! is it useful or necessary that Lewis
 should perish?

I maintain that the king is dead and buried;
 he has no longer a political existence. He ought
 to be considered, and we must consider him, as
 being for ever cut off from society; political laws
 have destroyed the political being; they have
 done what was necessary. The king is no other
 than a phantom. After the destruction of royalty,
 it was sound policy to put aside, or adjourn, the
 punishment of the crowned head, for time is also
 a legislator which unravels the most knotty ques-
 tions; and the solution of the problem was in
 this verse of the fable, “ *Before that time, either the*

"*king, the afs, or I, shall die.*" But this wise resolution did not please the disorganizing party; that party invokes disorder, it loves discord; it heats every thing in order to produce a conflagration. One member goes so far as to say, "I wish to see his head on the Caroufel;" and he takes this language for that of a legislator; another abuses the name of republic, without reflecting that the republic is not yet created.

True policy says, "Try Lewis the XVth; pronounce that he deserves death; but do not pronounce the punishment of death."

If Lewis the XVth be no longer a political being with respect to us, he is still so for the potentates of Europe. The anti-social maxims which make them consider states as farms, and the people as cattle, these maxims will dictate to them new impostures, they will calumniate the French; they will abuse the ignorance of their subjects; they will not discontinue pouring in their gold to quicken their ferocious satellites; the brother of the traitor will be proclaimed regent; the son, king; and his age and his innocence will become virtues. We know how much men are guided by words; every Bourbon will call himself the proprietor of the throne; and will offer parts of France to whoever will re-establish him. The more extravagant those pretensions are, the more they will prevail among nations

nations accustomed to regard kings as gods, without whom nothing can exist, and who alone can give life to the political body.

But Lewis is a prisoner; all the emigrant princes dare assert that he is no more! Faithful to their detestable logic, they wish only to tyrannise under his name, or after him. The plains of Chalons, violated by the enemy, prove that Lewis is literally a prisoner of war; and it is not permitted to put a prisoner to death.

If on the morning of the 10th of August he had fallen under the sword of the avengers of liberty, his death would not have been a crime; but a great act of justice in the eyes of the world; for every thing then was permitted. But Providence, which has disposed of every event of this great Revolution, did not permit this, and thus seems to have indicated to the French the glory of forming a republic, and sparing at the same time the blood of their most cruel enemy. The example will be the same for every crowned head; to make Lewis the XVth fall, would be to make it believed, that he was still formidable. He is no longer so; the incomprehensible talisman is broken. The murderer of the Bastille, of Nancy, of Tournay, of the Tuilleries, will wear on his front the eternal seal of reprobation; and his foot will no longer tread the living soil of liberty; he will no longer have the soothing satisfaction

faction of beholding it. From the depth of his obscure prison, he will hear our songs of victory; and who knows but remorse will penetrate his heart with the tears of true repentance; perhaps, in the bitterness of his grief, he will exclaim, "I was a fool, a barbarian, but men had made me a king."

We must take then into our account the moral re-action, which for ever turns the mind towards pity, when justice sheds blood. If the king perishes on a scaffold, this tragedy will divide Europe; it will be the origin of endless debates, which will serve as a pretext against the French.

Captivity precludes these bloody commotions. Those who might be tempted to call themselves kings, will not venture to do so, we shall have no Pretenders, no further interest will be taken in a phantom which has vanished; and Europe will see, that impunity is no longer the privilege of potentates.

Such is nearly the summing up which I made on this great question, and my opinion was delivered in almost the same terms.

The Girondines were desirous of saving the king, but they did not wish at the same time to lose their popularity; and the despotism of the mob being then omnipotent, it was who should care for it most. The Girondines suggested

gested the appeal to the people, hoping that by taking this course, the issue of the trial would have favourable chances; but they deceived themselves, and I made repeated efforts to dissuade them, but in vain. I told them, they would themselves repent of the appeal to the people, which I myself opposed. They might have divided on the question of capital punishment, but they united in the same vote, and thereby composed the voice of the majority, though their secret design was to spare the nation the sight of a king dragged to the scaffold.

It is thus, that in great political affairs, refinement and dissimulation bring about events directly contrary to those which were intended. I was of opinion, that no cunning was necessary, and superior to fear, and firm in my principles, I separated myself on this occasion from the Girondines, whom I had always loved and esteemed. I voted against the appeal to the people, declaring myself with the same frankness against the pain of death.

The examination of this question gave me a fever for eight and forty hours, and made volumes of reflections pass through my head. I fell sick; and having, I think, discovered the true point of view, I do not conceal my opinion, that those who voted differently have committed

a political

a political blunder. Probably they had not made the same exertions to come to the solution of this great problem, which nevertheless will be finally decided for posterity, by the pen of some future Tacitus. As for myself, I have done my duty as a man, and a legislator ; and I do it still as a free and independent writer.

CHAP. LXXXVII.

OF THE DETHRONED RACE.

Is it indeed the same individual, crowned and consecrated at Rheims, mounted on a raised flooring, surrounded by all the nobility kneeling at his feet, hailed by a thousand acclamations, adored almost as a god, whose look, and voice, and gesture, were as so many orders ; he who was surrounded with honours and enjoyments ; in short, separated as it were from the rest of mankind, is it really the same man whom I see handled by four of the executioner's helpers, and his clothes stript off with violence ; whose voice is drowned by the noise of the drum, tied to a plank, still struggling, and receiving, so ill prepared, the stroke of the guillotine, that he has not

not his neck, but the hinder part of his head, and the jaw, horribly disfigured?

His blood flows: shouts of joy from eighty thousand armed men assail my ears, and are repeated along the quays. I see the students of the Quatre Nations lifting their hats in the air. His blood flows: it is, who shall dip the end of his finger in it, a pen, a scrap of paper. One person tastes it, and says, "*It is devilishly salt.*" An executioner on the edge of the scaffold sells and distributes little packets of his hair; the rope that bound him is purchased; every one carries off a little fragment of his clothes, or some bloody vestige of this tragical scene. I saw the people filing off, holding by each other's arms, laughing, and talking familiarly, as if they were returning home from a fete.

There was no alteration in their countenances, and those have asserted a falsehood who have stated that a stupor reigned through the city. It was only some days after that reflection, and a sort of mistrustful fear of the future, cast a cloud over some particular societies. The day of punishment made no impression: the theatres were open, the drinking-houses on the side of the bloody scene, emptied their cans as usual, and they cried cakes and *petits pates* around the decapitated body. He was placed like any other criminal in the wicker-basket, carried to the Magdalen burying-ground, where he received an ample dose of quick-

quick-lime, which so calcined him, that it would be impossible for all the gold of the potentates of Europe to form the least relick of his remains.

The Minister of Justice announced and read to him the sentence of death. It appears that Louis the XVIth had some hope even to the last moment; for it is certain, that he flew into a passion, and struggled with five or six of the executioners. He spoke for some little time, and pretty loud.

It is pretended that it was the player Dugazon, who, without the intervention of Santerre, ordered, as if it were the command of the general, the beating of the drums. Religion seems also to have assisted the King in this horrible passage from the throne to the scaffold, and the words of his confessor were sublime. "*Go, son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven!*"

From a certain point of view, thrones are only monticules, and the death of a king on a scaffold is not one of those events which disturb physical order, or which can interrupt one of the least laws of nature, or the progress of things here below. Louis the XVIth might have died a still more painful death; but men, in overturning an idol, remain affrighted at the blows which they have given it, and we are all more or less like the statue, who falls on his knees before his own work.

I can

I can attest, that five or six days after the punishment, the greater part of the Legislature who had voted for death were affrighted at what they had done. They looked at each other with astonishment, and felt a sort of inward fear, which looked very much like repentance. Sometimes they fought, sometimes they shunned, those who had been of a contrary opinion, and whom they did not dare to interrogate. I remember very well that they met in groups, whispered to each other, and were embarrassed at our approach.

It is certain, that at this epocha an almost absolute separation took place between those who had and those who had not voted the death of the king. That enmities were inflamed, that hatreds increased, that open or concealed reproaches assumed a formidable aspect; and that, in short, the punishment of Louis the XVIth threatened all those who had been willing to save him from it.

Those insolent and rash menaces forced us sometimes to speak thundering but tardy truths. We kept no longer any terms with men, our equals, who dared to call us pusillanimous beings. To insult us, to devote us to the fury of the populace, there was no longer any thing common between us, because they could not forgive us our opinion. Having made the head of Louis fall, they were emboldened to cause the heads of their colleagues to fall on the same place. It was a delirium

delirium of fury, of vengeance, and of rage, and I believe they did much more from terror than from republicanism.

I perceived that several of them felt deep remorse. Desacy, a mild, modest, and honest man, deeply versed in history, died with grief. Alas! such are men! they are moved, drawn ignorantly in, give way to the passions of others, and dare not have any opinion of their own. There are few who know how to preserve any consistency of character, when every thing threatens and shakes around them.

The Girondins were afflicted at having made use of a useless *finesse*. They repented of the false step they had taken by their *appeal to the people*, and they saw that their adversaries were metamorphosing themselves into tygers to devour them. They had not that courage which prevents and defies dangers, and believed in the information, the wisdom of the nation, and in its power to rise in their favour. The nation, undecided, and divided likewise with respect to this great event, knew not whom to acquit or condemn, and abandoned alike to their own destiny, the different parties of the National Convention, waiting the result with a sort of inconceivable apathy which was fatal to itself.

The Queen assuredly enjoyed neither the esteem nor affection of the public. The recent story of the necklace, her immoderate love for the

the

the Emperor her brother, her supposed hatred for France, did not conciliate the respect of the people. They recollected her first arrival in the Court of Versailles, which had been signalized by a tremendous burst of thunder, and three thousand unhappy people crushed to death, or stifled in the place Louis Quinze, amidst the rejoicings for her marriage, on the same place which she was one day to stain with her blood. She had rendered herself ridiculous from playing too often the actress, exhibiting her son to the people, making him her shield, treating him as a king with a sort of gesture and movement borrowed from our tragedies, especially after she had furnished calumny with arms from her manners, her petulance, her nocturnal courses, and that the people were accustomed to regard the little prince as the fruit of her illicit amours. Nothing was the subject of conversation but her excesses: they were such, real or imaginary, that it was only at this epocha that they talked of a vice almost unknown, which has no name in our language, and whose scandal, or rather excess of horror, her example seemed to wipe away.

History will tell what precipitated the punishment of the Queen. I do not know the details, but I am persuaded that the authors of the death of Louis the XVth, having their own existence threatened, braved the menaces of their enemies, and were desirous of making them believe that
they

they were not afraid. Fear has played so great a part in our revolution; its altar was so large, that what was only done to shun an adversary, to strike him with horror, was often attributed to policy, ambition, and profound wiles. What tends to prove this remark is, that the king's sister, who had no other crime than that of her birth, to speak the language of the times, was not spared, and that it is impossible to guess at present what could have been the motives of such an execution.

To brave crowned heads, to humble them, to render all reconciliation impossible, to attach the whole nation to the Revolution, by attaching it to its excesses, was the end of those who resolved to govern it. What saved the king's daughter, idolized by her father, whom she saw go to the scaffold (while she was for a long time ignorant that her mother had undergone the same fate), was less her youth than the confused hope which Robespierre indulged of arriving, through her means, to a rank which had then no name, but to which he and his party would soon have known how to have given one. The chimerical and the improbable were at that time calculated on as ordinary and possible things.

The Dauphin of France, the title which formerly belonged to the presumptive heir of the crown, had received from the Constituent National Assembly, which determined the lot of the throne, the

the title of Prince Royal. He was prisoner in the Temple; and there his mother, resuming the old etiquette of the court, and rehearsing Suetonius, affected to treat this child with all the respect due to a monarch. He was considered as Louis the XVIIth in his family at the prison (poor human pride!) whilst the rebels in the Vendee proclaimed him by this title, and all their acts were made in his name. This child was six years and some months old when the gates of the Temple opened to receive him, and were shut on him for ever. The commune had given him for a governor, institutor, and preceptor, a *cobler* named *Simon*. All his care was to unlearn him from being a king, or to enact the king. He taught him to swear, to curse his father, to call his mother a —, to sing the Carmagnole, and cry *Vive les Sans-culottes!* and what proved the progress of that new education, was the part they made the child act on his mother's trial. Minutes were made of his declarations (monstrous proces-verbal—but what was there inconceivable at that time!) from which it appeared to result—I shudder while I trace those lines—that Marie Antoinette had attempted to draw from her son those resources which libertinism did not permit her to find in her prison. At this terrible imputation, Marie Antoinette answered like an insulted mother in these words, full of noble dignity: “It is not so; and I here invoke every mother present.

“ Let

"Let them say if that be possible;" and she was almost suffocated by grief.

The child became as it were listless, and died at the Temple in consequence of a feropulous humour which stifled him. He was not poisoned. Connected intimately for five-and-thirty years past with the surgeon who opened the body, I attest that he is incapable of signing any other thing than the truth.

The two brothers of Louis the XVIth would have put their heads under the national razor (to make use of a term which was given to the horrible instrument of punishment), but for their prudence and lucky escape. Their niece was preserved only to serve as an exchange to the deputies whom the base treason of the infamous Dumourier had delivered to the enemy, and the head of Drouet in danger caused that of the Austrian Princess to be respected: no other name was given her.

The Queen lost neither the eve nor the day of her punishment, the passion and instinct of a woman. She ironed her cap with care, dressed herself with the same taste, and with a kind of simplicity. She said, in her flock bed, to the Gend'armes, who were separated from her only by a screen, "Do you think that the people will let me go to the scaffold without tearing me in pieces?" and the Gend'arme answered, "You will go, Madam, to the scaffold, without any harm happen-

"ing to you." She had no carriage, but was dragged in a cart like the wife of Roland, but she had not her stoicism. The people saw her pass with an indifference which bordered on contempt, and which her conduct had inspired. When she came opposite the Palais Royal, she could not suppress an emotion of indignation: it was from this palace that had issued her dreadful reverses. She fainted on the scaffold: the spectators were as tranquil as if it had been an ordinary victim. There were neither insults, nor outrage, nor tears, nor regrets.

It is said that a Russian poet is making tragedies on all those dethroned personages; but three thousand years must elapse, or a greater distance of leagues, to render noble and pathetic that which near, and under our eyes, inspired only slight and transitory emotions.

But the sparkling Count d'Artois, hare-brained young man, plunged in every sort of dissipation, whose whole course of literature was the *Pucelle* of Voltaire, which he knew by heart, What does he say, or think, of all these reverses? Did he suspect, when given up to every sort of pleasure, and believing that royalty was instituted only to favour his tastes, and pay for them, what, to use a trivial expression, was his star? Does he remember the day when he made the tour of Paris on horseback, to visit the gates through which the troops were to enter to sack the city? Has

he forgotten the moment when the French guards seemed to wait only for the word of command to fire on the people, in order to ground their arms? So much was *he* esteemed and beloved!

What has he done beyond the Rhine? With what glory has he covered himself? What has he done for all this aristocracy, of which he is the worthy chief? What indemnity will he offer to the Emigrants? Was it after his plan that the greater part of a corps was sent to destruction, and to be shot at Quiberon?

The principal cause of the ruin of the court was undoubtedly that Count d'Artois. His haughtiness was displeasing to every one: he had introduced into France those English follies which metamorphosed our princes into so many jockeys; his prodigalities encouraged those of the Queen; their intimacies were the subject of censure; and their common dilapidations made it said that the public treasure was given up to pillage. In fact, the revenues of the Count d'Artois not being sufficient for his expences, the king had often paid his debts, which were continually renewing, and he left many millions unpaid at his departure. But it is to be observed, that *Monseur*, who was as economical as his brother was prodigal, was in the habit of taking, in order to add to his own stock, the equivalent of what M. d'Artois received to feed his creditors.

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The old aunts of the king, as if inspired with the spirit of divination, insisted so much on leaving France, that at length they accomplished their purpose. Arrested at some leagues from Paris, they found the means of getting forward. It is very likely that the plan of decampment having been arranged for the whole of the royal family, they had only taken the first step. They went to Rome, to visit the Pope and Abbe Maury, the great inventor of emigration. But whilst I am writing, see the French troops entering Rome at quick steps, our soldiers planting the three-coloured flag on the walls of the capitol, and saying to the shades of Cato, Brutus, and Pompey, *Rejoice, your republic is again restored!*

Sufficient attention was not paid at the time to the death of Choiseul, when he was going to be recalled to the ministry, or rather to be the sole minister. This event deprived the vampire cast of a jealous and skilful protector. He would have supported the aristocracy, and if the nobles have dared to threaten our frontiers, unite themselves with Leopold and Francis the Second; arm themselves against the country with sacrilegious steel; raise troops; treat with foreign powers; give to one of their accomplices the title of *Regent of the kingdom*; what would they not have done, having for king a Choiseul, who would have subjected the monarch to them?

We must allow that Versailles, which wanted to make the counterpoise, was become the sport of Paris; but imagination can scarcely figure to itself the ridiculous gaiety, the turbulence, the intoxicated buffoonery of the Parisians going to court to fetch the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's little boy, which was the name given to the royal family. Two hundred thousand men on the road, laughing, brawling, dancing, hallooing, calling out, *They are bringing him*. Every foldier holding under his arms a girl of the town, the haranguers seated on the cannon, others putting on their heads the grenadier's caps, vessels of wine near powder barrels, green branches stuck on the fire-locks, shouts, cries, clamours, the image of the ancient Saturnalia; nothing can paint this procession which accompanied the monarch. Never was King Log so tumbled about in the frog-pond, the nobles, hidden in the crowd, animated this tumult, and enjoyed the confusion of the chief whom they hoped soon to replace.

It was the same when he was brought back from Varennes: it seemed the institution of an annual festival to make merry at the expence of the court. The Parisian, according to his own expression, made a farce of those tumultuous days, in which extreme licence wore such a character of originality and folly, that it would be difficult to give it a name. Any one would have supposed it a king of straw or wicker-work, which
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the mob was parading, instead of a descendant of Louis the XIVth. The spell was entirely broken; and as there was not the least shadow of respect, it was nothing more than a pleasant day of riot amidst the most solemn political events. Terrible gaiety of the Parisians! more dangerous than their fury. The mobbish familiarity which embraced the baker and the baker's little boy, did more for the Revolution than the pikes, the scythes, and bill-hooks stuck on the end of long sticks. Aristotle has defined man a laughing animal, but no one can imagine to what point he is, or may become so, unless he has seen those facetious scenes, those burlesque conceptions, those fantastic deliriums of extravagance, which announced a people suddenly let loose, and willing to make up in a day for the painful restraint under which they had languished for so many ages; and I may be credited in asserting, that all the spectators, as if they were astonished at some extraordinary novelty, partook of the tumultuous joy of the multitude. Was Momus busy then in shaking his bells throughout this immense city? At the theatre, the farce comes after the tragedy, but here the tragical scenes were preceded by the farce.

In this manner the fall of the royal family was brought about by a crowd of accessory circumstances at present forgotten, but which will teach the

the historian that the greatest catastrophes do not take place from a single blow.

What an epocha results from hence for future generations ! our victorious arms have revived the Roman republics. The King's aunts, who had taken refuge at the Vatican as a sure, a tranquil asylum, are forced to fly; the coalition of kings is punished in the papal idol; it loses its throne, which contrasted so ludicrously with that of the Cæsars; the old distributor of crowns has no longer one for himself. This reverend juggler, to whom superstition and credulity offered incense, the mover of the troubles of the world, who divided at the same time empires and families, author of so many evils committed in the name of religion, alternately perfidious, cruel, cunning; the eternal enemy of increasing light, the impudent vender of indulgences, the Pope, sees his power dissolved by contempt. His cardinals are the first to chant the hymn which celebrates Rome restored to its ancient liberty. Rise from your tombs, ye great, who have formed the glory of the capitol. They are Frenchmen who re-establish your consuls, they regenerate the nations who wish to be their friends, and in every place where humanity shall require the destruction of despotic power, of that monstrous power which is injurious to the dignity of man. Every where he will find armies of French citizens, who, proud of this title, will be anxious to aid him to found or rebuild

build the altars of liberty. The fate of the Court of Rome will be that of all despotic courts; and the soldiers of other nations, when the moment for abandoning the proud despots who reign by their crimes, shall arrive, will act the part of the Pope's soldiers.

CHAP. LXXXVIII.

BALLS A LA VICTIME.

TWENTY-THREE theatres, eighteen hundred balls opened every day: this is what composes the evening's amusement.

Here lighted lustres reflect their splendor on beauties dressed *à la Cleopâtre, à la Diane, à la Psyche*; there, a smoky lamp sheds its oily beams on a troop of washerwomen, who dance in wooden shoes, with their muscadins, to the noise of some forry scraper. I know not whether the first of these dancers have any great affection for the republican forms of the Grecian governments, but they have modelled the form of their dress after that of Aspasia; bare arms, naked breasts, feet shod with sandals, hair turned in tresses around their heads by modish hair-dressers, who study the antique busts. Guess where are the pockets of these dancers?

cers? They have none: they stick their fan in their belt, and lodge in their bosom a slight purse of morocco leather, in which are a few spare guineas. As to the ignoble handkerchief, it is in the pocket of some courtier, to whom they address themselves in case of need.

The shift has long since been banished, as it seemed only to spoil the contours of nature; and besides, it was an inconvenient part of dress, and the flesh-coloured, knit-work, silk stays, which stuck close to the body, did not leave the beholder to divine, but perceive every secret charm. This is what was called being dressed *a la sauvage*, and the women dressed in this manner during a rigorous winter, in spite of frost and snow.

And while an hundred tables offer trees bending under fruit of every season, fruits in ice, while fountains pour in abundance orgeat, lemonade, liqueurs, the poor stock-holder sells by piece-meal first his ornamental pieces of furniture, and afterwards the piece most in use.

Who would suppose, in seeing these brilliant rooms, and these women with naked feet, and whose toes are all adorned with diamonds, that we have but just escaped from the reign of terror? So many thousands of men who have fallen under it leave no-traces; and even regrets for the old regime, if they are ever heard, are become so hackneyed, and aristocracism is descended so low, that no one carries any longer these fans dexterously

strewn with flowers-de-luce, nor those mysterious snuff and comfit boxes, which, by a secret spring, discovered the proscribed insignia of royalty. The *balls à la victime*, which I ought not to pass by without mentioning, are no longer talked of but as a frolicksome amusement.

Will posterity believe, that persons, whose relations had perished on the scaffold, had instituted not days of solemn affliction, and common commemoration, in which, clothed in mourning, they should have manifested their grief for losses so recent and so cruel, but days of dancing, where nothing was seen but the valse, and joyous eating and drinking? To be admitted to the feast, it was necessary to exhibit a certificate, stating that the candidate had lost a father, a mother, a husband, a wife, a brother, a sister, by the guillotine. The death of collateral relations did not give the right of admission to this amusement. Was it Holbein's Dance of Death which inspired such an idea? And why, amidst the noise of violins, did we not see a dance of headless spectres?

Vain efforts of aristocracy to form new cabals! Every thing which bears the stamp of fanaticism, or of extravagant institutions, vanish as quickly away.

CHAP. LXXXIX.

BAGATELLE.

This name reminds us of the country-seat of the Count d'Artois, who has taken refuge at Edinburgh, in an old and gothic palace; but so far convenient, as it is an asylum against imprisonment for debts; and the *ci-devant* prince confines himself there, to avoid the pursuit of his creditors.

It is a sort of speculation to rent a house which recalls royal ideas; there they make illuminations, let off sky-rockets and other fireworks, while the explosion of bombs, the crush of enchanted palaces, form the image of the fall of the great, who, in the same place, were surrounded with every pleasure, but with which they never indulged the public.

The Elysee Bourbon, is also the scene of these illuminations and fireworks; and for three livres you purchase the privilege of treading, with the multitude, those magnificent gardens, which were never entered but when visited by the friends or the flatterers of the prince.

This is not a little regale for the enemy of the old regime, for the stern republican, and even
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for the philosopher, who remembers the insolent pride of these princes, and their contempt for merit and virtue.

Bagatelle recalls a crowd of ideas, which are not to the glory of its antient possessor; but as he had the power at that time of disposing of benefices, he was sung by the Abbé Delille, the paradist of Virgil; who also made verses to repay the favours he had obtained, or those he solicited. Poets, musicians, venders of sound and smoke! no, you do not bestow immortality; you sometimes only consecrate a shameful celebrity. The interested muse of the Abbé Delille has made the Count d'Artois still more dwarfish than he was, although the Abbé Delille calls him his master, and almost a second Augustus.

CHAP. XC.

ASSIGNATS.

AMIDST so many extraordinary things, paper-money undoubtedly holds the first rank. It was created by necessity, as we throw a wooden bridge over a foaming flood; and as we must pass over the trembling bridge, we pass with our eyes shut.

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There never was a more bold conception; it was followed by that law, not less astonishing, which fixed the price of commodities, and merchandize. The maximum sustained the assignats, and gave them life and motion. The most rapid circulation was established; it was already calculated, that there was twice too many assignats in circulation, but the assignats still kept up; to kill the paper money, it was necessary, if I may use the expression, to wish to kill it, and even to kill it with heartfelt pleasure; an emission, still more extravagant, was necessary to give it a mortal wound. But it preserved its vital, vivacious character, even in the agony of death.

The assignat made as many traders as there were men; no article of trade was stagnant; every object had its value; the ups and downs performed the same operation in the body politic, as the motion of the systole, and the diastole, in the human body.

And to follow up my first comparison; in default of a bridge of stone, the bridge of wood, though menacing ruin, served as a passage for us over the abyss opened to swallow us up.

Singular and astonishing experiment! We make every thing of men, when we know how to command them; let us recollect, that this sign was necessary at the time, that it has confounded all timid reasonings; that it has done wonders, that it has created the means, multiplied the resources,

sources, sustained the armies, and led them a thousand times to victory ; it has made the Revolution ; gained liberty, founded the republick, and would still have lived, if the most deplorable folly had not stupidly modified this vigorous creation. The mandat was the operation of a quack, who wanted to teach how to hide a ball ; the mandat destroyed that magic which presides over every government, the thing in the world into which the most of what we call magic enters, to distinguish a multitude of effects whose cause is secret, and invisible : the cause once known, every thing crumbles away.

I consider the annihilation of the assignat as a most dishonourable fault in the Convention, and the most contrary to that bold, and sometimes daring system, which prepared so many triumphs. An everlasting contempt ought to be annexed to that Committee of Finances, which broke the charm, and stupidly substituted one paper for another ; this was ordering irreparable evils, and it is most astonishing that the nation resisted this terrible back-stroke, and that the sudden passage from paper to money was not marked by any other calamities than the ruin of a few individuals.

The assignat was a tax which would have been refused to government, and the most extensive tax imaginable, paid without constraint, without obstacle ; it ordered sacrifices, which
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are become, if I may use the expression, voluntary; so much were we comforted, so much do we comfort ourselves at the moment I write, for those recent losses.

We are come to a better order of things, those who have gained laugh at those who have lost; and after the drawing of this great lottery, I think I perceive that we should not be sorry to see it drawn anew. But blows so extraordinary are not struck twice at the same moment. We must take time for the mind to cool after those days of folly, force, illusion, and greatness; and to produce the same effects, we should find again the secret of terror which reigned at that time. In politics, each day has its physiognomy, we do not proceed, we cannot proceed, but in keeping pace with events, and as events never perfectly resemble each other, the operations of government ought also to be as different, as multiplied, as the events themselves. This is what reduces the scene of politics to strokes more or less daring, when struck *à propos*.

I am far from thinking that forms of government are indifferent. Without doubt there are some more analogous than others to the manners, the habitudes of a nation; there are some more favourable to the display of the human faculties; there are some more fitted to affix durability on institutions, permanence on laws, action on the executive power, solidity on the whole. But in
fine,

fine, a government is susceptible of an infinity of modifications, and ought to obey the irresistible course of events: the assignat has proved this; and we shall see the assignat hereafter in another form when necessity shall require it. Paper money has created in every stage a spirit of speculation, which had its comic side. Ex-nuns trafficked in light-haired perriwigs; such a one sold men's shoes, a green-woman made twenty thousand livres a day, with which she garnished her porte-feuille; imagination was lost in regions of imaginary riches, every man metamorphosed into a trader, spoke only of millions, and the most trivial purchase had the air of an important transaction. Jobbers of every kind paraded their samples from house to house, with the dignified strut of a capatilist, offering you candles and neck handkerchiefs. But what was remarkable was, that the man of understanding kept his assignats, whilst the fool disposed of his; the fool combined better; less enthusiastic at the fictitious augmentation of his riches, he laid them out in merchandize, which he accumulated, knowing that it would always have its price.

Those industrious traders, those dexterous female speculators, tormented by the desire of gaining, and gliding themselves every where, formed a wide contrast with those unfortunate females, who heretofore enjoying all the sweets which rank or fortune could procure, were reduced

duced to live by the labour of their hands. A marchioness became a milliner, a countess boasted of her talents for mantua-making, others reduced to mendicity, disguised their humiliating situation, by offering you the resource of their pencils, their brushes, their piano-forte; poor talents! which they had acquired only as the finishing of a perfect education. But how remote were they either from the drawing-room, or the brilliant *boudoir*, where those talents received their due offerings of incense! flatterers were no longer there; the enriched man, who paid, made them feel severely the imperfection of the portrait, or piece of music; and after having so long received the homage of flattery, they heard the rude expressions of truth. Some dissembled their pain; others waited till they returned back to their garret, to moisten with their tears the crust which they had obtained.

A volume would scarcely suffice to detail the contrasts which the Revolution has produced, but what we saw during the reign of paper money, was at the same time the most strange, and most melancholy. The following is a well-known fact. An emigrant orders from an engraver of London a plate for false assignats. Whilst it was engraving, the assignats were suppressed in France; he refuses to pay for the plate, the engraver brings an action against him. The judge admits, at first, that the counterfeiting

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our assignats was a thing of natural right, since Wolf had even decided, that a poisoned arrow might be made use of to destroy an enemy. In short, the emigrant was condemned to pay the engraver.

CHAP. XCI.

CI-DEVANT ACADEMICIANS.

THEY marched almost all under the standard of Voltaire; they repeated his phrases, as if they were those of an oracle; it was who should declaim against the Christian religion. All their letters concluded, like those of their unbelieving master, by this catch-word; *écrâsez l'infâme*. D'Alembert was overjoyed, when in some crooked twisted phrases he had thrown out a few farcasms against priests, and worship. Marmontel was almost another Calvin for some chapters of his *Belisarius*. All the Academicians, in short, attacked under covert both the clergy and the altar, and even the court, all except the *Grands Seigneurs*, who invited them to dinner.

There were no fulsome praises which were not lavished on the Duke of Nivernois, for his miserable little fables, which he drew out with discre-

tion one year after another; they called his *portefeuille* a vase of precious incense, which was to be burnt only on high days, and at distant intervals. Never was meanness inherent in talent more exemplified than in this company, composed of intrepid flatterers, and impudent detractors, according to persons, time, and place. They were a hundred thousand paces from genius, invention, and eloquence; and with their verses and their academical discourses, they would have made us fall back into infancy, if some vigorous satirical strokes had not scourged their shameless vanity, and resisted their absurd pretensions. There was not amongst them a single name which passed the stature of mediocrity, or the ordinary stature. They fell, (to use a proverbial expression), like capuchins of cards, without any person giving them the least attention, and I yielded to the profound conviction of their absolute nullity, and of the danger which they did to true talents, by giving my voice in the Committee of Public Instruction, for their speedy dissolution. That hour marked the setting of pedantry, and the dawn of literary liberty.

After the Revolution, those same men, who had been continually whetting timid epigrams against the tiara, the mitre, the band, and surplice, took it into their heads to talk to us of the *religion of our fathers*, pupils of Voltaire, their lips, familiarised with his blasphemies, spoke of holy things,

things, and thought they could transform the tribune into an evangelical pulpit. At this incredible dissonance every one laughed; and considered it not as hypocrisy, but impertinence, academical pride badly subdued; an effect of that absurd arrogance, which had its source at the Louvre, since it was imagined that what emanated from thence had more force, and greater weight, than what was said elsewhere.

The ci-devant academicians never ceased repeating, that the ruin of the French academy was the universal eclipse! Their laughable folly had not however sufficient character to give more than one day's amusement to a rational person.

What is then that miserable spirit which animates three-fourths of men of letters, that lives on trifles, feeds on things entirely useless, disputes about nothings, weighs the legs of flies, is a stranger to every thing lofty, great, or new? There are men with whom I would wish that no one ever had disputed, and whom no one should answer, so modified are they for error and folly. A ci-devant academician is assuredly of this number, and I apply it both to the French Academy, and the Academy of Belles Lettres.

The academicians of the Academy of Sciences have remained the same, always useful, always dear to the country, always honoured in the public opinion. When they saw they were falling, they made use of address, they stuck to the

firmament, and under pretence of measuring the arch of the meridian, for the perfection of weights and measures, they preserved their pensions and salaries; and placed a great importance in the consecration of the Metre, Kilometre, &c. I believe, in my soul and conscience, that there is some quackery in all this; that the basis is necessarily faulty, that we should not go so far in search of what might be found so near. I think that the folly of this vast and expensive operation will be discovered, and avowed. I think that it will be long, difficult, painful, perhaps dangerous, to cause all those new measures to be adopted. I am afraid that the mathematicians, who have not yet troubled the world, will trouble it at last, and that their turn will come. But geometry has rendered such great services, that we may pardon geometricians that *espieglerie*, which was not without its value to them; provided, nevertheless, that they do not take it ill, that we measure an ell of ribband after our old mode, and every one as he likes.

It appears to me, that the Citizen Pancton has told them some very just and very reasonable things; and I think that the government, taking a wise medium, should not make a political dogma, or a coercitive law of a geometrical hobbyhorse, which would be acting, not reasoning, geometrically.

CHAP. XCII.

THE DISASTROUS DAY.

WHERE shall we find tears, grief, or repentance enough to mark the mourning for the 31st of May. Let it be deep, let it be universal, may its authors be devoted to public execration!

Till that day the Convention, which founded the republic, the spirit of the Convention was excellent, till that day the Anarchists had been resisted, repressed, enchained. Every thing went on in the sense of the republic; its genius presided over every great enterprize. Its laws were good; the armies were good; and was it not at the moment of the establishment, and of the danger of the republic, that the Convention, still preserving in its assembly all the writers, all the personages, who had distinguished themselves by writings useful to morality and to liberty, created fourteen armies to defend France on every point, to attack, to beat the enemy on every point. The Convention in that moment important for mankind, excited the enthusiasm of the nation, when it raised itself in mass at the voice of those eloquent orators and patriotic writers. But it was on the day after the 31st that it lost its courage, the wisdom of its deliberations; and, oppressed, degraded

graded, and vanquished by a band of ruffians, we saw it dismember itself, in order to deliver over to proscription, to prisons, and the scaffold, its most generous and purest members, and who were most fitted to pronounce the word of liberty.

From that time a bloody crape covered all its operations: it was widowed by great men. It resumed its force and energy only on the triumph of Vendemiaire, when it was necessary to conquer for the establishment of the constitution. And who made this wise constitution? Principally the deputies who were imbued with the spirit of the Revolution from its origin, and of the Convention, when it was seated on a constitutional basis; those who fought in the breach on the 31st of May, and whom Providence has preserved; who, shewing the marks of their fetters, have maintained the dignity, liberty, and glory of the nation in giving to the Constitution of the Third Year that simple and vigorous form which astonishes the thought of man, of civilized man, and makes him thank the Supreme Being for the new existence which he has received under its auspices.

Martyrs of the 31st of May! Your names will be revered by the most distant posterity. Those who were called your accomplices are the founders of the republic; they lift up to heaven hands that are pure; and, after having conceived and realized every great and useful idea which
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ought to change and ameliorate the lot of man, and which humanity claimed. Strangers, during their exile or their captivity, to all the extravagances, all the cruelties, all the barbarous follies committed when their voice was stifled, they combine the day of their re-entry with that of their departure, and they have the right to say,—All that interval is mire and blood,—all this space of darkness and crimes belongs not to us. And ye, who dare call yourselves republicans, and who have seen six thousand heads lopped off without speaking a single word, and without having lost one quarter of an hour's sleep; shew, shew us the print of the chains of the 31st of May! No, they only who wore them can like to call themselves innocent.

This is the point of view which ye would wish to conceal, and which the impartial historian will seize, in order to paint that disastrous day to which we may apply that line of Racine: *Comment en un plomb vil, l'or pur est-il change?*

When I speak of the 31st of May, I join with it the following days. Undoubtedly the Parisian people in insurrection were not in a situation to judge what was passing; but this formidable mass joined in the same idea, which was to make the Convention obedient to the chiefs of the mob, who changed their names, but who had their views either in hatred, or in the miserable

miserable ambition of possessing some strips of power, in order to give themselves up with impunity to robbery and plunder.

It is remarkable with what facility and what dispatch they armed this immense population. It is in those hurricanes of a factious and unexperienced multitude that the factious have successfully founded their empire. The Henriots, the Ronsins, &c. have had on certain days as many and more soldiers than either Alexander or Cæsar. Whole battalions issued from a single street; and this people, so long time peaceable, became at once warlike, and shewed themselves no longer but in arms. This leading disposition, in short, tended continually in forming themselves into militia.

The cannon of Vendemiaire has corrected this inclination of the Parisians towards partial insurrections. They have reflected, that they were the dupes or the victims of certain leaders, who, after having precipitated them into danger, abandoned them with a cowardice truly academical. From that day the Parisians are a little deaf to the cunning or perfidious voice which would persuade them to rise in insurrection; and there is every appearance, that if the government be a little firm, they will not expose themselves to carry the firelock and pike into political discussions, and that they will no longer mingle with the section-ors, and wish to govern the governors.

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The Anarchists, the Antonelles, the Robert Lindet's, will call them poltroons, but they will be wise enough to listen no longer to the enemies of their repose and their happiness.

I return always to my favourite expression, *Paris is the Guinguette of Europe*; but if you fight at the guinguette, no one will go to amuse himself, and all the artists and artizans of pleasure, of shows, and good cheer, will be ruined.

Alas! if the good Parisians had believed me in Vendemiaire! This is the placard which I addressed to them eleven days before the cannonade which royalism braved, and by which it was dissolved in thirty minutes.

MERCIER,

MERCIER,

REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PEOPLE,

TO THE PARISIANS.

“O PARISIANS! Permit a man, born within your walls, and who loves you, to address to you a few fraternal counsels.

“I have been represented as your enemy, while I was afflicted at your conduct, wept over your errors, and lamenting the evils which you are preparing for yourselves. I have spoken to you stern truths, for I have for a long time accustomed myself to disguise nothing. I combatted despotism in the day of its triumph, in those days in which the courageous man could expect, or received for his devotedness nothing but Bastilles, exile, or death. I shall not be accused of having flattered the great, of having neglected the interests of the weak or oppressed. If calumny or petulance continue to direct against me new persecutions, they shall not at least take from me that tranquillity which is inspired by a good conscience; if my countrymen mislead, do injustice to my intentions, if they suffer me to be insulted, and anew calumniated, I shall console myself by the idea of the future, in which the man who has performed his duties will find

find a compensation for his labours, and reap the reward of his sacrifices. I have endeavoured to enlighten you with respect to your errors, with respect to the project of those factious men whom you listen to with too much complacency, and who lead you astray. I have spoken an austere language, to which you are not yet accustomed. The flatterers of kings make tyrants of them; the flatterers of the people draw them on to the brink of the abyss, into which they always push them headlong. Robespierre flattered you: and reflect at present into what degradation he plunged you. The Jacobins flattered you, they talked to you continually of your supremacy, of your virtues, while they endeavoured to associate you with their crimes. Robespierre is fallen, the Jacobins exist no longer, but new men are rising against you, and alike are conspiring your ruin. Who are the men who are continually agitating themselves within your walls, who are scaling the tribunes of your assemblies? Hirelings of foreigners, old valets of kings, vile stock-jobbers, who are endeavouring to prolong disorders, that they might be enabled to continue their pillage with impunity. A few ex-academicians, vain and futile men, for ever employed about their own private interest, abounding in captious phrases, and barren in open and loyal acts: after having been deceived, so often misled, will you suffer yourselves to be still deceived? Unfortunate Parisians!

fians ! never can we wonder enough at your stupid credulity ! O unhappy Parisians ! Can we help lamenting your fate ? Those who dominated over you last year appeared to wish for the destruction of all thrones, in order to consolidate their own tyranny. Those who mislead you at present are the friends, the defenders of kings ; they are endeavouring to raise up that throne which your hands have thrown down in those days of glory which you now seem anxious to have forgotten.

“ But have you reflected seriously on the horrible lot which is prepared for you, if they should succeed ? Reflect, that all tyrants have a common cause to maintain ; that they form in some sort a separate family, hostile to the great family of mankind. Louis the XVIIth or XVIIIth will never pardon you for having invested the palace of Louis the XVIth, for having suffered him to be led to the scaffold. You would soon see your walls inundated with foreign phalanxes, who would divide your spoils, and bathe themselves in your blood. If, as we hope, the projects of your enemies and our own are not effectuated, would your destiny be ameliorated, if by your divisions, by your attempts against the mandates of the people, you put at a distance the return of that peace after which the whole of France is aspiring ? What ! have you not to fear the just resentment of the departments ? Listen
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to those energetic addresses which the Convention is every day receiving, they no longer treat you as the brave Parisians, the defenders, the supporters of public liberty. There were certain days when you have deserved those titles, but those glorious days are past. They consider you as nothing more than turbulent revolters, tumultuous madmen, vile slaves who are looking for a master. You flatter yourselves, perhaps, that your anarchical excesses may remain unpunished. The 31st of May undoubtedly ought to have put the whole of France in insurrection, republican phalanxes ought to have poured in from the north and the south to defend those generous men whom ye abandoned, or whom ye aided to oppress. They did not do it, but let not their past inaction be any security to you for the future; the times are changed, misfortunes and sorrowful lessons of experience enlighten men. The inhabitants of the departments have perceived the error which they committed in suffering their most zealous defenders to be sacrificed; that error they have cruelly expiated. They will no longer expose themselves by a cowardly complaisance to new misfortunes. Besides, in 1793, public opinion was palsied, tyranny had disseminated through every canton its numerous emissaries, terror had stifled the voice of the virtuous man, crime alone was listened to. At present, the friends of liberty may lift up majestically their heads. By enlightening

lightening their fellow-citizens, they have no longer to fear either proscription or death. Liberty of opinion exists, it exists even for impudent liars, for wretches who are abusing you; and if the departments league against you, or abandon you to yourselves, what will be your situation? Reflect, that it is not within your walls that those harvests grow which feed you, that produce which keeps alive your industry. Reflect, that it is not on the banks of the Seine that those vessels anchor which waft to Europe the riches of the rest of the world. Reflect, that you have need of the assistance of the inhabitants of the other cantons of France, and that they have no need of you.

“You want tranquillity and peace, to recal amidst you industry, the arts, the sciences, which our savage Vandals have banished. Can your city recover its former splendor? What do I say? She may acquire a splendor much more solid and honourable. Formerly you were indebted for the magnificence which shone within your walls to the vices of the great, the corruption of the court, and the misery of the provinces; all the oppressors of the people came to consume amidst you the fruit of their rapine and their extortions. Palaces were erected at the expence of cottages. Liberty, on the contrary, will create comforts at which you will not have to blush, and for which you will meet with no reproaches. The departments will contribute to your prosperity, and
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you will labour for theirs. That river which traverses your abode may, by labour, great indeed, but possible, and even easy in a free state, receive some day those stately vessels which plough the ocean. You will see, as by enchantment, the colours of different nations unfurled before your eyes. This sight will undoubtedly far outweigh that which heretofore was presented to you by the pompous cars of dissolute courtiers, which threatened to crush the multitude. Your city will become the centre of the most extensive commerce, and the most active industry. But these creations can only take place in the bosom of peace.

“ Put an end, then, to your dissensions ; confound the hope of guilty men, who are misleading you. Reflect on the misfortunes which you are preparing for your children, for your wives, for yourselves. Distinguish your enemies, spurn them from you ; but discern your friends, and unite yourselves to your brethren. Listen to the counsels which a wise man of the east gave to his fellow-citizens. Two parties were on the point of coming to arms ; he turned his eyes towards the misled crowd, whose most sacred interests and dearest affections were blinded, like yours, by unhappy passion. He sees on both sides sons, brothers, relations, and friends, and he sees them nevertheless ready to tear each other in pieces. He is seized with pity and compunction, and in
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his grief expresses himself in these terms. " Oh,
" Brama ! at the sight of thy children thus array-
" ed, and waiting for the fight, my limbs have no
" longer any force, my countenance grows pale,
" my hair stands erect on my body, and my whole
" frame shudders with horror. O my fellow-citi-
" zens ! you who are under the same sky, who
" breathe the same air, who bathe yourselves every
" day in the salutary waters of the Ganges, who
" offer to Brama the same presents and the same
" sacrifices, what demon leads you astray ; what
" fruit do you expect to reap from horrible dis-
" cord, from frightful civil war ? When you shall
" see your brethren, your children sacrificed,
" where will you find happiness ? Is it on the
" tomb of those who are dearest to you, that you
" will taste the pleasures, the enjoyments of life ?
" Alas ! you will experience how unhappy are
" those who have lost, and who have lost through
" their own fault, those who could soften their mis-
" fortunes, and embellish their prosperity—you will
" experience what remorse those have to feel who
" are instrumental in dismembering their coun-
" try." The wise Indian did not speak in vain :
his fellow-citizens perceived their error, their
arms fell from their hands ; the two parties
mingled together, and they drove from amidst
them the perfidious men who had sowed the seeds
of disaffection.

" How

“ How happy should I esteem myself if my exhortations could produce the same effect, if I could overturn the projects of your enemies, and render their exertions powerless. Have but one mind with the brethren of the departments; have confidence in those who are endeavouring to put an end to your misfortunes; rally yourselves around your legislators, protect their deliberations, cause their decrees to be respected; let them, in short, find peace, confidence, and security amongst you. Drive from their remembrance those disastrous days, those days of shame, in which, under your eyes, they dragged a crowd of victims to the scaffold. Sixty ruffians covered France with blood and mourning; five hundred thousand men within those walls were witnesses of their crimes, and had not the courage to resist them. Remember that brilliant epocha, in which a solemn federation assembled within your walls, Frenchmen from every part of the empire. In approaching your gates, no cruel recollection rent their hearts, they felt nothing but the enthusiasm of liberty, and the joy of uniting themselves to those whom they considered as its founders. To day they have fathers, brothers, friends, to weep over, and those objects so dear have perished under your eyes. Hasten, then, to expiate your faults and your errors; be to France what you were in the first days of the Revolution.

“Do not disdain the advice of a man who wishes only your happiness, who would not wish to have reproaches to make you, but who, forced at present to express strong truths to you, comforts himself with the hope of having soon the pleasure of rejoicing at his efforts. I saw, without terror, the dungeons into which the rage of your tyrants plunged me; but I cannot see without a sentiment not less painful, without a sentiment of terror, the abyss which is dug under your feet. Let peace and concord re-establish themselves amongst you. The Royalist will tremble at their approach, and will be forced to fly or hide himself. On the contrary, if your divisions continue, Republicans will remove from among you, and your city will offer nothing but the sad spectacle of misery, discord, and anarchy.

“Parisians! the government approaches. This the enemies of the country would wish to prevent, as well as the happy days of peace. Close your sections, put an end to the inexhaustible chattering of your little ambitious leaders, who are looking only for places; delirium and frenzy compose the elements of their dangerous discourses. Submit to decrees matured, meditated, and whose wisdom will be admired by posterity. Obey the laws, abandon your misleaders, and let Europe no longer say of you, that you wish for no kind of government; that after having overturned the monarchy, you wish also to destroy the Republic; take

take from all our enemies the joy they would have in saying, with some reason, that you delight only in the frantic agitations of demagogy."

CHAP. XCIII.

THE HEAD-LOPPER.

I HAVE seen this monster: he was a long time a slave at Morocco, whose sovereign reckons in the number of his amusements that of cutting off five or six heads every morning before breakfast. It was there that he accustomed himself, from compulsion, to the horrible trade which he professed afterwards from taste at Paris.

It is said, that at Versailles this ferocious man, to hinder the rain from washing off the blood which discoloured his beard (which he wore a long time), kept it sheltered under his riding-coat. He said, returning to Paris after the night of the 6th of October, 1789, "*It was worth while to make me go down there for two heads!*"

He boasted of having torn out the heart of Foulon and Berthier; and pretending to have done an act of patriotism, he wanted to demand a civic medal from the National Assembly.

How then is it that we have submitted to those proconsuls who have thus mowed down the human race? What is this legion of executioners which has inundated France with blood? We must indeed love man well to love him still. These wretches prostrated themselves before the bust of Marat, and admired the gigantomacy of Collot; they meet in every city, in every town, with an *animal bolt*, that is to say, with gaol-keepers, scaffold-carpenters, and satellites, as many as they could have wished. If the French nation had not been plunged into a legathic sleep (excepting our brave soldiers) how should we have found such an excess of cowardice and apathy; but our soldiers were occupied in thundering on the Austrians, and clearing the territory of France.

Those head-loppers issued from the revolutionary committees, from the revolutionary tribunals, from the revolutionary clubs, payed forty sous to each individual, (those were the imaginations of the horrible Danton) and from the revolutionary armies; every thing was then revolutionary. *Revolutionary logic* was printed. What an eclipse of the human mind! Where are the principles of a revolutionary logic? But as this language has had its reign, we ought to make some mention of it here.

The guillotine was first called the head-chopper: it was an invention which, from dispensing with the service of the hand of the executioner,

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has multiplied executions, and favoured perhaps, more than all the rest, the sanguinary sway of the two hideous committees. But the term head-chopper did not prevail.

It is called the guillotine. We have talked of the *reign of the guillotine, the reason of the guillotine*. If any one had told Montesquieu that this word would one day be placed in the political dictionary of the French nation, what would he have thought?

CHAP. XCIV.

ANACHARSIS CLOOTZ.

HE came to us from Prussia, and had entitled himself the orator of the human race. A factitious cosmopolite, he spoke of the universal republic, which he promised the world. It was said on this subject, that Mount Athos should be the tribune, and the Cordilliers the benches, on which should be seated this representative of the universe. He made several speeches more extravagant one than the other, as if he meant to render the Legislative Body ridiculous. But it is rather to be supposed that he followed the lessons which had been given him, and which tended
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to bring republican ideas into contempt, by the extravagant extension which he gave them.

The C. Gregoire, Bishop of Blois, has written to John Ramon Joseph de Arce, Archbishop of Burges, Grand Inquisitor of Spain, that he ought to convert himself to humanity, and I am persuaded that he has done this in the sincerity of his soul. But I doubt whether at the voice of Gregoire this hideous tribunal will be annihilated, this throne of cruelty and intolerance, whose basis is at Madrid, and which extends its terrible power to Lima and Mexico. Cloutz's republic made us laugh when we had little disposition to smile. Will Gregoire's letter strike the soul of the grand inquisitor? Will he be christian enough to provoke himself the suppression of the tribunal, of which he is the chief, as he is invited? This is what the future will teach us.

Anacharsis Cloutz was beheaded, though he had for a long time followed the Jacobin standards, and if the good Gregoire went to Madrid, I would not answer that he would not be dragged into the dungeons of the Holy Office; that would depend on circumstances. The Auto-da-fe may again be rekindled, and more than one torquemada is living in that fine country in which ignorance and fanaticism will have their last and invincible retreat.

Universal republic! What is the acceptation of this word? If you understand that the universe

verse is to have the same laws, it is evident, that though the principles of nature and the declaration of rights be of all places, as of all times, their application is subordinate to a crowd of local circumstances which necessitates modifications.

Shall we be told that nations having different constitutions, will found them all on the principles of liberty and equality, and love each other as brethren? We may here apply the advice of a minister to the Abbe St. Pierre: "*Send missionaries first to convert the globe.*"

Several countries of Europe and America will soon aggrandize the domain of liberty, but some hundreds of nations will yet be a long time strangers to true principles, and it is doubtful if they will be soon adopted by the Barbary corsairs, the plunderers of Arabia, and the Anthropophagi of the Southern Sea.

Shall we be told, in short, that the different states of the globe will form alliances? This hypothesis applies scarcely to any other than those who are united by commercial relations? In this manner, a great deal of time must run on before the French sign a treaty with the Iscorides and the Papys; and, under these different aspects, the universal republic is in politics what the philosophical stone is in physics.

CHAP. XCV.

GREAT SCARCITY.

It was during the winter of 1794 that the want of meat was felt at Paris. A crowd at once, and at the same time, filled the shops of the butchers; housemaids, cooks, servants, &c. A pound of beef rose at once from eighteen to twenty-five sous. The citizens murmured, and none reflected that the consumption of this article by an army of twelve hundred thousand men, joined to the extreme scarcity of forage, and the war of the Vendee, occasioned this increase of price. From that time, the sending cattle to Paris diminished insensibly. The penury was also augmented by the manœuvres of malevolence. The sanguinary commune issued their famous arrêté, which reduced every mouth to a pound of meat each decade, and was affixed at the door of every house; and the members of the revolutionary committees were like so many Dr. Sangrados, who lowered every appetite without mercy. How many mothers of families have I seen grow pale, and wipe away their tears at the reading of this sinister pastoral letter on the universal fast! Nevertheless, droves of milch-cows arrived from
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the provinces; the devourers of the people began in this way the fact of famine, and laboured sedulously to annihilate the reproduction of the species. The forerunners of the revolutionary army, like famished wolves, had already swept the country, darting their prying eyes into every farm and every yard. Thither they precipitated themselves, armed with pitch-forks and bayonets, seized the sheep, the fowls, burnt the barns, untied the oxen in the stables in the face of the proprietor, and sold their prey to infamous speculators. These atrocious robberies made eggs and butter disappear. At nine in the morning the *Hall*, till now the vast and rich storehouse of all the productions of nature, were stript. The women formed themselves in long files, and from midnight braving the inclemency of the season, waited patiently each in their turn to procure at the hazard of their lives three eggs and four ounces of butter. The cavalry and military force of the sections, detached by the prowling beasts of the revolutionary committees, augmented the tumult and disorder. How many women with child (they were afterwards treated with more respect, and took their turn before the rest) were victims of this unhappy period! How many precious fruits of conjugal love have been stifled in their embryo, and annihilated at the source of life! Oh! what feeling man could have seen, without weeping for grief, thousands of individuals of
both

both sexes running after the carcase-porters in streets leading to flesh-markets; who, bending under the weight, ran themselves to avoid being assailed by the crowd which pressed upon them, and seemed to devour with their eyes the raw meat! A sullen discontent darkened every visage: they cursed life, and the execrable authors of the famine; meanwhile the gen d'armes galloped their horses amongst the stalls of three feet in length, overthrew the venders, and increased the number of accidents, under pretence of preventing them, favouring by cunning tactic the most shameful traffic.

Ruffians, in the pay of the commune, made the women range themselves in files, but while they waited for their turn, shivering with the cold, broad-shouldered carcase-porters, forming an impenetrable rampart before the shops, carried off whole oxen, and when the lion's share was taken, the women ranged after each other had not advanced a single step, and withdrew by hundreds with empty hands.

Fish, which had been spoilt from being too long kept, was bought up with avidity, and from its corrupted state occasioned diseases. On the Quay of the Vallée, lamb was sold fifteen livres a pound, and the sale continued a long time with scandalous profusion. The peasants went about the streets with baskets of fowls in their arms. The Parisians lived for some time on hens and chickens,

ens, which it was impossible to bring up in the country, since all the grain was put in requisition. This factitious abundance of a commodity, which was almost exclusively the portion of the rich, lasted but a little while, and gave place to vegetables. What is called dry pulse, such as rice, lentils, beans, was heaped up in military magazines, and the discovery of half a peck of this eatable, which more than one family was forced to dress in pure water, was looked upon as an instance of good fortune.

To this desolate penury of subsistence was joined the more desolating difficulty of having bread. From two in the morning the women ranged themselves in a long line, which the people designated afterwards by the name of *queue*. The young girls were not the last to put themselves in the ranks. Their wanton chatter, their immoderate laughter, was heard afar, and kept awake more than one young man. The darkness of the night, the gates of alleys conveniently half open, were favourable to a *tête à tête*, dexterously concerted. We saw men of sixty years old, valets, shop-boys, stopping to review these ranks, and chuse their *dulcineas*. Others, more shameless, began with kissing the women at the head of the file, and continued on to the last. These embraces were accompanied with other liberties less discreet; and these sort of amusements contributed much towards the perversion
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of morality, and the extinction of female modesty. The sentiment of fraternity was annihilated in every heart. Every one held it as a maxim to prefer himself openly to his equal. Cunning became a quality common to every mind. The last of the file found means of sliding forwards to the first ranks. The women soon struggled forcibly with the men. Their characters acquired a tone of sharpness from resistance. They all became impetuous, contracted a habit of swearing, and at length their voices, grown hoarse from loud and angry cries, were not distinguishable from those of carmen.

In the intervals of silence which followed these scandalous discussions, were heard the cries of infants, and of the aged asking for bread. How should I pity the insensible being who would not have been moved by these cries!

Nearly at the same time, other *queues* were formed for oil, soap, and candles. The day-labourer, with mournful and downcast looks, counts with sighs the hours that he loses from his work.

The sudden and excessive increase of wages was the consequence of the homicidal law of the maximum. The execrable commune had built its plan of universal famine on this law, but in order to conceal the project from the eyes of the credulous multitude, an advertisement was stuck up at the moment of its formation, by which every

every tradesman, either butcher or grocer, who gave up business, should be reputed suspected, and arrested as such.

This ferocious law aggravated the evil; every thing disappeared, and the tradesman, to indemnify himself for his losses, and particularly for the pillage of his butter, sugar, coffee, and for the arbitrary confiscations of the commissaries for monopolies, hawked about his goods in secret from house to house, where individuals bought them up at any price.

Such, in 1794, was the situation of this populous city for subsistence, in which formerly reigned that peace and abundance which makes our country an object of affection to us.

The year 1795 was not more happy than the preceding; from the beginning of the autumn, flesh-chandlers began by selling their meat at twenty-five sols, who, in the month of Ventose, asked three livres ten sous, stript also of its fat, in order to make tallow.

The agents of the old commission had given birth to this abominable traffick. By means of the right of requisition and detention with which they were invested, they bought meat at the price of the maximum, then sold it again to the retailers at an exorbitant price.

The same pillage took place with respect to other commodities, which joined to money-jobbing,

bing, as well as that of watches and trinkets by the brokers of the hall, contributed very much to the depreciation of the assignats.

The cold at length came to aggravate these evils; during two years the capital received its firing from day to day. Coals were extremely rare, and it was remarked that never but a single boat entered at once into each wharf. People sometimes passed their nights in order to take their turn. The wood was sold as fast as the wood-porters could take it out of the water.

The river suddenly frozen up caused a total failure of supply, and no other resource was to be had but cutting down the woods of Boulogne, Vincennes, Verrieres, St. Cloud, Meudon, &c. Bloodsuckers, issuing from dens of robbers, took advantage of the public misfortunes to satiate themselves with gold and silver. They sold two cart load of wood for four hundred livres; the necessitous sawed their wooden bedsteads to dress their food, and keep themselves from dying with the cold. Old men returned from the forests bending under their loads, and reminded us of the fable of the poor wretch and death. The public fountains were frozen; the water-carriers in those quarters distant from the river, forced to go far in search of water, were paid fifteen and even twenty sous the bucket; the citizens, enraged at this imposition, all became water-carriers;

riers; and when the reservoirs of the public fountains were unthawed, *queues* for water took place, and each man had his turn.

CHAP. XCVI.

PALAIS EGALITE, CI-DEVANT PALAIS ROYAL.

As the consumption of the finest fruit begins by a slight rottenness, so the Palais Royal is the spot which has corrupted our modern manners, and propagated the gangreen. I never traverse these long galleries, without seeing that shade, who from the same place where his great-grandfather had given, as Voltaire says, the signal of pleasures, gave the signal for every ambitious intrigue, every atrocious crime, and whom we may consider as the real founder of the scaffolds of Robespierre, and the sanguinary regime which at the same time oppressed and degraded the nation; for its stupor and its silence, during eighteen months of crimes, are, as I have elsewhere said, more alarming to the reflection of the philosopher, than the physical dissolution of the world.

Here I am, under these arcades, hotbeds of every poisonous plant which has been carefully

transplanted into every department. Here is the focus of civil discord and cabal ! here is the temple where stockjobbing devours the public fortune, and condemns whole families to hunger, reduced to misery by an allowed and murderous traffick ! look at those daring spoilers of our last resources ! see them walking by bands, their heads erect, their look insolent, a picktooth for ever in their mouth, and their hand in their breeches-pocket, chinking their louis. They have all red faces, and round bellies, the smile of irony is always on their lips ; they brave the look of the honest man, and though the patroles separate them, they join again in groupes like drops of quicksilver ; they go, come, return, accost each other, divide by platoons, and then meet again in a body ; he who is in the midst gives the orderly word : it is a sign, a gesture, a half-word, which changes every half-hour, and immediately they have the course of exchange of the louis, rapidly pencilled down on a scrap of paper.

This is that hostile army, subsidized and maintained by the foreign cabinets ! Their guineas have destroyed our paper money, and attacked public credit.

Under the steps of the Rue Vivienne are the subaltern thieves, who execute the orders of their chiefs with a punctuality not less astonishing than their address, to seize the slightest hints of the word of command.

Their

Their dress is pretty uniform; it is an hair-cap with a fox's tail. Hercules, the strongest of men, covered himself with the skin of a lion, which is the strongest of all animals; those who are the most cunning, and most knavish, put on the skin of a fox, which is the most crafty and most voracious of all beasts.

They are in doublets, with dirty boots, and greasy hair, a gallows look, livid mouth, sardonic grin; their eyes are in continual search of pocket-books, are moveable and winking like those of apes, who study to steal without being seen; their language is raillery or obscenity. They keep near taverns, which serve them as retreats; they spread their nets in obscure corners; then fall out in haste to give the alert to their accomplices. They are stationed at the doors of the theatres, but they never enter; they read the play-bills that are stuck up no more than the resolutions of the Directory, and the Constituted Authorities; one might suppose that the laws did not regard them, so calm and collected are they in their inobservance, or violation of them. They drink often, and but little at a time; the thirst of gold tempers the thirst of wine; their sobriety is not a virtue, but an attention not to lose time.

Women mingle amongst them, and carry on the same trade; they are even still more cunning, they read the cypher much more quickly than

men; the mouse who carries off a crumb of bread, and who skips into his hole with the rapidity of lightning, is their perfect image; you have no need to speak to them, they guess what you are going to say.

These persons do not steal pocket-books; they pump out, as by an attractive force, their contents, and in a tone so simple, so piteous, that these knaves in robbing you, seem as if they had rendered you a service.

Step back to the galleries which lead to the theatre of the republic, you will perceive from one end to the other shops full of girls, who give breakfasts and cold suppers; you enter, you go out without saying a word; you are helped by shewing your assignat. Brokers, jobbers, salesmen, smoke, drink, ruminate in those silent caverns; no person speaks, and the greatest orgies are, if we may use the expression, dumb. The avenues are dark and cold, libertinism assumes in these places somewhat of an icy form, which appears to have its code, and its motives.

Not far, and as soon as day breaks, hair-dressers boys give a kind of public lesson, and teach their mistresses to dress women's wigs. By the side of a doll with a golden head-dress, hang sausages and hams. On the other side, thousands of bottles of fine wines, liqueurs of Martinico are placed on shelves, and present to the eye of the passengers their precious labels. While I am writing,

writing, two hundred bottles, ranged on a rotten plank, have fallen down on other bottles, and Cape wine mingles its torrents with those of the cream of Barbadoes. The soil deeply impregnated, has chased away for an hundred yards around, the filthy odour of the place.

He who heretofore modestly drank his liquorish water, though only a subaltern stock-jobber, now swallows and favours nothing but Champagne, and other delicious wines, from the cellars of emigrants, and which they will never drink again.

Delicate morsels, partridge-pies, small baskets of cherries, winter green-peas, brawn, such are the delicious rarities which these money-brokers regale themselves with, who, in a space of six hundred feet square, find their table, their walk, their residence, their enjoyments, their fortune, and the eternal aliment of their monstrous labours.

The current price of louis, of which they are the masters, is enregistered from hour to hour on the pye-crust; you read 1000 livres, you go back, it is changed to 1500.

The jewellers shops are as numerous and brilliant as if there was neither misery, nor miserable beings. You see nothing but watch-chains, half pearl, half diamonds. Those who have only just wherewith to buy a loaf, look at these precious jewels, which are only separated from their hands

by a transparent glass, and this frail rampart is religiously respected.

The woollen-drapers unfurl, from the top of their shops to the floor, every kind of undulated stuff, which form a perfect contrast with the ignoble and dirty clothing of the passengers; one would suppose that this merchandize was not intended for Frenchmen, and that they were going to embark it for Turkey. We contemplate it with nearly the same eye as the pictures of the Museum. These stuffs are under your hand, you may touch them; no one seems to be watching them, and the master is careless and saucy, when you ask him the price.

Shops less exposed, but not less rich, offer you brilliant superfluities; such as rings with two faces; a heart's-ease, or a pansy, or a Cupid holding by a thread a bird on the wing; firmaments of starry jewels; presents of friendship; ear pendants in flowers, in filigree, gold boxes, etwees, or medallions, silver ice-cups with their spoons, cups of silver of antique forms, with ebony handles. And in admiring all this rich jewellery, which shews that gold still exists, and has not totally disappeared, although three quarters and a half of the city may have lost the remembrance of it, the odour of exquisite ragouts ascends in light vapour from the air holes; the side tables are loaded with fruit, confectionary, and pastry, and there you may dine at every hour,

as in the courts of German princes, at the sound of musical instruments, and French-horns, filled by girls who are not nymphs of Diana.

Petty gaming-houses support the shops of girls who sell garters, thread, lavender-water, tooth-brushes, and sealing-wax; by their side are booksellers shops, where the discontented aristocrat eternally renews his daily lamentations. The most silly pamphlets are sold amidst books which have prepared the Revolution, and works which support the cause of liberty; but the bookseller, in spite of his avarice, sells those last only with regret.

The anti-republicans are continually declaiming against all that is done, or that shall be done; the republic takes no notice of them, and goes on surrounded by triumphs *. How many allurements held out continually to youth, and to the libertine! Pictures from curious collections, licentious engravings, libidinous novels, serve as signs to a crowd of prostitutes lodging in the wooden shops. Their nets are ten feet distant from the sauntering youth, idle, and already dried up in the flower of his age.

* The representatives of the people are condemned to the insults, to the calumnies of the journalists, as the English are condemned to their robbers on the highway; and all to avoid a greater danger; the licence of the press proves its liberty.

I can brave, such a one will say, I defy their poignards but this is not enough, we must know how to brave calumny

I speak

I speak now only of the galleries. Above these wooden shops are gaming institutions, where are assembled all the passions and torments of hell.

Almost all the commotions which have troubled Paris, have had their origin in the recesses of the Palais Royal. It is in this infernal place that the greatest enemies of France have laboured at their plots; and a focus of impurity such as this, if it was to subsist a long time, would be sufficient to mine the most robust republic. The republican genius will never be truly seated but on its ruins; that is to say, when it shall be transformed into an edifice, new, and useful to the state.

This palace has its phases, not less changeable than those of the moon. As soon as the day closes, all the arcades are suddenly illuminated, the shops become resplendent, and the jewellers shew-boxes throw a long lustre. The crowd becomes more numerous. This is the moment in which the gaming-houses open, notwithstanding all the severity of the laws of the police; whilst the great sharpers are employed in the drawing-rooms above, the lesser ones are at work in the thronged passages which communicate with the adjacent streets, and which serve as gliding-holes to swarms of pickpockets and money-jobbers.

Formerly, it was the moment when strangers and virtuoes went to admire, in the private apart-

apartments of the Duke of Orleans, the obscene figures of Aretin done in wax, large as life; the moment in which the youth, lost to himself, tried to feast his eyes with the spectacle of the pretended savage, who coupled publicly with a female of his species, at twenty-four sous a head; and this infamous man was put into the same prison in which were thirty-two representatives of the people! I saw him, he was released after a few days imprisonment. Your steps under the arcades are arrested by a smoke which pricks your legs; you look, it is the kitchen-flame of the *restaurateurs*; and close to them, the balls are beginning in these subterraneous grottoes. Across the air-holes, you see circles of girls, leaping, giggling, rushing on their gallants like bacchantes, with dishevelled hair. Yonder are groups of discounters of mandates insensibly increasing. Enters a spruce fellow in a blue riding-coat, round hat, waxed boots, tooth-pick in his mouth, he whispers, *Four and half*; they stammer out a few words; the group opens, he goes away; he has gained twenty thousand livres; all the girls follow him, thee and thou him familiarly, toy with him; he strikes them wantonly with the palm of his hand on the backside, or pinches them lightly; he skips away, and is seen no more.

Meanwhile in the auction rooms, the Stentor gives the signal. The brokers, dealers, retailers,
are

are all seated. Women's wigs, chimney pendulums, shawls, handkerchiefs, shirts, beds *a la duchesse*, are sold to the highest bidder. A barker parades each of these objects round the tables before the bidders. He grows hoarse, he drinks, he has acquired a bellowing, which holds the medium between the human voice and the roaring of a bull; the tricks of the sellers are such, that they always deliver to you a worse merchandize than that you purchased: the brokers make those who are not of their trade pay much dearer.

Spies of the police prowl in the second-rate coffee-houses, but no one now talks politics there; they drink their beer silently like Flanderskins. The taste for brandy with several has taken place of that of wine; the sot who drinks double, and sometimes muddles himself, enacts some of the pictures of Van Ostade; the drinking places are crowded, and these *guinguettes*, without air, are places where I have felt most pain, in observing men labouring to become brutes.

Under the arcades are holes of shops, into which the girls attract passengers by their glances; there you see only a few rows of packets of powder, intermingled with glasses full of thread and toothpickers; and in other shops of the same kind, which are scarcely more richly furnished, you find no other wares but those exhibited by the sign, or perhaps the dresses of these young ladies

ladies hung up on the inside, in order to make a show: those places are to the seraglio, what the cooks shops are to the *restaurateur* Meot, where you enter vast saloons, the assiduous rendezvous of every man fattened by rapine, army contractors, agents, administrators of tontines or lotteries, professors of nocturnal robberies, in short, stock-jobbers in chief. There you are served at a nod. The dish is put upon the table the moment it is called for; and as all those who eat are lined with gold, they eat, and are attended like kings, princes, ambassadors, and financiers.

Private rooms offer you at the same time every thing to satiate gluttony and sensuality. The glasses which decorate them, multiply to the libidinous eye of an old satyr the charms of his mistress; and all the seats are elastic. In short, there is a private saloon, where you drink the coolest liqueurs, and where burnt-incense escapes from boxes in little light cloudy streams. There you dine *à l'Orientale*; but there the covetous man never enters. These pleasures are only for the prodigal; he finds in these apartments on certain days, all the pomp and singularity of the repast of Trimalcion. On a signal given, the ceiling opens, and from heaven descend cars, drawn by doves and driven by Venusses; sometimes it is an Aurora, sometimes a Diana, who comes in quest of her dear Endymion. All are clothed like goddesses. The amateurs chuse, and the divinities,

vinities, not of Olympus, but of the ceiling, join themselves to mortals. There was a time when the kneading of the Egyptian was in vogue. You were kneaded by female hands in a wine bath; but this act salutary to health, and which favoured a necessary perspiration, has been discontinued, though it equally belonged to cleanliness and pleasure.

You may well imagine that these who come out from such places, are strangely scandalized to have their ears tormented with the sounds of *Postillon de Calais*, *Le Messager du Soir*, *The Mirror*, they take no notice even of the *Letter of Polichinelle*, of *The Constitution in Catches and Gleees*, of the petition of the *Jockies of the two-Counsels*. Satires against the government are as indifferent to them as all the eulogiums you can make. Their delicate dinners are far beyond those of directors. They are strangers to every thing that passes out of the circle of their pleasures; political debates excite no more of their attention, than the discoveries of Lavoisier excite that of bad poets. If they enter a shop, it is not that of the bookseller who lives on royal pamphlets, they enter print-shops, their boot-makers, the confectioners, who are close to each other, or the jewellers, whose windows are shining with gold and diamonds, snuff-boxes, and enigmatical rings. Their idle lacqueys lounge at the pastrycooks and sausage shops, where they make their vulgar speculations

culations on the pretended wines of fifty-two forts ; but these lacqueys strive in vain to imitate their masters ; they can never do, even in retail, what the money-jobbers do in wholesale, and with magical monosyllables.

Such is the infected lazar-house placed in the midst of the great city, which would threaten the whole of society with degradation and corruption, if the scandals which it offers were not confined to a single point.

The fatal contagion of gaming, the excesses of cupidity under all its forms, the licentiousness of morals and of artists, do not extend to the rest of the city ; and it is a thing worthy of remark, that several quarters seem as it were epulated by all the vices which boil at the centre. What I have noticed as more distressing than libertinism which belongs to the warmth of youth, is, that blasphemy and infidelity are in every mouth and at every moment, that it is becoming a sort of style, and that no care is taken to prevent it.

But it is a great scandal in our age that this brutal and depraved language has pervaded almost every condition ; and, since the epocha of the Revolution, has made a sport of the most sacred words, which were never heretofore pronounced but with respect. The holy name of God is used in every conversation, not through impiety, but from want of decency and gravity.

It

It is, perhaps, from having profaned the language, that we have lost a part of our virtues ; but what is most deplorable is, meeting almost every where troops of children without order or modesty, who swear, blaspheme, and scandalize chaste or pious ears. It is time to renew that respect which is due to the Supreme Being. Formerly the tongues of blasphemers were pierced through. The brutal are not so dangerous as the polished vices, but the precincts of the Palais Royal have the melancholy privilege of uniting both.

At Sodom and Gomorrah they did not read the books which are printed and publicly sold at the Palais Royal. *Justine*, or the *Misfortunes of Virtue*, is exposed on every stall. Put a pen into the claws of Satan, or of the evil genius of mankind, he will not be able to make a worse. Twenty other productions, less abominable it is true, for that of which I speak has borne away the prize of turpitude and of vice, are there to finish the decomposition of what instinctive morality remains in the heart of certain young people. And the sellers and buyers are authorized by these words, which have so often deceived us ;—" Liberty, unlimited liberty of the press."

In the corner of that shop do you hear what is said? They are literally making vows for the army of the Empire. It is going to recross the Rhine,
and

and passing by Brabant and the Luxemburgh, and leaving Lorraine, Alface, and Flanders on the rear, to reduce France on the north, to the limits existing in the time of the Valois. The bookseller's wife, daughter, aunt, and cousin, do not entertain a doubt of the victory of the three coalesced kings, which is to give them coffee for their breakfast, sugar, and cinnamon, at a very low price. The death of Charette was a subject of general lamentation, but they expect every thing from the courage of Richer-Serizy, and the pen of Babœuf.

It is of little consequence to those idlers whether the coalition have wished to make a second Poland of France. There is no longer any liberty when they can no longer assassinate the national representation; and since there has been a revolution, why should there not be a counter-revolution, till the entire re-establishment of demagogy?

In almost every house, trades are carried on which have not a name, chemical analysis never would succeed in decomposing the different elements of these new traffics. The mind of man is astonishing, when pecuniary interest becomes the basis of his thoughts and his actions, we find truly wherewith to smile at his mercantile ingenuity. The head of the greedy man calculates all at once, the time, the exchange, the variations, and subjugates chance, if I may use the expression, in a bold and dashing way.

Ah!

Ah! how many talents are lost when employed on private interests!

Walking under these acadies, I have been struck with the resemblance of several physiognomies which were known to me, and which I had seen in my travels. I thought I beheld the resurrection of persons departed.

Does there exist amongst men an attractive or sympathetic force, which reproduces those physiognomies to which you have been most attached during the course of your life? Or is it the play of imagination, which cannot detach itself from certain objects? It seems at least that there are almost imperceptible family-features, but which we may read on every face; and if we were to class together the individuals who resemble each other, if they should converse together they would perhaps discover that they descended from the same stock.

We should then remark a concordance in the sound of the voice, some relative gesture, some resembling motions, either in the winking of the eyes, the moving of the lips, or in the vibrations of the tongue against the palate, or in the conformation of the nose, in holding the head in such or such attitude, and the quickness or slowness of the step. If individuals, having their characteristic signs of resemblance, were to be classed, and if a serious conversation should take place between them, might not happy discoveries be made,
and

and might not the looks be found to join families that have been separated?

It is a great pleasure for me to say, "There is the perfect resemblance of such a one, whom I have seen in Switzerland. There is a head which has been described in Lavater; that woman reminds me of her who danced in Germany, and who kept me in astonishment for two hours; there is the amiable homeliness of my Bernois lady; that girl ought to have a great deal of wit, for she resembles my prattler of Mortier-travers; those figures who just pass me are Genevois; and here is a Basque."

What I have been so long desirous of is now under my eyes; it is the *physionomie*, that charming invention, which offers to the curious the most varied and numerous assemblage of the portraits of both sexes. I fix myself before it in a reverie, and during that time the crowd elbow me and press on my back. I turn round, and class all those individuals in families to which I have given names, which are known only to myself. It is a nose of a certain tournure, and I say to myself—"His relation is at Spire."—A young lady passes, and I repeat—"She does not know that her sister is at Lucerne."

I should have made a pretty good moral spy; but this manner of observing has a disagreeable side: it gives you antipathies, and antipathies too quick, too rapid, and which would lead you to form

form wrong judgments. Happily these impressions pass off; but in however slight a degree you are governed by passions, they gain the ascendant. If the study of physiognomies under the long walks of the Palais Royal has its charm, it disposes you also at the same time to a certain misanthropy; for how many disfigured faces, on which the heavenly original is almost totally effaced! The true physiognomy of man has given place to figures of Ogres and Ogresses, who seem ready to kill and devour each other. The majestic harmony which sat on the forehead of that mother suckling her children in the plains of the Palatinate, is here replaced by a woman of noble figure, it is true, but her hardened eye wanders daringly, and her indecent nudity destroys all the beauty of the model.

It is not necessary to be a decypherer of hieroglyphicks, to divine the end and employ of all those grotesque effigies, whose features, attitude, and dress, give us less the idea of man having serious occupations than of mountebanks. I never pass by those figures without thinking of Briareus with his hundred hands, and I put mine in my pocket.

In the middle of these arcades, in the centre of the garden, is the Lyceum of the Arts. It seems to absolve the edifice, for whatever else we may have to reproach it. Decent assemblies, useful lectures, the greatest zeal for the advancement of the

the sciences and the arts, in professors truly animated with the love of public good, a crowd of useful discoveries have been promulgated, encouraged, and rewarded in this place, and from hence we may say after Moliere, Where does virtue go to nich herself!

Oh! what a miserable part in history will the people of Paris act! It was they who lent so immense a force to the party of Robespierre, Marat, and the rebel-commune; it is they who surrounded the scaffolds with demonstrations of ferocious joy; it is they who have come several times to attack the national representation; it is they who rallied to assassinate the Convention on the 13th Vendemiaire, and who exclaimed so much against its want of complaisance in not suffering itself to be murdered; it was they who thought that this sacred deposit was their peculiar right, and who have covered it with insult and humiliations; it is they who, in their profound ignorance, have always talked of what they did not understand, have always been ready to follow the standard of revolt, and stupidly passive before their daily murderers, did not riot the less the evening in taverns, and places of prostitution. Indifferent to the glory of our arms, hearing of our triumphs without enthusiasm, as strangers to war and to national calamities, they are continually repeating the same calumnies; they have lost their ancient graces without gaining any vigour

in return; they are become meanly covetous, without being more economical. The great scenes of the Revolution have not been able to enlarge their understandings, ever narrow, ever bounded. They feed at home on the most impertinent fables. They are become so absurd in their reasonings, that in order to punish them you have only to let them talk, and they excite pity. Ungrateful towards their benefactors, they think that the government is only for the point which they inhabit, and that the republic will exist only when it shall please them to adopt the name. The sport of every wretch who wishes to make them their tool, there is only one voice to which they turn a deaf ear, that of the honest or sensible man.

It is on this abominable mass that the foreign Cabinets founded their greatest hopes. Our enemies had said, Let us stir up this indocile, silly, and ferocious people, and we shall obtain the greatest success. In reality, the poignard raised twenty times by this people against the national representation, has nearly accomplished the greatest of crimes; they murdered Ferand, and carried his head in triumph through the hall of the representatives of the people. The Convention owed its preservation, not to the small number of its assassins, but to their complete cowardice. The foreigners lost their guineas, and perceived too late that amongst European ruffians there are several classes, and that the inhabitants of Paris, the greater part it is true,

true, the dregs of the departments, were the worst and most dastardly of the whole. It is in Paris alone that we have seen the clubbists at forty sous, and the sectionaries, who were eager to assassinate the government for the safety of the public. Apostles of Marat, or partizans of Capet, the one placed the restoration of things in the regime of Robespierre, and the other in the counter-revolution.

It was, in short, at the Palais Royal, that the chiefs of these two factions held their sittings; and if they could have agreed, it was all over with the republic. The time past corrupts the time present. They talk at the Palais-Royal as the Royalists at London, and the partizans of anarchy at Rome; they imagine defeats, they disband our armies, they call for the destruction of the government, and this is sport for men of business and money-jobbers. The most scandalously lying newspapers, by inserting whatever can give pain to good citizens, make it a trade to deceive the credulous.

See how they already stipulate for the foreign powers, how they intrigue in their favour, how they declaim more loudly than themselves, in order that our victories should be interpreted into our loss. They have not the modesty to conceal their lukewarmness for their country; and it is to our rivals, eternally jealous of our power, that they lend arguments, by not fearing to propose to us to

make the most cowardly sacrifices. Peace must do us still more harm than war : we must abandon our conquests, because the blood of foreigners is too precious for us to dare to spill it. What is all this French blood that has been shed? We have pretence neither to indemnities nor compensations. This terrible war ought to end in meanness and supplications. For the conqueror, he ought to forget that his independance was to be torn from him, and the enthusiasm of our soldiers, the sacred love of their country, ought to bend before the interests of the foreign negotiator, who will grant us peace, on our obeying the principles of humanity, which we should offend by taking precautions against the most implacable enemy of our nation, him whose resentment has lasted for ages.

All these news-writers become moralists when the government is to be harassed. They speak of humanity, in order that all chances may remain favourable to the coalition ; they speak of restitution, in order that all the advantages may turn in favour of our enemies. The court of Vienna is particularly dear to them : it is, who shall exaggerate its preponderance. Are they paid? Are they mad? They have a secret want of wearying out the government ; they indulge the hope of dissolving it, and none of them condescend to perceive what would be the terrible consequences of such a dissolution. If we were conquered,

quered, then they would no longer wish for peace, because in their blind hatred against the government, the dignity of the French Republic was of little import to them. We are conquerors, we must grant to our dangerous rivals what they would not perhaps have exacted if they had gained possession of part of our territory.

The mind, divided between astonishment and indignation, knows not what this new race of writers is, who favour with their pens foreign powers, and who call down shame and ruin on their country, and all for the triumph of their diplomacy.

CHAP. XCVII.

WINTER BALLS.

WINTER balls have already succeeded the numerous balls of spring and summer. These wear another complexion, but these pleasures meet with no interruption, ball rooms are to be found every where, for alas ! what contributes to idleness amongst us, idleness which preys on the Parisian, (lounging by nature) and which will kill him with his nineteen daily theatres ; the reign of idleness, I say, is as continuous in the great city

city as the fundamental base of an opera orchestra.

Next to money, dancing is actually all that the Parisian loves, cherishes, or rather what he idolizes. Every class has its dancing society, both little and great, that is to say, rich and poor, all dance, it is a rage, an universal taste. The Parisians dance, or rather whirl about, for nothing is more difficult for them than to keep time, and nothing more rare amongst them than a musical ear.

Under the reign of terror, the Parisians, shy and trembling, and not venturing at that time to write a newspaper, or stop a cart, hied to the play-houses and to clubs, and danced only in public fetes, and sometimes around the scaffold; immediately all the walls were covered with numerous advertisements in a style almost academical, announcing balls of all colours, and some so cheap, that the servant-girl might become a subscriber.

Not a little girl who does not find a gallant to conduct her to these schools of turbulence and seduction. If her lover refuses to take her to the ball, or does not dance assiduously enough with her, she turns him off without delay, and vows a woman's hatred, that is, a disguised hatred towards him.

They dance at the Carmes, the scene of the murders of September; at the Noviciate of the Jesuits;

Jesuits ; at the Convent of the Carmelites, in the Marais ; at the Seminary of St. Sulpice ; at the Convent of the Filles de St. Marie ; they dance in three ruined churches of my section, and on the pavement of all the tombs which have not yet been taken away. The names of the dead are under the feet of the dancers, who do not perceive it, and who forget that they are treading on graves. They dance also in every *guinguette*, on the Boulevards, in the Champs Elysées, along the quays, dancing in all the cabarets, the haunt of the infanterie, of money-jobbers, who, after having all day long cheated whatever unfortunate individuals fall into their hands, make at length ducks and drakes with the public fortune. Dancing, in short, at all the professors of rigadoons, who are called artists, the same as players.

There is, however, this difference between them and the modern professors of the *human understanding*, that they have never been anxious to discover whether, when a man dances, his soul was then in his heel or his pineal gland.

They wake the fiddlers at night. They knock, ring, bawl at the door, as they do at the accoucheur's in pressing cases. "Hallo ! quick ! get up ! run ! they are waiting for you." The fiddler rubs his eyes, swears, *What a rascally trade it is ;* gets up, dresses himself, and goes and gains his six livres piece, without reckoning three bottles of wine, of which he does not leave a drop.

All

All the players on the violin are engaged three weeks beforehand: they gain money in proportion as they go on a long time. Go on a long time: this is the principal merit—they must go all night, and the wrist must be unwearied. Why has the violin so much credit? I do not know why, but every fiddler is in vogue, provided he can hold the fiddle-sticks till four in the morning, and that is the main part of the business, of the art I should say. In short, the fiddler ought to be strong in his wrist, in his arm, to make the cords twang.

It is so serious a business, that there is a promise, an engagement in writing, for there is no jesting with the administrator of a ball! The perjured fiddler who should break his word, who should disappoint a dancing *society*, would be held in greater horror than Marat, Drouet, or Babœuf, and besides, he would be carried before the justice of peace.

The sovereign people dance every day! They are not then so dissatisfied, and in each of those balls so renowned, there are gaming-rooms, side-tables for refreshments, illuminations on the one side, on the other shaded corners, favourable twilight; in short, darkness visible, but not like that of Milton.

It is who shall study to kill five or six hours in shaking his heels; but in the style of the elegant balls, the noble tone of the ancient paladins is revived:

vived: it is the cavalier and the *dame*, while in the people's balls they say, Citizen, Citoyenne.

It may naturally be conceived, that the advertisements for the balls of the elegants cannot be framed otherwise than according to the aristocratical idioms; that is natural, and our *inconcevables* and our *wonderfuls* would not enter a ball of citizens. Fie! that would look so much like the republic; and it is a settled point between the notary's and the grocer's wife, that it is a word which is not supportable. Does a republic dance? We have seen a king dance: Louis the XVIth, and the court balls, what will replace them? What will make up for the court-minuet, in which the dancing arch-princess turned her back to her dancing arch-prince, to present her front to the King of France? Oh! how majestic that was!

But the two hundred balls, and the balls of Pruggiers, of Lucquet, of Mauduit, of Wenzel, of Montanfier, and all private balls, even the most elegant, though crowded, hide their diminished heads at the sight of the ball of the *hotel Richlieu*, which rakes together a world. It is the ark of transparent robes, of hats loaded with lace, gold, diamonds, gauzes, and embosomed chins! Its entrance is forbidden, except to persons of a certain fortune. In this enchanted place, a hundred goddesses, perfumed with essences, crowned with roses, float in Athenian robes, exercise and pursue

pursue alternately the looks of our *incredibles*, with silvering hair, shoes *a la Turque*, and resembling in so striking a manner that humorous and new engraving which bears their names, that I am almost led to think it no caricature.

The women there are nymphs, sultanas, savages; sometimes Minerva or Venus; sometimes Diana or Eucharis. All the women are dressed in white, and white suits all women. Their breast is naked, their arms also.

The men, on the contrary, are too negligent. They sometimes bring to my remembrance those lacqueys who, in the old regime, danced in the drawing-room once a year, Shrove Tuesday at midnight, twenty minutes before their masters went to bed. They dance with a cold, morose air: one would imagine they were thinking about politics—they are thinking of nothing, unless it be some plans of money-jobbing.

The women are more decidedly given up to the pleasure of the dance, but still with moderation. If a few words are heard, they are rare, and issue only from the mouth of the *rigadooner*, a despot armed with his fiddle-stick, who affects a soldierly tone and ill-humour, who corrects every false step amidst two hundred women, whose silent dance is certainly a singular exception to the usual tumult of French societies. They evidently are in meditation, in order to

adjust

adjust their different motions with more precision *.

The spectators mingle with the dancers, and form a sort of groups between the different sets of cotillons, without interrupting any. It is seldom, indeed, that a dancer receives the least shock. Her little foot falls just within an inch of mine; she bounds like a flash of lightning, but the music makes her return to the point she quitted. Like a brilliant comet, she runs through her ellipses in whirling on herself, as by a double effect of attraction and gravitation. I might advance a little before her without fearing to touch anything but her garment. I feel almost her breath, and without grazing her.

Every one is motionless under the ventilation of the dancers; and the women on whom you decide aloud, pass and repass with velocity, as if indifferent to the praise; but their ear has lost nothing of what has been said about them.

Their eyes, which seem invariably fixed on their partners, glance through the circle with such rapidity, that you must study that motion with attention in order to seize it; nevertheless they have seen every thing.

* The most majestic, the most gravely solemn, the most magnificently ridiculous thing I have ever seen in my life, was the *French minuet* danced before the *King of France*. The steps of the dancers were scarcely heard—a silence—I cannot describe that sort of respectful awe. I appeal to all such witnesses as are not guillotined. Poor mortals!

Farther

Farther on are courtezans in separate groups. There the motion is still more rapid: they are covered with diamonds which reflect a sparkling lustre. Their dancing has an expression more characterized. We cannot help observing, that they are afraid of appearing too lascivious; but the look, the look which never lies, reveals them. They cannot and never will be able to imitate the gestures, the voluptuous, but decent composure of other women. The conversation around them also acquires a sort of licentiousness which does not exist at thirty paces distant from their groupes. These have paid a larger tribute to the perfumer.

In an instant, at a certain signal, all those groupes are divided, the empty benches are instantly filled, but only by the women. What novelty is announced by this change? A concert, which is about to begin. The women, who had been restrained in dancing by the desire of superiority over their rivals, and whose attention was enchained by the varied and multiplied figures of the cotillons, now begin to speak. The men, who are standing, are glancing over, and watching them—they seem to be seated there in order to receive the homage due to their frivolity. Such are distinguished who have put rings on their toes, those who wear a light dress, flesh colour, and so tight, that you may safely wager there is no shift next the skin.

A con-

A confused buzzing drowns the concert, the sarcasm which has succeeded the ingenious bon-mot, runs through the crowd. They curse the government aloud, when it is mild and humane, whilst the sanguinary and tyrannical government was an object of respect. Silence is never observed but when Rhodes tries to draw from his violin sounds as melting as those of Orpheus; but still it is not Viotti. The palisadoes ranged round each bench (I speak of the men, it is the same thing), the palisadoes give themselves up to a thousand declamations against the governors, endeavouring to excite against them every sentiment of despair, of contempt, and of public hatred. The region of the ball becomes the den of calumny; but more insolent than mischievous, it degenerates into stupidity, into a torrent of gross invective, and soon drives away even the inquisitive. One man says to his neighbour, "Look at these women."—"Well!"—"They are all kept by deputies."—"Do you think so?"—"She with the lively eye and slender waist, she is the mistress of *Raffron*. That young lady, with bare neck, and covered with diamonds, is the sister of *Guyomard*; his last motion was paid for with the jewels of the crown. That beautiful forward fair girl, she is the youngest daughter of *Isnard*, who has put aside an hundred thousand crowns for her portion—She is to be married to-morrow. There is not, as you see, a member of the Legislative

"tive Body, who has not two or three women
 "here, each of whose gowns costs the republic a
 "part of its domains." The concert is finished,
 and supper begins, where the women, who have
 no longer the restraint of stays and bodice,
 which formerly locked them up, may eat to sa-
 tiety, and they acquit themselves very well.
 They devour turkeys stuffed with truffles, and an-
 chovy pastry; they eat for the famished stock-
 holder, the soldier, every clerk and agent of the
 republic; and whilst they are feeding, they talk
 of the horrible evils of the republic. There is
 nothing so abominable as the present regime; if
 they dance, it is to enrage the two councils, who
 they have heard do not love dancing. They add,
 that there is nothing but balls which are impe-
 risable in France. All the scrophulous gentry,
 who have their chin in their cravats, exclaim,
 "*Pa-ole victimee cela ne peut pas durer.*"—"Upon
 "the wo—d of a victim, this cannot endu-e."
 Meanwhile, the women who are cursing this
 dreadful republican regime, are the daughters,
 sisters, wives of contractors for the republic;
 they keep on eating, and drink no longer wine,
 on account of the weakness of their nerves, but
 swallow down *Kirschwasser*, *marasquier*, and *liqueurs*
 from Martinico.

Formerly the women at balls took refresh-
 ments, consisting of a few biscuits with a little
 wine. It is mere gluttony that rages at present,

and I could not cease admiring their firm countenance at table, and with what free graces they satisfy their robust appetites. Cold partridges make two mouthfuls, dishes disappear, and great glasses of water cool in intervals their palate, burnt by the fire of spirits.

Noisy vulgar pleasures! and women are in their element amidst your tumult! Content glows on their faces in spite of their eternal abuse of the present moment; never amongst any people was such licentiousness permitted; even Jacobin vulgarity sinks beneath the rudeness of the uncockaded females. They have danced, drunk, ate; they have deceived three or four adorers of the opposite party with such freedom and ease, as to make it believed that our age has no longer need of the least shade of hypocrisy or dissimulation, and that it is beneath us to palliate our habits and our tastes, whatever they may be.

I return immediately to the circle, having feasted my looks with all these different attitudes in every piquant and really new point of view, for I am a statuary and painter in my brain, and this is the reason why there is not a single picture in the Museum, which I have not retouched according to my own imagination. Ah! poor painters, how cold and monotonous you are in general, without spirit, and particularly without invention! how fit you are to paint Calvary's! Unfortunate, historical painters! you have murdered

dered history. And your Watteau ; no, he has not seen balls, or our grandmothers were very heavy and very awkward, in comparison of their daughters ; no, Watteau had seen nothing. I compare all these talking and acting dancing figures, to those I have met with in different countries ; and I am persuaded, that French women are of all women those who have most grace, even in those functions which least admit of it ; such as eating voraciously, looking boldly, talking loudly, and declaiming anti-republicanly.

But likewise I know not if any one has ever seen at any period, or in any country, a woman in the midst of the rudest of winters, without stockings, or any other shoes than a slight soal in the form of a sandal, and simply tied by slight ribbands, exposing the toes of her feet, ornamented, or rather compressed, by several rings, and whose ostentation alone makes them bear the pain which they feel in forming the dance.

Who could believe, amidst those balls, that war is on our frontiers, on the banks of the Rhine, of the Sambre, and the Meuse, beyond the mountains, and over the ocean ? That Europe allied, under the influence of frantic fanaticism, the dogma of tyrants, still more absurd than the dogma of transubstantiation, is obstinately threatening France, the republic, the constitution, Paris, the balls, and even the dancers ; no person thinks on these bloody hostilities, on these coalesced

lesced majesties, who are anxious to raise up again the dignity of their throne on French corpses.

I see even a swarm of young men, of twenty-three years, *embryo-puppy-crates*, who have stuck their cravats up to their mouths, and who dance longer, as if enchanted at having saved themselves, (I know not how), from the requisition.

But what noise is that yonder? Who is that Roman, preceded by so many applauses? let us draw near, let us see! The crowd presses around her! Is she naked? I doubt. Let us draw nearer; oh, this is worth my pencil; her light pantaloon, like the famous leather breeches of Monsieur the Count D'Artois, whom four great lackeys raised in air to let him fall into the garment, so that it should form no plait, and who, cased up all day, was unbreeched at night, by raising him up in the same manner, and with more exertion; the female pantaloon, extremely tight, though of silk, perhaps surpasses the famous breeches by its perfect adherence; it is garnished with a kind of bracelets; the bodice is cut slanting in a knowing manner, and under a gauze curiously painted, the reservoir of maternity are palpitating. A shift of clear lawn exposes the legs and thighs, which are encircled by hoops of diamonds set in gold. A swarm of young men surround her with the language of dissolute joy; the impudent young woman seems

to pay no attention. One further bold stroke of the *Merveilleuse*, and we may be able to contemplate amongst us the antient dances of the girls of Laconia; there remains so little to let fall, that I know not if true modesty would not gain by taking off the transparent veil. The flesh-coloured pantaloon, closely applied to the skin, irritates the imagination, and discovers only the finest parts of the form, and those attractions which are the most concealed; such are the days which have preceded those of Robespierre!

It results nevertheless from hence, that all women appear absolutely to have the same skin, as they discover to the first glance the same fair tresses. Alas! unhappily for me, I idolize no hair but which is black, or brown! I know, however, that under this fair decoration—Oh! when will the fashion come for a skin brown, or tawny, for I am for beauties more or less African!

But let us leave these great balls; the pipe and tabor beat only mechanically; the coloured lamps smoke and look pale.

Let us go home, and make a visit to-morrow to a bourgeois ball.

Well, I have here more to guess at than elsewhere, the resembling feature is more difficult to seize, there are infinitely more of details and of shades, though on the first view all appear pretty uniform. The most dexterous dissimulation

lation holds its empire here, because the dance goes on under the inspection of mammas, aunts, uncles and brothers. The girl has to deceive all these ninnies; and, with some contrivance, she succeeds. To these balls mammas, it is true, conduct their daughters, but nearly in the same manner as those duennas, who accompany young actresses as far as behind the scenes, and all for the sake of form. These young persons appear at first timid in attempting pirouettes, rigadoons, and entrechats; but these steps, which they have meditated, which they have studied, which they have repeated so laboriously in the presence of their master, are to be, as they imagine, the first step to fortune. They dance with matrimonial intentions, for they all expect to marry the richest man of the neighbourhood; and this is what sanctifies, in the eyes of the mammas, the sin of the ball. The confessor has lost his credit; but regains it with usury when he tolerates the ball, and condemns and delivers over to perdition the republic; more than one poor girl has found means of marrying advantageously for having made a trial of quick steps, and lightness. In this manner young girls, which till now never happened, go every where. There are no longer what they call *seducers*, since the great facility of marriages, since divorce is introduced so complaisantly in aid of all our fancies. No one fears either the contract, or engagement, which can be broken, made, and unmade again. No one any

longer fears those accidents, which formerly threw a stain on a family for half a century.

Balls have therefore taken place of convents for girls; they used to be visited at the grate, at present the interview takes place at the dancing-master's, who is become quite as genteel and as convenient as a portrait painter. Congratulate yourselves, good mammas, and ye august female citizens, logically mistrefs shopkeepers, most aristocratical wives of notaries, formerly the parish sermon was a tiresome service; now you have the morality of the Vaudeville, the vespers put in Vaudeville, in the pieces of Santeuil and Dominique, the vespers chanted by Harlequin. This chanting delights all your little family, and, confess the truth, yourselves. The ball after that appears to you a decent place; for every thing is comparative, and you see no inconvenience resulting from it. This is not the moment to condemn balls, which facilitate marriages. I am certainly not a rigorist; I would not hinder girls from being married; but these midnight balls, I warn you; complaisant mammas, favour a great many things, and only serve to widen the halls of the Foundling Hospitals*. Military balls are also distinguished by a still greater effervescence. The tumult of camps, and the clanking of arms form, if I may use the expression, the music. The motions, the steps of the dancers,

* The number of foundlings is increased at Paris, nearly double within eighteen months.

have something manly, and you may perceive by their martial air, that they would pass with the same ardour from the arms of pleasure to the field of victory; all the chins there are naked, and the manly countenance is marked by honourable mustachios.

It is with regret that we have seen the brave defenders of the country surrounded by these women without modesty, more fitted to turn them from their duties than to attach them, and who, by their dangerous attractions, may render them incapable of sustaining the weight of arms, and the fatigue of war. Modest and virtuous women, be the bearers of national gratitude! give your hand to those warriors, whose character in general is always more frank and generous than that of other men.

There are balls for all conditions, water-carriers and coal-porters have theirs also, for I would not forget any thing. In these cellars, even at the bottom of alleys, in filthy cabarets, at the sound of the tuneless fiddle, or squeaking clarinets, every Sunday and decadi (for the people keep the two holidays alike) often even in the interval these Auvergnates dance so as to shake the flooring, and make the proprietor tremble for local reparations. The dancing-room is lighted by a lustre composed of two cross pieces of wood, or by a few earthen lamps ranged along the wall. In the midst of a cloud of tobacco smoke, and the smell

smell of brandy, you see unimaginable dancers rise or fall back without step or measure; and quite alongside, on benches half worn, even groupes of men and women smother each other with smacks of kissing so hideous as made me turn aside my head, and which at present make me repent of having given the scene a place in my memory. Sometimes the wooden shoe, in jumping, flies off, breaks the lamp, and sprinkles the assembly with the oil; that is nothing, it does no harm either to shoes or stockings, or to the cotillon; the burning tallow makes no impression on the tanned skins of these Vestris's; they snatch up their slouched hats, and move off, giving one another, by way of joy, pretty stout blows with their fists.

In short, I have seen balls where dancers by profession, dressed like negroes, savages, Chinese, paladins, drew universal admiration, because they were not known, but I have often found out these subtle swindlers of fame. What is it nevertheless that the love of glory will not undertake? I have surprized them in a ball of washerwomen, intoxicating themselves with the admiration of twenty sempstresses. Thus an actor of the second and third rank, hissed and re-hissed, takes a part at Nicolet's and Riboe's, and is crowned with applauses; he then passes a good night.

Celebrated dancers of the opera! Is it you who have turned all the heads in the city? You

may count as many awkward imitators as there are pretenders to corporal graces; but if Veffris be an object of imitation, windpipe Garat is an object of imitation also, and we hear nothing but the quavering of his eternal cadences. Windpipe Garat is an instrument said to be unique, who executes musical difficulties, and difficulties so great, that they seem almost queer and oddish. I am told that it is very fine, people are transported, and this is what I found most curious. Ah! these balls and concerts! the tree of luxury and opulence flourishes amidst a city peopled with objects of misery, as we see a superb orange-tree rising out of a painted case filled with dung.

Parisians! my dear Parisians! dance or go to mafs—dance and go to mafs at the same time, but for heaven's sake never think of politics, for when you would talk politics, you fall into the grossest snares that could be laid for you. You then are making way on the credit of a few wretches for all the horrors of anarchical dissolution. Dance, I beg of you, dance! for it is impossible you should have any other employment that suits you so well. Alas! would it not have been better for you to have been dancing the 31st of May, the 2d of June, the 4th Praireal, and the 13th Vendemiaire?

And who in the end, credulous Parisians, do you listen to? There is less ennui in seeing the
dance

dance than in hearing a Royalist pot-pourri * at the Lycees, issuing from the mouth of a literary declaimer, who hires himself as a singer or a fiddler, and who sells in person his worn-out rhetoric. Like the fiddler, he continually recommences the same humdrum that he gave us ten years since, and he does not even perceive the ennui that he distils.

Dance for ever, then, my dear Parisians! and in preference to the sad and monotonous literature of our academical dances, in preference especially to all those common-place phrases of stupid aristocracy and extravagant royalism. Let our Lyceums, instead of detailing such hackneyed declamations, open their spacious halls for the dance. Begone, ye blockheads, whose stile is far from the dancing mood; you are not worth the fiddle which enlivens our spirits, for you throw a shade over the most brilliant and numerous assemblies. Give way to the tambourin; and the better to prove that ye ought to do so, let us hear what the grave Montesquieu has written on dancing. "Dancing pleases us by its lightness, by a certain grace, by the beauty and variety of the at-

* Wretched declaimers, who are continually holding up to us the bloody robe of Cæsar (which Anthony displayed only once to the Roman people), know that in politics yesterday is a corpse, and to-morrow is something; and that in the person of Louis the XVIth it was not a man that was put to death, but a government.

titudes,

titudes, by its connection with music; but it pleases especially by a disposition of our brain, which is such, that it secretly brings the idea of all the motions to certain motions, the greater part of the attitudes to certain attitudes."

CHAP. XCVIII.

PATRIOTIC OFFERINGS.

GOLD and silver was laid with good will on the altar of the country, to aid its wants. An historical account of all the patriotic offerings made since the beginning of the Revolution might become the subject of a work fitted to honour the nation. I shall cite only one which deserves the preference, because it was one of the first that was made.

There are in Paris certain societies of workmen, who voluntarily united from the love of labour and of piety, presented the pure image of that monkish life which for a long time has been sought for in vain in cloisters.

Among these establishments, that of the brother shoe-makers of the street of the Grand Truanderie is noted. These honest and laborious mechanics, from the produce of their common labours, had formed a capital of an hundred and fifty-

fifty-six thousand six hundred and fifty livres, the interest of which kept up a certain degree of ease amongst themselves, and furnished a fund for charity. These excellent patriots offered to the National Assembly the sacrifice of their little treasure, asking only a pension for the aged and infirm.

CHAP. XCIX.

CARICATURES, FOLLIES.

CARICATURES have been exhausted on every candidate, on all governors past, present, and to come: the voice of calumny is for ever indefatigable. Every thing that wit or folly can say or imagine has been imagined or said. It may be said, that calumny is among the Parisians what the sin against nature was in Sodom and Gomorrha, it has acquired the right of citizenship. But if injuries and insults are not spared to men in place, they pay for all these farcasms by the most calm contempt; they are indifferent even to the writings which defend them, how then should they not be so to those who attack them? One would
 imagine

imagine that they had taken for their device a line of my own—

Laissons les bavarder, et gardons l'action.

The hundred and thirty-three daily newspapers all change, each according to its fancy, and the effect which results is such as is produced by a too numerous and discordant orchestra; you can no longer distinguish any thing; it is a noise, and a noise which often makes you laugh. There is scarcely a street where there is not a newspaper printed, and three newspaper writers in the garrets scribbling, or rather cutting out columns of newspapers, and never mending their pen till they are paid the month in advance. From having been too anxious to raise the press above every thing else, to make it the supreme magistrature, to place it above the laws of decency, of civility, the press is fallen back to Zero. Such is the first fruits of licentiousness. The good which is found in those sheets is lost, because every periodical paper is consigned to contemptuous oblivion, because all of them have changed their character according to events.

Caricatures seem to have taken their place, and have formed an addition to the unlimited liberty of the press. The passengers stop in crowds before the print shops, to look at the *incredibles*, the *wonderfuls*, the *fishwomen*, the *state creditor*, the *folly of the day*, the *anarchist*, the *danger of wigs*. This
last

last caricature represents a woman on horseback, whose hat and hair have flown off at the same time.

These humorous representations of our absurdities, our follies, our humours, and our vices, excite only the transitory smile of a light people, who study themselves in their dress, varied at every instant, and fully justify the charge of absurdity offered by this faithful mirror. The print of the incredibles has generalized the dog's ears; as silly journals, from the abuse of the republic, have made many republicans.

By the side of these caricatures, figure in full dress the portraits of those generals whose unknown names are suddenly covered with immortal glory, and who, generous defenders of France, have saved the whole of Europe from the horrible system of oppression and slavery which kings had meditated against it. Their republican harmony, strangers to the meanness of jealousy, does them no less honour than their victories. Charette ranks among them, since French generosity does justice to his talents, while it despises his contemptible fanaticism. The portraits of Louis and his daughter are framed and exposed like the rest: they are pictures, and nothing more in the eyes of the spectator who buys them if he pleases, or laughs according to his fancy. You are plucked by the sleeve, and offered the death of Louis the XVIth and Maria Antoinette, tragedies

dies at only fifteen sous a-piece, but no one purchases.

But what is most striking is the listlessness of the people. The lower classes work very leisurely. Their arms scarcely deign to make the least effort. Their trades are become a kind of amusement. Hard labour terrifies them; the hand-cart is slightly loaded, the porter's knot is gently pressed. They hire their arms, as it were, by condescension, they want to gain in an hour the value of a whole day's labour; they seem, in short, by working with the most marked carelessness, to oblige the master, who pays them high wages. They fill at an early hour the guinguettes and theatres. Forgetting the past, killing the present, and thinking nothing of the future, they go every day to the public walks; they are on the Boulevards, on the Quays, with their arms crossed; they are in coffee-houses, occupied in a party of billiards, or hanging over a game of domino. Thus they pass their time, almost ashamed of the labour of the shop. Thanks to the undissembled multiplicity of drinking shops, billiards, cheap play-houses, cabarets, the Parisian is become the idlest man on the earth, and we are led to enquire by what means this idle multitude are fed?

A short time since, the cut of the gowns of women of fashion was shaped like a heart; at present, that of the bodice terminates in wings of butterflies, of which the sex seem anxious to
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be the emblem, and which they ofteneft take for a model. Yesterday they wore hats *à la Pamela*, to-day hats *à l'Anglaife*; yesterday they decked themselves with feathers, with flowers, with ribbands, or a handkerchief in form of a turban, afimilated them to odalisks; to-day their caps take the form of the wife of Philip de Comines; yesterday their thin shoes were loaded with rofes, and fixed to the ancle with a ribband elegantly knotted; to-day a great buckle cut in diamonds covers almost the whole of their foot, concealing every part except the end of a flight bouquet, the embroidery which finishes at the extreme point of the shoe. And let no one imagine that this is a caricature of our fashionables, fcarcely is it a flight sketch of their follies, of their infinitely varied changes.

As to the walking clafs, they ape the first very well with refpect to caps, hats, and finery; but they are always deteftably fhod, not becaufe their shoes are flat, but becaufe they are badly made, and out of form; which fhews that they buy them ready made, and that a young girl often takes the shoes of her grandmother. The eye can fcarcely accustom itfelf to fee them walk without affiftance; and though tucked up half leg, they fplafh themfelves ftill more than the men. When I was a young man, the women walked on their toes, and the ftuff of their shoes was untouched, the wet did not pafs the fole.

At

At the moment I write, straw hats are the rage, and straw plumes, which have discarded the triumphal feather.

Fatigued in rambling through Paris to change my palate, if I enter a coffee-room, I hear every one complaining of being ruined by the Revolution; and those who hold this language do nothing, and pass their lives at the coffee-house; but it is a ton; every one must be ruined by the Revolution, and he who had two hundred livres revenue, would make you believe that he had twenty thousand. Every one loudly calls for peace, and no one rejoices at our astonishing victories. The tradesman who has read Roman history, is no more affected by the great actions of our generals than by a romance. He will stoop down, and whisper mysteriously in your ear, *Buonaparte is going to pass the Rubicon, and imitate Cæsar*. Where has he taken that great idea? In talking with his neighbour at mass, where he goes not from faith, but only, as far as he imagines, to enrage the republic. He pities the priests, speaks of their miseries, of their inconveniencies, which all result from the Revolution; every thing cross that happens in the world has no other source. His wife and daughter are attacked by dreadful pains in the stomach. It is at the *queues* that they have picked up this disorder; it is in consequence of the long fast, imposed two years since by Boissy d'Anglas. Do not imagine that they
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are angry with Boissy, they have forgiven him in this hard Lent, they have given him all their confidence, since Boissy has promised them at length red eggs *à la royale*.

The eternal chorus is the unhappy fate of the stockholder. Beggars by profession are poor ruined stockholders; the republic will never find in its resources wherewith to pay, I do not say the principal, but even the interest of all the pretended stock belonging to pretended stockholders; and this is the reason why the interest which the man of feeling ought to take for the real creditor of the state is so diminished. In short, every thing is become *rentier*. The old dismantled coach, drawn by harridans tied with cords, driven by a coachman and postillion in tatters, and whose heels appeared through their shoes. This droll equipage is no longer the carriage of the pretender, it is that of the stockholder. The shopkeeper, for ever avaricious, murmurs, but he is quiet; one would suppose that he perceives that he wastes his breath in vain, and that no attention is paid him. People in easy circumstances have taken a wise resolution: they no longer busy themselves about politics; they turn a deaf ear to the speeches of the factious, laugh at the wars of the journalists, study nothing at their toilettes but the cases of their dressing cabinet; look at themselves in their boots, with a perfect indifference for every thing besides.

The

The new *millionaires*, still more indifferent, but not less savage against the government, make it an important business to be with the princesses of the day at Garat's concerts, called at the Boulevard playhouses, the modern Orpheus. These upstart men are perfectly ignorant of music, but they applaud most outrageously the quiverings of the finger, and they admire the women who embellish all the boxes.

If this world be a perpetual rotation, why should not the former apple and tripe-women figure in their turn, especially when they are pretty? For true nobility among women is grace and beauty.

Tea-drinking is in high vogue, and almost the only occasion which brings private society together. There are no longer any dinners: every one eats at the *restaurateurs*, of which the number is infinitely multiplied: you see them at the corner of every street. You see nothing but daubers hoisted on a ladder, painting for signs, hares, hams, lobsters, sausages, or writing in English letters, cold breakfasts, private rooms:—This last advertisement is but too public.

The pots and pans, it is presumed, are overturned in almost every house. Formerly you went and took a dinner with a friend: it is now quite different, every one remains at home, or goes to take his dinner at his *restaurateurs*.

Is this œconomy, or diversion? This fashion certainly indicates rupture and disunion in domestic arrangements, as we may assert that the *restaurateurs* evince an essential change in our manner of living, and in our morals.

Tea parties at least seem to bring us nearer together: they seem the first step to mount up towards French urbanity, so long unknown. The women go to those parties in full dress: it is a brilliant assembly, a certain silence takes place, conversation is carried on by whispers; each groupe insulates itself in the midst of the society, and the passions, which every where else have their physiognomy and their language, seem here to lay aside whatever they have of violent and personal, and hatred itself assumes an air of amity. Upon the whole, it is possible that tea-drinking may bring us back to our old French politeness. The days in which there are no tea-parties you walk in Coblentz, in the Champs Elysées, eat ices at Garchy's, at Velloni's, go to the fêtes at Tivoli, to Ruggieri's fire-works, and the poor man affects to shudder at the indecent display of that luxury which nevertheless nourishes and feeds him, for there must be luxury at Paris.

The horse-races at the Champ de Mars have inspired the favourites of our Amazons with a taste for riding; not those Amazons who burnt off their breast in order to draw the bow the better.

ter. All are ambitious of the glory of riding by their side as knowingly as Franconi. They are all anxious to ride in the English mode, but not knowing how to seize the motion of the horse, they fatigue themselves, and make the spectators laugh at their convulsive springs: the Bois de Bologne is their Olympic career. Some years since, foolish jockeys used to shear off the ears of their horses, at present it is the mane which they shave; they put shining wax on their hoofs; they will soon powder them.

It is difficult to know whether the young men are more anxious to make a parade of their nags or their belles; but they seem most pleased with their geldings, from the pleasure with which they caress them, and the attention which they pay them. This reminds us of a *petit maitre* of the old stamp, who was very fond of horse-racing and actresses *soupers*. He was asked which he idolized most, girls or horses? After a moment's silence he answered, "I love women best, but I have most esteem for horses."

It is said that the greater part of these cavaliers ride on borrowed horses, and that all these elegant horsemen cut the air with the swiftness of an arrow, in order to ride away the debauch of the evening, and to get an appetite for dinner. The lacquey, who oftentimes belongs no more to the cavalier than the horse, follows with sad countenance his master in the morning, and waits im-

patiently for the end of the course. On the whole, there are few fiery coursers; a species of English short tail, and short ears, worn out with age and famine, make up a part of the equipment of our Anglomanes. They fancy themselves good horsemen, take their stiff positions for graces, and admire their own dexterity in the midst of their courses; but whether they walk, trot, or canter, these young men have always a grave and stupid look.

But what is most singular is, that the women and young men stop suddenly in the midst of their course, and when the sun has three hours yet to run, quit the pure air of the country for heated saloons, where they go to hear music; not with the intention of listening, but anxious to find some one to whom they may talk of their trotting, which is the greatest pleasure the rider receives from it.

The only books that are at present hawked about are books of obscenity, the titles and prints of which are equally repulsive to modesty and good taste. They sell these horrors every where on stalls, along the bridges, at the play-house doors, and on the Boulevards. The poison is not dear, ten sous the volume. All the productions of libertinism, and the most licentious, bid one on the other, and all attack public morals without fear or restraint. One would suppose that these pamphlet-venders were privileged traders in filthiness; every

every title which is not infamous seems to be excluded from their shops or stalls. Youth find there, without obstacle or scruple, the elements of every vice. This horrible manufacture of licentious books, has for manufacturers all the counterfeit traders, or kind of pirates, who will destroy the trade of bookselling, literature, and men of letters; it has for its basis that unlimited liberty of the press which the most false, the most wicked, or at least the most blind of men, are continually preaching up.

The institution of divorce, the *sacrament of adultery*, comes in aid of this disorder. It seconds, in a powerful manner, the disposition for libertinism kept up by the excess of gluttony and good cheer, by the daily frequenting of theatres, balls, and those frivolous dissipations of which there are no such instances amongst any other nation on the earth.

This multiplicity of theatres naturalizes idleness, destroys the arts, and those trades which require attention, palsies the arm, renders the mind effeminate, and ceases to be an amusement from its being so continually repeated. There are no longer any holidays, since the people are invited every day to lose half of it to maintain, and maintain badly, an army of showmen. The Parisians are as lascivious as the sparrows that people their roofs; they are still more volatile, and change their female more frequently, and the greater part have

have not the delicacy of those animals in their pleasures.

It only belongs to such a people to jest and laugh at the disorder which is the consequence of these debaucheries. There is not a corner of a street, not a wall, which is not triply covered with advertisements of remedies for the radical cure of the venereal disease. These papers are put into the hands of old men, women, and young girls, and no one blushes at giving or receiving them. Each quarter has its house for cures, it is tonic cakes, pastilles, chocolates, comfits, &c. &c. Mountebanks of the same kind, but less in vogue, play the merry Andrew on horseback or in cabriolets, and Pierrot distributes to the spectators antiphilick remedies, at the sound of cymbals, clarinets, and French-horns. Such are the people of Paris, who have undergone a thorough change in eight years; who sell their crowns of six livres for gros fous, and exclaim against money-jobbers; who drink, laugh, sing, dance, and murmur at a peaceable and vigilant government, which they accuse in the morning of being royalist, in the evening of being terrorist; for they never cease to have these rhymes in *ib* in their mouths, whom they calumniate, and whom they threaten, at least in words, after having endured long and silently, sometimes even with the appearance of approbation, the government of Robespierre.

I should

I should speak of the hotel of Bullion, the eternal receptacle of the most elegant furniture of the emigrants, frequented by brokers and intriguers, who were in the secret of the fabrication of assignats, that is to say, that of the total of their progressive emission; who monopolized the masterpieces of art of inestimable price, for heaps of paper without value, and who sold them again for great sums of money to contractors, who, heretofore lacqueys of the anti-chamber, or stall-boys, now sleep on beds of down. Such are the sports of fortune! I have been assured that Scipio's buckler, sold for fifteen hundred livres, had become the prey of a goldsmith: this, however, was not the case, but was on the point of being so.

I shall speak in another place of houses of commerce, of those counting-houses of publicans, which are true schools of roguery; of those perpetual sales and refales, where sheriffs' officers play a double part, where the goods which seem to pass from hand to hand remain always in the same, and augment in value in proportion to the overthrow of private fortunes. The money-jobbers had no need of having their cupidity stimulated by all the accidents of the Revolution; but they have become so impudent, have assumed a diction so savage, a cartouchian morality so decided, that if it be curious to hear, it is painful to observe them.

I can

I can certify, that houses are trafficked for as sugar-loaves in the time of assignats; they are bought for fifteen days, and then resold always with a premium. They never make any repairs, but each new proprietor, by augmenting their rent, vexes the tenants, and treats them cavalierly. Never were conquerors more inexorable towards a conquered people: They make them understand with sufficient ostentation and haughtiness who is proprietor, and it matters little to them whether the wall is ready to tumble from decay, or the roof be open to the day; they pay no attention except to their cellars, which they fill with thirty sorts of wine, on which they make fresh speculations.

To those who have suffered by the Revolution, nothing remains but the hope of making it up at the peace; others wait for some favourable chance, and sigh after banks; many regret the assignats, which gave every mercantile object a brisk circulation. A great number desired, and the wish is almost general, the re-establishment of a lottery, an establishment absolutely necessary, and which would be adopted if the most culpable folly did not still blind us with respect to the disasters of direct taxes, the hardest, most disastrous, and most anti-republican of any. The Council of Elders, who pique themselves on their wisdom, have rejected every plan of a lottery. We might say—

Avant de tant juger, apprends à tout connoître.

I shall

I shall always dwell on the indirect tax of a national lottery, which shall not however be that known under the name of *loto*.

Is money then become a more privileged article than the life of men, their repose, their troubles, or their fatigues? A formal requisition constrains every man to the service of the state, and opposes a youthful population to the dangers of the war, while the overplus of money must not be directed towards the public treasury. Avarice every day rids itself of the payment of taxes, keeps its treasures hid, and accumulates to the detriment of the state the riches which it withdraws from circulation, or which it employs in the destruction of credit; and may not the government, by presenting it with favourable chances, by a productive speculation, draw out from the earth, or the strong chest, a part of that wealth which is wanting for the vital motion?

Ought we, it may be answered, to take from the poor, from the unfortunate, their last farthing? Alas! mistaken moralists, why rob him of hope? Besides, it is not the poor man who feeds the wheels of fortune; if he puts into the lottery, it is but a very small sum, it is the farthing which he would otherwise throw away in cabarets to poison himself with bad wine, which disturbs his reason, and leads him into excesses; it is the farthing which he would give to fortune-tellers, to mountebanks, and impostors. The rich
only

only hazard considerable sums. You lament over the inhabitants of the country! You are ignorant, then, what treasures they are heaping up, that they have buried the coin which they amassed with such disgusting cupidity, and that they would have sold a radish for half-a-crown. It is the remorseless farmer, the hard tradesman, and griping usurer, who endeavour to add to their immense gain the benefit which chance or fortune promise them.—*Nemo dat quod non habet.*

Ask the tax-gatherers; they will tell you, that the miser in tatters, fearing for his dear treasure, or after having formed his calculation, who brings by night his sack, and drags forth the cash which the earth or a wall would have buried to the hour of his death. We have never yet been solicitous to calculate what avarice, powerfully excited, might give back to the general stock; and though it should be disappointed, would not this disappointment be a just punishment for its long insensibility? Those who starve us, who harass us, who commit a number of little crimes to enrich themselves, if there be a key to open their dark coffers, would it not be wise to make use of it? Let it not be said also, that lotteries render nothing of the sums they receive.

Money is the produce of labour, but he who loves his money is forced to a second labour. Now it is certain, that there are at present too many idle hands. The overflow of daily shows
are

are evidences of this observation. This money, so precious to the subsistence of the poor, and which would return to him by way of lottery, is expended for comedians and singers of every colour and description, from Garat, who drinks gold as long as he can draw his breath, to Madame Angot, who on the Boulevards, would pump in all the copper in Sweden. Musicians, mountebanks, rope-dancers, all these idle professions, often dangerous, are supported by the people, and they must not be suffered to expend a few pence to enjoy at least some agreeable dreams. Break then the spring which winds them up, and which, though they be in pain, leads them to think they are at ease.

From what singularity, what affectation of morality, do you make a vain display of erudition, to prove the pretended immorality of an establishment which at least is but a species of luxury, like diamonds, theatres, dances, and balls? Of what consequence to you is it how men spend their money, which they will otherwise spend every day for sounds, gestures, and jumping?

CHAP. C.

FRATERNITY.

INDIGNANT at the prostitution which was made of the soothing word of fraternity, *Champfort* translated the inscription traced on all our walls: "*Brotherhood or death*," in this manner; "*Be my brother, or I kill you.*" He said, "*the fraternity of those people is that of Cain and Abel.*" The words *or death*, have since been effaced.

CHAP. CI.

MOTHERS WHO SUCKLE THEIR CHILDREN.

IF we are daily employed in tracing the distressing scenes of our Revolution, why should we not speak of a sight at least consoling, and which is continually before our eyes, that of the multitudes of children suckled by their mothers. Wherever I turn my eyes, I meet children in the arms of women, and men themselves carry about these innocent creatures. There is no spot of
grass,

grafs, no walk, no public place, which does not swarm with children of every age. Here you see youth drawing in a multitude of little carts, in fancy in peaceful slumber; your steps are crossed by these little equipages, but you do not murmur, you are not offended, because you are amply rewarded for the delay by the soft smile of all these lovely and innocent beings. They surround you, they press your knees, you put them gently by, in order to pursue your way. There, the little girl of ten years old acts the *gouvernante*, regulates the conduct of her sisters and cousins, and nothing is more interesting than to contemplate the subordination which reigns amongst ages which we confound with that which we have reached ourselves. Never in any city, at any time of my life, did ever so great a number of children meet my looks. Maternity has become a pleasure, for our French women all suckle, all pique themselves on being mothers, and all feel that the only good nurse is the true mother.

Maternity is so much in esteem, that its functions silence every idle remark which malice or slander can invent. The sex is justified for all its weakness, when it acts the careful and attentive nurse. The youngest are those who inspire most respect, so much do the duties of nature, when they are accomplished, impose silence on the babble of our empty moralists. Is not nature already an enormous usurer towards a weak sex?

and if the woman did not find in the charms and caresses of a child, not a reward, but an indemnity for her pains, the generation of beings would be soon exhausted.

It seems, that all the souls who have flown to the frontier for the defence of the country, are re-entered to animate new bodies, and form a focus of republicans, who will enjoy the labours and sacrifices of their ancestors.

Infants more carefully attended, more free in their motions, and no longer under the rod, display a character of joy and independence which charms the observer. The rod has disappeared together with the tribe of gross and venal nurses, their little faults are corrected by a word, and it is in this manner that we ought to accustom infancy to be governed only by words.

Look at these young pupils: at some future day our errors, our faults, and our misfortunes, will furnish them with subjects of conversation; they will be our judges, and the true history of our calamities and of our greatness will fill their mouths.

The little imperious characters already decide, and assume a tone of republican independence. The shades are perceptible from year to year; and less tormented by pedagogues, they are unrestrained in their amusements; their motions, which are more free, are become also more graceful;

ful; they will be better than us, because they have been happier in their cradles.

In short, the number of children is so great, that in certain walks it surpasses that of grown-up persons *. This delicious sight, which evinces the wisdom of regenerating nature, can never weary. If such be the fruit of the Revolution (as no one can doubt), it forms also a scene so affecting, that it may serve to soften the dark colours of the picture of our past disasters. But why must it be an eternal law of nature, that good must arise from the source of evil, and that it should flow only from thence? I dare not harbour such a thought, it would corrupt that sentiment of joy which dilates my heart at seeing a new generation springing up, which resemble the swarm of bees issuing from the flanks of the bull of Aristæus; and we, like the instrument of some invisible and powerful arm, must only transiently glide over that path of peace and glory which is the lot of man, as history proves, at the end of great movements and the overthrow of empires.

* Of ten children, I reckoned eight who had light hair; the children of the north are constantly more numerous in our commune.

CHAP. CII.

SAMSON.

THIS man is the public executioner. Voltaire has said, that it was the executioner who ought to write the history of the English. We might say the same of Samson, it is he who should write that of the reign of terror.

What a man this Samson is. Perfectly impassible, he and the instrument of punishment were one and the same thing. He has cut off the head of the most powerful monarch in Europe, that of his wife, that of Brissot, that of Couthon, of leaders of every party, and all with the same composure: he has made the mingled blood of princes, legislators, plebeians, philosophers, flow in one stream. We call a gaoler an *animal bolt*, we may call Samson the *guillotine hatchet*. He fells the head that is brought him, no matter whose. What an instrument! what a man! He ought to be afraid to remain a day in Paris.

What does he say? What does he think? Does he reflect on having put to death all the chiefs of every opposite party; Charlotte Corday, and Fouquier Tinville, the wife of Roland, and Henriot.

I should

I should like to know what passes in his mind, and if he considers his terrible functions only as a trade. The more I think on this man, the president of the great massacre of the human race, felling crowned heads, as well as that of the purest republican with the same indifference, the more my ideas are confounded.

I have seen the young girl at the eve of her marriage brave death with more *sang froid* than the famous D'Estaing, who had filled Europe with the glorious recitals of his courage and intrepidity. How does Samson sleep after having received the last words or the last looks of those detruncated heads? In truth, I should like to be in the soul of this man for a few hours; I should perhaps surprize some ideas which are unknown to me. He has seen the savage Danton die intoxicated, whose decrees all smelt of wine; he has seen Robespierre and his detestable satellites in their last moments tremble, grow pale, and sweat with that terror with which they had frozen the French. He would have cut off the head of Condorcet as well as Marat. What a singular man! and his existence is not a problem!

He has heard thousands of women furies applaud with infernal shouts this horrible deluge of blood. He sleeps, they say, and he may indeed, for it is very possible that his conscience is in perfect tranquillity.

The guillotine has respected his conscience, as making an integral part with it. No one ever thought of condemning to the flames the rolling plank which placed the victims under the fatal knife. It is true that Samson was not like the executor of justice of Nantes, at one and the same time executioner, president of the popular society, and witness suborned to give evidence against the prisoners. No one, as at Nantes, contended for the honour of having him for a son-in-law. We did not see, as at Nantes, persons of every rank and condition accost him with a careless air, and press his bloody hands in a friendly manner; and the Parisian women did not wear in their ears, as a great many women of Nantes, guillotines of gold.

He received, it is said, excuses from the Queen, when on the scaffold: she had undesignedly trod on his toe. What did he think at that time? He was for a long time paid with the money of the royal treasury. What a man is this Samson! he comes and goes like any other man, he is sometimes at the theatre of the Vaudeville; he laughs, he looks at me; my head has escaped him; he knows nothing about it; and as it is a thing quite indifferent to him, I am never wearied of observing that carelessness with which he has sent to the other world a crowd of men of the first as well as last rank. He would begin again if — and why not? Is it not his trade?

When

When the carts with these numberless victims were dragged by three or four harridans, how was it that in the space of fourteen months there were not found forty determined men to pierce their flanks, and give that great signal of courage fitted to awaken it in the souls of their fellow-citizens? But no; all the brave were dead, or at the armies; and the terror was such, that if one had said to an individual, "At such an hour the cart will pass before thy house, thou must descend and place thyself in it;" the individual would have waited for the cart, would have descended his stair-case, and taken his place.

CHAP. CIII.

NATION.

It was formerly only a simple term of geography, or of the rhetorician who wished to swell his style. You will never find the pen of the writers of the age of Louis the XIVth using the words, *The interest of the nation—The service of the nation—The treasure of the nation*, because in fact there existed no *nation*. France was only a vast park of sheep, which he who made himself master might shear or sell; for *such was his pleasure*.

CHAP. CIV.

SANS CULOTTES.

WE are in general ignorant of the origin of this word. It is this: The poet Gilbert, perhaps the most excellent versifier after Boileau, was very poor. He had trimmed some philosophers in one of his satires; an author, who was desirous of paying his court, in order to be of the academy, wrote a little satirical piece, which he called the *Sans Culotte*. Gilbert was rallied on it, and the rich readily adopted this denomination against all authors who were not elegantly dressed.

At the time of the Revolution, they remembered the term, adopted it, and employed it as an invincible spear against all those whose writings or discourses tended to a great or speedy reform.

They thought it an excellent joke, and that they might laugh at it as they did twenty years ago; but politicians are more invulnerable than poets, and they took with a good grace the title which was given them. I was inscribed on the first list of fans-culottes, at which I only laughed. But these gratuitous insults, and the insolent tone
familiar

familiar to gilded drawing-rooms, irritated certain minds, and led them to invent and detail, without reserve, the term of *aristocrate*.

All this took place before the Revolution. Who would have thought that republicans would have adopted this term, and made it a point of rallying?

It was certainly in order to annex contempt, hatred, and execration to the word, to the idea of republic, to the quality of republican, to the only government which can be avowed by reason, justice, and social reason; it was to render the natural rights of liberty and equality detestable and ridiculous, that the Jacobins imagined and put in vogue the ignoble *sans-culottisme* and the *sans-culottide fetes*.

I make no doubt but some day, those years in which such *fêtes* have been celebrated, will be struck out of the number of republican years. I trust that the republic will date from the constitution of the third year, and that it will be impossible for reason, or a new race, to consider them otherwise. Why should those years of detestable anarchy usurp a title, against which the avenging cry of humanity will rise in judgment by the iron pen of history.

What, the republic existed under the yoke of terrorism, and when the absurd rapacity of the Agrarian law was preached to the people! What! were those proconsuls, who have carried
fire

fire and flame, devastation and death, throughout France, republicans ! Were the laws of our decemvirs republican laws !—the exercise of every horrible crime a republican government !

Our posterity, more just and more wise, will never date the æra of our regeneration from any other moment than that in which the constitutional laws exercised their happy empire.

Amongst those usurpers of the glorious title of republican, there is not a single one who would not have ascended the throne of the mob, and there they would have sat, though it had been garnished with pointed nails. I have seen even that mule of Auvergne, called *Romme*, wish to try it : Babœuf wanted to replace *Marat* ; and if Babœuf and his associates have been and are republicans, certainly I am not.

What profanation of that sacred word ! which foolish and ferocious men have assumed in order to delude the multitude, and thereby rendered credible the sacerdotal cruelties of every age, and every country, as well as the reasonings of the most absurd theologians. They have made human reason take a retrograde step ; they are moreover guilty of a greater crime, of the almost entire demoralization of a great, but alas, too credulous people.

Sans-culottisme has constantly followed the vagabond standard of anarchy ; and if the constitution says that I must sign in the year in which I

write, the *sixth year of the republic*, I will sign it as I ought; but I appeal to the justice and conscience of posterity, to rectify the inexcusable error.

The greater part of those Sans-culottes do not guess even at what history will say of them; they, who think themselves so penetrating, and do not know that they have been puppets, during the greater part of the sittings of the National Convention; that their disposition for power and rapine have been greedily snatched at, in order to accomplish the projects which rolled above their heads, as the heavenly spheres roll above the head of an ignorant savage.

If history, armed with its mirror and avenging pen, should say to them, whilst alive, "You have been nothing but execrable puppets, moved by invisible wires!" crushed under the weight of irresistible evidence, where could they find caverns deep or dark enough, to bury the shame of having committed so many crimes, not for themselves, but for a kind of old Men of the Mountain, who laughed at their harangues at the tribune, at their anger, and their puerile passions. And these Sans-culotte puppets, these madmen of a new kind, have multiplied amongst us; they have said, that there were none that knew how to govern but themselves; but man is a vase full of good or corrupted liquor, whose good or
bad

bad odour is diffused around ; nothing has been diffused from Sans-culottism but a sectionary war of words.

CHAP. C.

UNDEIFY.

O PARISIANS ! I have seen you since the Revolution parade through your streets, in pomp, the busts of many illustrious personages, on whom you have lavished your adorations ; I have seen you bear to a temple the ashes of some amongst them, whom you considered as gods ! a moment came, and you immediately *undeified* them. O Parisians !

CHAP. CVI.

FABRE D'EGLANTINE.

THE monsters devoured one another; they took arms against each other with the instrument with which they struck at innocence; and they have done themselves justice. Humanity and liberty have no tears to shed over the annihilation.

Fabre d'Eglantine is of that number, he was the promoter of the infamous revolutionary regime, and its panegyrist; he was the friend, companion, counsellor of those murderous pro-consuls, who carried fire and sword, devastation and death, throughout France. Why affect to regret these subaltern ruffians, who would only have excited contempt, if tyranny in striking them for its private views, had not awakened a kind of interest in their favour?

That Mountain, or rather as I called it from the first day I sat within the walls, that *crater*, which has vomited out all the burning lavas of ignorance and crime, had two summits, equally odious to every friend of their country, and of public liberty.

As

As for myself, who have followed the standard neither of Marius nor Sylla, alike in opposition to those chiefs who have constantly laboured for their own elevation, and never for the republic, it is as a republican that I detest their demagogical principles.

I will not examine whether or not the hands of Fabre d'Eglantine were sullied with dilapidations. I know that he was a promoter of assassinations, and I accuse him as such before posterity.

As a poet, he had talents. The *Philinte* of Moliere is an excellent comedy. It is to be remarked, that Ronfin was also a writer of plays, but of bad ones; that Dubuiffon was a very obscure dramatic poet; that Grammont was a player; that Collot d'Herbois, a player, was also a dramatic writer; that he had even made a piece in honour of the *portrait of Monsieur*. It is remarkable, that several players were accomplished actors in that hideous anarchy, which has inundated our country with blood, which has transformed Frenchmen into instruments of crimes, or into cowardly spectators of the most horrible atrocities.

CHAP. CVII.

MODES.

UNDER the old regime, it was the reigning mode in France which extended its empire over all the nations of Europe. At present, when our women wear cockades among their ornaments, and that we read on pots of rouge, *Vegetal National*; instead of *la mode*, we say *le mode*. A mode of government, to fix a mode for the collecting a tax. *Mode*, then, signifies *system, method*.

CHAP. CVIII.

DENUNCIATION.

It was a trade during the Revolution, authorized by a law of the Jacobins, and was more horrible perhaps than murder; it killed the national character, at least in cities; it engendered hatred, perfidy, resentments, jealousies, and the ties of families were broken for a long time.

They

They found a crowd of denunciators, because they taught villains a most terrible secret; I mean the art of gaining the money or property of another, by telling a lie, or making a false report.

Were the denunciator even impartial, he sees all men in a false light, when he expects a reward for beholding them criminals. Thus a familiar of the inquisition accuses him who lets his rosary fall, as guilty of sacrilege. The spy of the Jacobins was not less atrocious in his accusations.

The assembly of the Jacobins was a hell upon earth, it was composed in part of women of the mob; who were so many furies, resembling serpents, hissing instead of speaking, and speaking only to make wounds with their forked tongues.

What agent thus powerfully stimulated the patriotism of these denunciators?—An assignat of five livres.

How much evil has this execrable engine occasioned, to gain five livres a-day! those hideous Megæras had renounced every sentiment of nature.

It was they who, giving the signal to all the mobbish tribe, and threatening others with the anger of the mobbish chiefs, established the permanence of the scaffold. It was they who applauded the daily massacres, who received two hundred livres for each denunciation; while others, more subtle, discovered your secrets, and
repairing

repairing to Robespierre, mingled the wormwood of their own dispositions with the gall of the most atrocious of men.

It was at the Amars, the Fouquier Tinville, the Robert Lindets, that they paid their dearest visits.

CHAP. CIX.

GIRL.

To have a girl signifies, in the dictionaries of all nations, to be the father of a child of the feminine sex ; to have a woman, signifies having married an individual of the same sex.

In France, these words *girl*, and *woman*, have not the same signification in the dictionary of gallantry. I could cite an hundred examples ; but one will suffice.

A young man was accused of loving *girls* extravagantly ; there were several married women present, with whom such an accusation might have injured him. One of his friends who was there, answered, " Exaggeration ! malignity ! he " has women also."

CHAP. CX.

TAPPE-DURS.

THIS was the name given to a company of cut-throats, armed with knotted sticks, to which they gave, by way of derision, the name of *constitution*. Their place of rendezvous was in a coffee-house near the Italian theatre, kept by one *Chretien*, juryman of the Revolutionary Tribunal. They were continually parading in the Palais Royal; insulting the passengers, and arresting those who would not submit to their insults. Janissaries of the Committee of General Surety, when that committee had need of any commotion, of any disorder, to serve as a pretext for atrocious measures, called *bitter*; it was the *tappe-durs* who were commissioned to excite them.

They walked about, their heads erect, with menaces in their mouths, and the looks of assassins; they extolled only a few of the most exaggerated of the Jacobins, and devoted all the others to the scaffold. It was truly painful for an honest man to see these bands of wretches. Every eye shrunk from their savage look; they spoke only of arrest, and of putting to death the *suspected*.

Their

Their insolence marked the climax of the extravagance and barbarity of men. It was in seeing and hearing them that we gave credit to the system of extermination, so infernal were their words; authors of so many crimes, they called themselves patriots *par excellence*, the friends of liberty and justice, and the true founders of the republic. What a republic! Good heaven! built on corpses, tombs, and wrecks, with only atheists, robbers, and assassins for rulers and subjects.

Such a system appeared incredible to those, who, distant from the events that were passing, were disposed to believe that the picture was overcharged; but it is soothing at least to reflect, that these evils are past, and that a legal government, seated on its basis, seems, by its force and authority, to have restored humanity and reason to their rights.

At the time of the re-action of Praireal, royalism, which disguised itself in pantaloons and wooden shoes, took these *tappe-durs* into its pay: they changed their language, but not their ferocity.

CHAP. CXI.

SANGUINOCRATE.

THERE was a time in which neither the reclamations of the rights of man, nor the plaintive voice of nature, found any sympathising heart; they only served to provoke the hatred and wrath of the *Sanguinocrates*, who had seized on the government.

CHAP. CXII.

FALSE ASSIGNATS.

OUR enemies were desirous of making the counter-revolution by false assignats, on the side of Switzerland and Mount Blanc; the Swifs lent their assistance in a most admirable manner, they were introduced by millions; they were thrown even by packets into the inns, and in several places the good were refused in payment, from fear of receiving bad; the greatest part came to us from ****

It

It is scarcely to be imagined how much intelligence and talent were employed in these perfidious manœuvres. *Monsieur's* bookseller, named *Guillot*, was the first maker of false assignats, who was punished. I have great reason to think that he was in intelligence with personages of the highest rank.

Makers of false assignats, and robbers, met in the same prison; but I do not know whether the former made a line of separation, and kept themselves aloof. They were commonly young spendthrifts, who connected themselves with engravers. One is the bearer of the false assignats, another has only a single one, so that if he is caught in passing it, the law may have no hold on him; when he has succeeded, his comrade gives him another, and so on.

The crime of forgery is become common, and is multiplied in every way; public documents have been altered, and even lottery tickets. The civil and criminal tribunals are fully occupied with this kind of crime. The imagination exhausts itself in contriving the most daring and impudent plans of swindlers; intrigue, for seven years past, has played the first part, and has spread its nets on every side.

The profession of intriguer and swindler is so general, that it forms a numerous class; having its connections, customs, and habits. If you are not in the secret, you will be deceived in every

thing, and I pity the stranger who lands at the *Caffée de Valois, de Foy, de Chartres, or la Rotonde*, he sees nothing which is before his eyes, nor distinguishes between the physiognomy of a capitalist, and that of a knave.

Danton, deputy to the Convention for Paris, overwhelmed with debt, after having been struck off the roll of attornies, became a broker, and gave the signal to every knave of this class to deal in wholesale, and without timidity; he had already provided for the abolition of the arrest for debt. It was a day of triumph for all the party; reckoning from this day, Danton was considered as a man of vast conceptions; it was even said, that for eloquence he would make the second volume of Mirabeau. *Quæque ipse miserrima vidi.* Knaves have always had a swelling style, and was there not enough to laugh at and weep at the same time, when a blind multitude, deceived with respect to their wickedness, gave them credit for profound understanding?

False assignats did scarcely any harm to the nation, on account of their small number, compared also with the immense quantity which the Committee of Finances had fabricated, and the inconceivable rapidity with which it preceded every other fabrication.

CHAP. CXIII.

THEOPHAGE.

THIS is the name which is at present given to those, who, with a napkin tucked under their chin, and on their knees before a priest, receive from his fingers, into their mouth, a little wafer of paste with which you seal letters.

CHAP. CXIV.

ROMAN PRIEST.

I MET yesterday, near the Tuilleries, a priest, one of my friends; he was in the national uniform: here is our conversation, word for word. Priest.—“I mount guard to-day, (shewing his cartouch-box): but you will not guess what I have in this.” I.—“Probably cartridges.” Priest.—“Something better than that.” I.—“Faith, I conceive nothing better than cartridges at this moment.” Priest.—“What I have there is for every moment.” I.—“Is it some-

“thing that kills?” Priest.—“On the contrary, it is something which makes alive; it is the principle of all things.” I.—“The principle of all things in your cartridge-box; that is a little extraordinary.” Priest.—“It is nevertheless true.” I.—“Is it the truth of a priest, or a soldier?” Priest.—“I own that it is a little the truth of a priest.” I.—“In that case, explain yourself more clearly. Let us see what mystery your cartridge-box contains.” Priest.—“It is in reality a great mystery. It is the *bon Dieu*.” I.—“The *bon Dieu*!” Priest.—“Yes, the *bon Dieu*. I am going to tell you about it. I was at the *Corps de garde*, when I was sent for to carry it to one of the faithful, who was disposed to take the great journey; and in order to conform myself to a very wise *arreté*, I performed my function of priest, in the dress of a citizen, whilst for this particular mission it was not necessary that I should wear any sacerdotal garment. I own, also, that it is more convenient and more decent to be clothed as a citizen soldier, than to go in a dress of a funeral mask, to frighten a man at his last moments, and make little children kneel down in the streets.” I.—“My friend, thy language smells already of thy dress. I forgive thee for being a priest. Adieu!”

CHAP. CXV.

HUAILLE.

The howling mob. Hats—no; I am mistaken—red caps are thrown up in the air, The words, *carnage, blood, death, vengeance!* this a, b, c, of the Jacobin idiom, is repeated, cried, hurled from neighbour to neighbour, by the *Huaille*.

The Huaille reigned for near fifteen months, and despotized the city; for to despotise, that is to say, in little as well as great, in a family as in a kingdom, is to be sole master when we can, and when we cannot, to associate with subaltern despots, who in their turn exercise an arbitrary power, to make those tremble by whom it has been bestowed.

CHAP. CXVI.

SACRED ORDERS.

THIS was the name formerly given to certain ecclesiastical decrees, as the *tonsure*, the *subdeaconry*, the *deaconry*, the *priesthood*, which were granted by bishops, surrounded with religious pomp, to all those, who, in order to want nothing, renounced every thing, by incorporating themselves with the church.

A prelate was asked, if, since the Revolution, he should continue to ordain ecclesiasticks according to the new decrees?—"No, truly, my principles!....My duty!....My conscience!"....
 "Eh bien! Monseigneur, they will suppress your pension."

"Suppress my pension! that is a little too bold."
 An old domestic was present at this dialogue. Monseigneur, as was customary, owed him several years' wages.

"What! is it so, Sir; will they suppress Monseigneur's pension!....and my wages!"...."Your wages? they will go with the pension!"——
 "D—n it! he shall ordain—You shall ordain, Monseigneur; you shall ordain!"

CHAP.

CHAP. CVII.

FARCE,

ENTITLED, THE LAST JUDGMENT OF KINGS.

A PIECE of an original kind, which was acted with the greatest success on the theatre of the city. You beheld all the monarchs of Europe in their respective dresses, amusing the spectators with their sceptres and their crowns; they disputed, fought, when a republican comes, and sets them all to rights. After having muzzled them, he makes them dance like bears. One might have supposed that the author had parodied that happy verse in the *Mechant*,

“Les rois sont ici bas pour nos menus plaisirs.”

The piece offered some humorous points, and was much followed; but so short a space of time had followed between the profound respect, and the merry mirth of the populace, that we might have exclaimed, “If the exempt of the police should come in, he will send those people to “the Bastille.”

Many dramas of nearly the same kind formed amusement for the Parisian. But events became

at

at the same time so singular and so terrible, that theatrical fiction was far from attaining historical fact.

CHAP. CXL.

CHAP. CXVIII.

ACTIVE CITIZEN.

AFTER a decree of the National Assembly, it was necessary to be an *active citizen*; that is to say, to possess property, to have a right of voting in the Primary Assemblies; so that *Socrates*, *Corneille*, *Jean Jacques Rousseau*, if they had lived amongst us, would have been excluded.

We see, therefore, that the adjective killed the substantive; alas! the true *active* citizens are those, who, by taking the Bastille and the Tuilleries, put an end to the *indignities* of a despotal regime.

CHAP. CXIX.

THE LITTLE CATO.

ON the appearance of the new calendar, and even before, it was who should change their christian names for Roman surnames. As for Couthon, he derogated, and took a Greek name; he called himself *Aristides-Couthon*. All at the top or bottom of the Mountain decorated themselves with the names of the great men of antiquity; and that so thoroughly put me out of all patience one day, that on some display of new follies of their own growth, I exclaimed, with all my force, *No, you are not Romans!* The furious bell of Collot d'Herbois was rung over my head, and drowned some other truths, which made them skip about like so many wild goats. I own that I amused myself infinitely on that day, when I had the pleasure of saying to Robespierre, foaming with rage, and pale, "Hold thy peace, " and hear me for once, for thou art ignorance " personified; have you made a pact with vic- " tory?—No!—but we have made it with " death!—It is clear to all what you are striving " for."

The

The great reputation of these Catos and Brutusses, having finished nearly like that of Gracchus-Babœuf, we shall dwell on that extravagant mania no longer than just to recite the following little story.

A child, baptized Cato, with whose name his father had made him acquainted in reading some pages to him of the Roman history, had stolen into his mother's cabinet, where, in the joy of his heart, he hastened to pillage a box of sweetmeats. His father enters, takes him in the fact, and says to him coolly, "*Cato would not have done that.*" The child ashamed, empties his pockets, and after having restored it, threw himself at the knees of his father, who says to him, "*Cato, after having committed a theft, would not have reduced himself to the situation of repairing it by an humiliating posture; rise.*"

This lesson was good, and I doubt not but the child, if he has any talents above the common, will think himself always surrounded by the shade of Cato.

CHAP. CXX.

PATRIOT OF 89.

It is he who at this epocha embraced the Revolution, without present ambition, from love for his country, and from hatred to despotism and oppression; who has made the energy of his patriotism consist in things and not in words; who, in the crisis of the Revolution, has never ceased to love liberty and equality founded on justice, which is its rule; who, pushed on with the whole of France by the revolutionary-torrent, has neither provoked, nor ordered, nor protected its devastating crimes; who, if he has fallen into errors, unhappily inseparable from humanity, has laboured earnestly to repair those which he has discovered; who has always acted in entire submission to the laws, and whose mouth and hands have been preserved at all times pure from false denunciations, vengeance, rapine, and blood.

CHAP. CXXI.

LETTER OF ROUSSEAU.

THIS letter is singular and prophetic. I wish it to be read to all the inhabitants of Paris, who wear the rust of the old regime still in their hearts; for is it not singular that the same man calls me *Monsieur* in a letter, and *Citizen* in society? If this practice continue, we shall have two sorts of language, one for the street, another for the house. It was with some difficulty that the name of citizen established itself; and why is not this honourable name preferable to the word *Monsieur*?

Rousseau, when he was in Switzerland, wrote to his friend Dupeyron, "I have a surname, " which I think I deserve better than ever: at " Paris I was called Citizen; give me this title " which is so dear to me; endeavour to propagate it, and let those who love me never call " me *Monsieur*; but in speaking of me, *the Citizen*, " and in writing, *My dear Citizen*."

CHAP. CXXII.

COUNTER-REVOLUTION.

A NEW word, which appeared immediately after that of *Revolution*. It signifies that *comp de main*, which, if it were possible, would revive the ashes of the last of our tyrants; a phoenix who would be called *king*—now a phoenix—reader, you comprehend me!

CHAP. CXXIII.

J. J. ROUSSEAU AT THE TUILLERIES.

EVERY feeling heart must recollect with pleasure that autumnal evening, when the inhabitants of Ermenonville brought to Paris the coffin of the author of *Emilius*, under an arbour of shrubs and flowers.

The air was calm, the sky serene; a long curtain of purple veiled the setting sun at the horizon; a light breeze agitated gently the last leaves.

The

The sounds of simple and plaintive music were heard at a distance. A crowd of citizens joined the procession. Every heart palpitated with joy.

The funeral car entered with majestic solemnity. A numerous band of youth followed it in respectful silence. The symphonist left a short interval between each air, in order that every one might recollect, and join in the chorus.

The favourite airs of *The Man of Nature*, were sung; those which the lover repeats every day to his mistress, the tender wife to the happy husband.

It might have been said, that angels descending to earth were come to transport him to heaven amidst their celestial concerts.

The procession stopt at the bason which represented the Isle of Poplars. It received the tears of the spectators ranged around, and above all those of the women; who thought of Julia, Sophia, and Warens, so tenderly, so constantly beloved by her adopted son. Every eye was fixed on the coffin, laid on a platform, and covered with a blue cloth sown with stars.

The glory of the great man pierced through the darkness of death, he seemed still to exist.

A thousand flambeaux lighted this affecting ceremony. Every face was embellished with tears, they offered the image, not of inconsolable

grief for the loss of a friend, but of the tranquil hope of one day seeing him return.

The obsequies were terminated by the air, *Dans ma cabane obscure* ; and every one withdrew, singing it in a plaintive tone.

END OF VOL. I.

C. WHITTINGHAM, *Printer*,
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grief for the loss of a friend, and the painful
hope of one day seeing him return.
The obsequies were terminated by the an-
nouncement of the officers; and every one withdrew.
Leaving it to a platoon of soldiers.

END OF VOL. I.



